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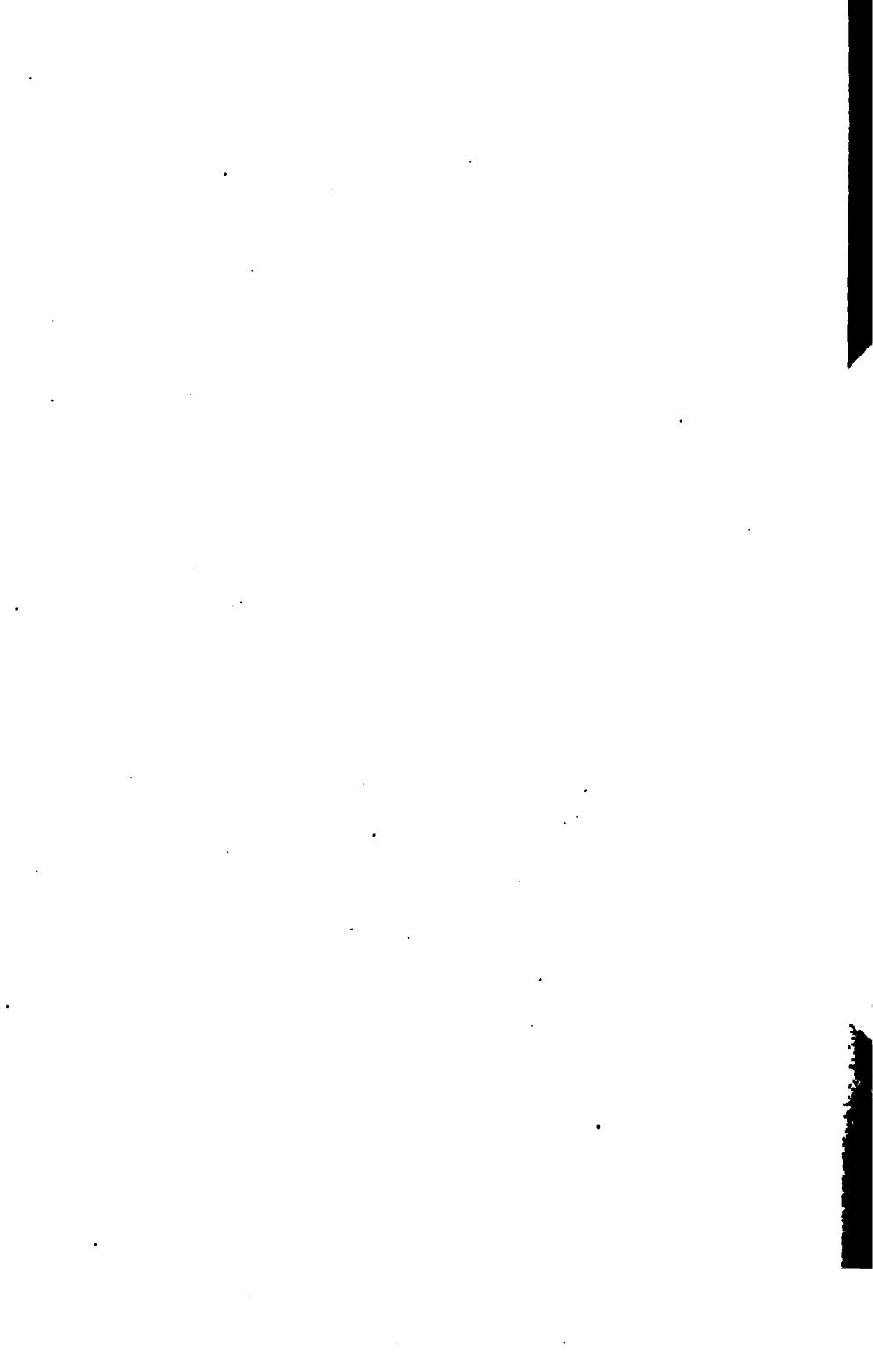


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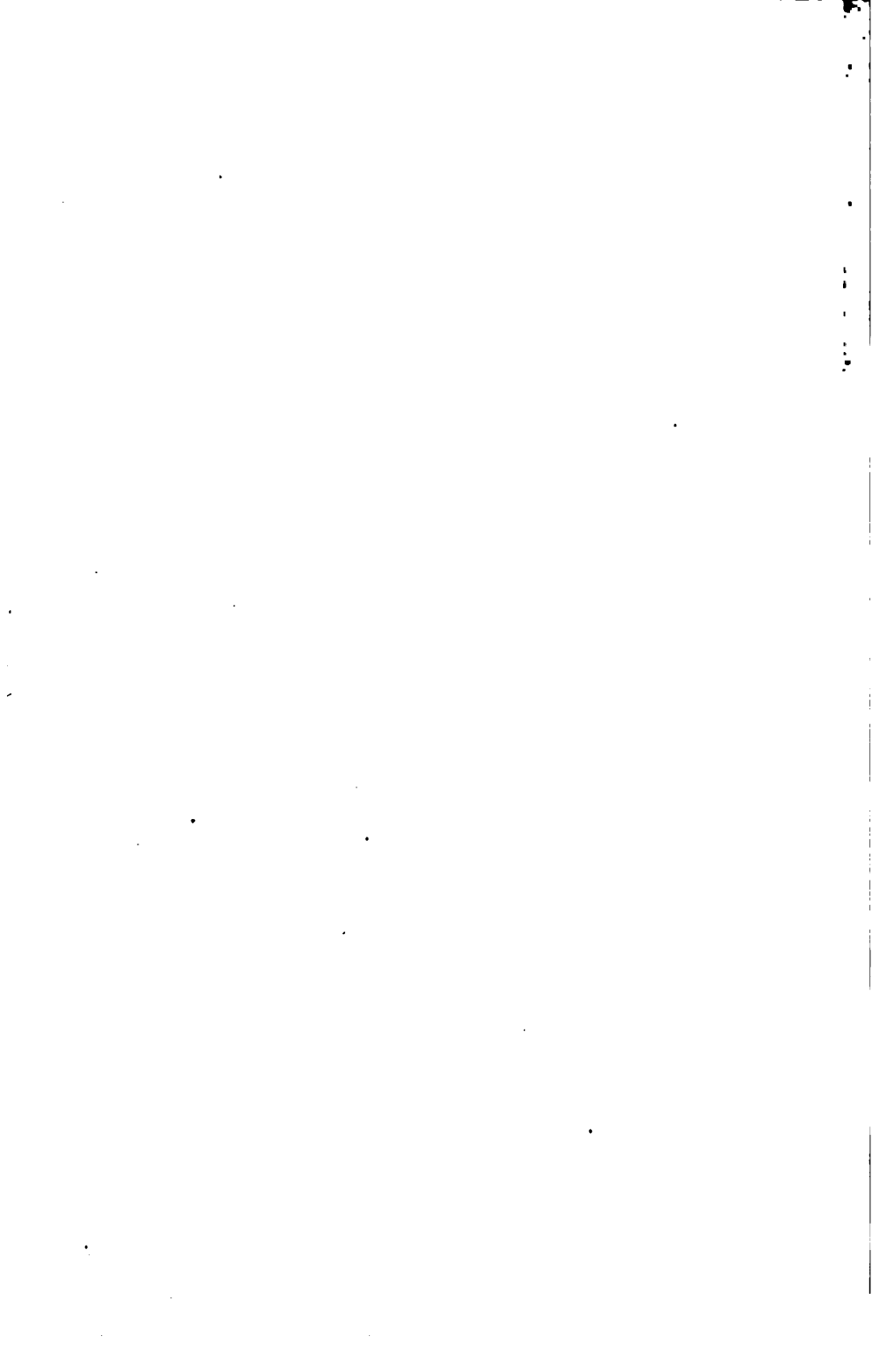


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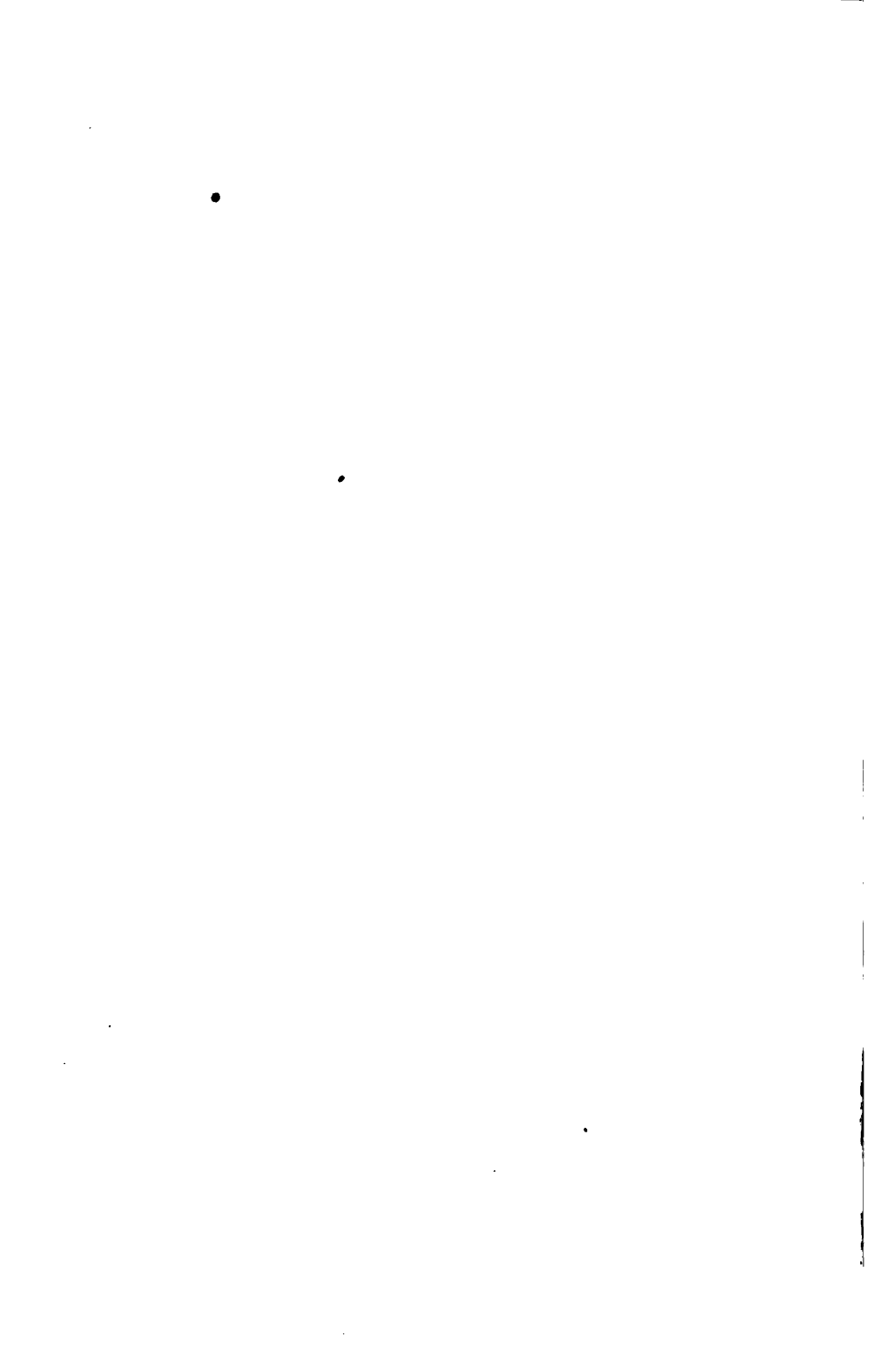
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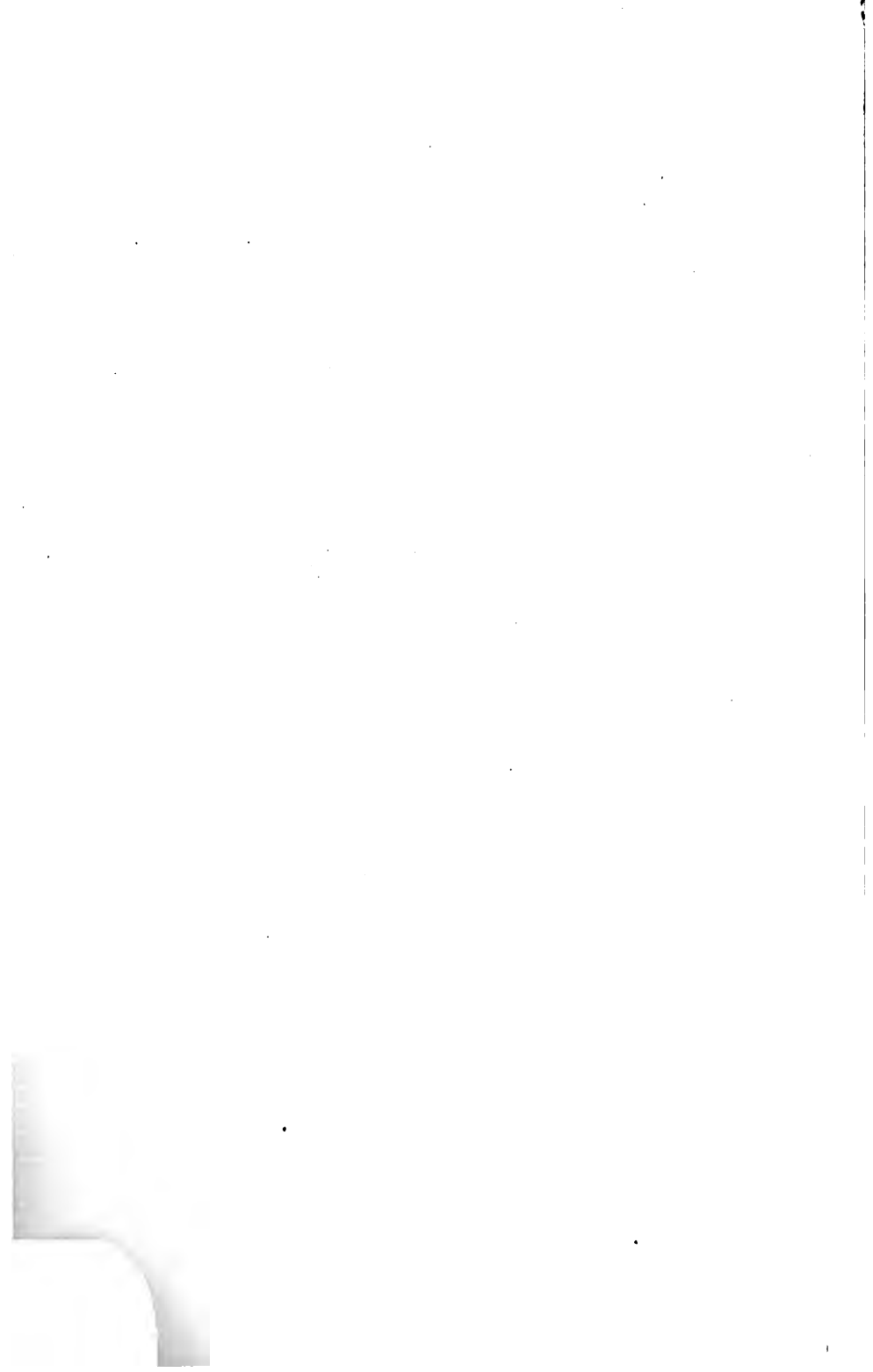
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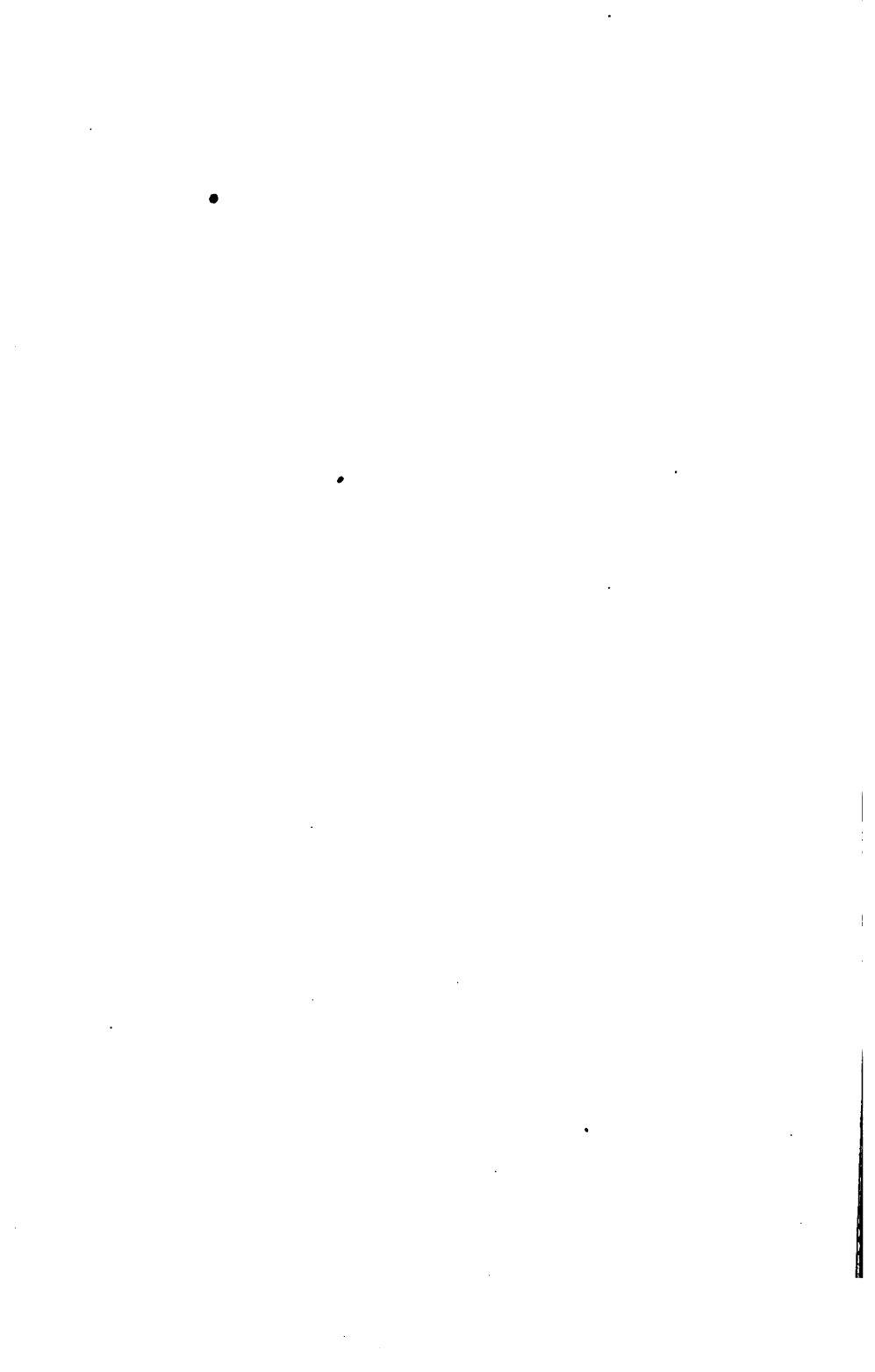
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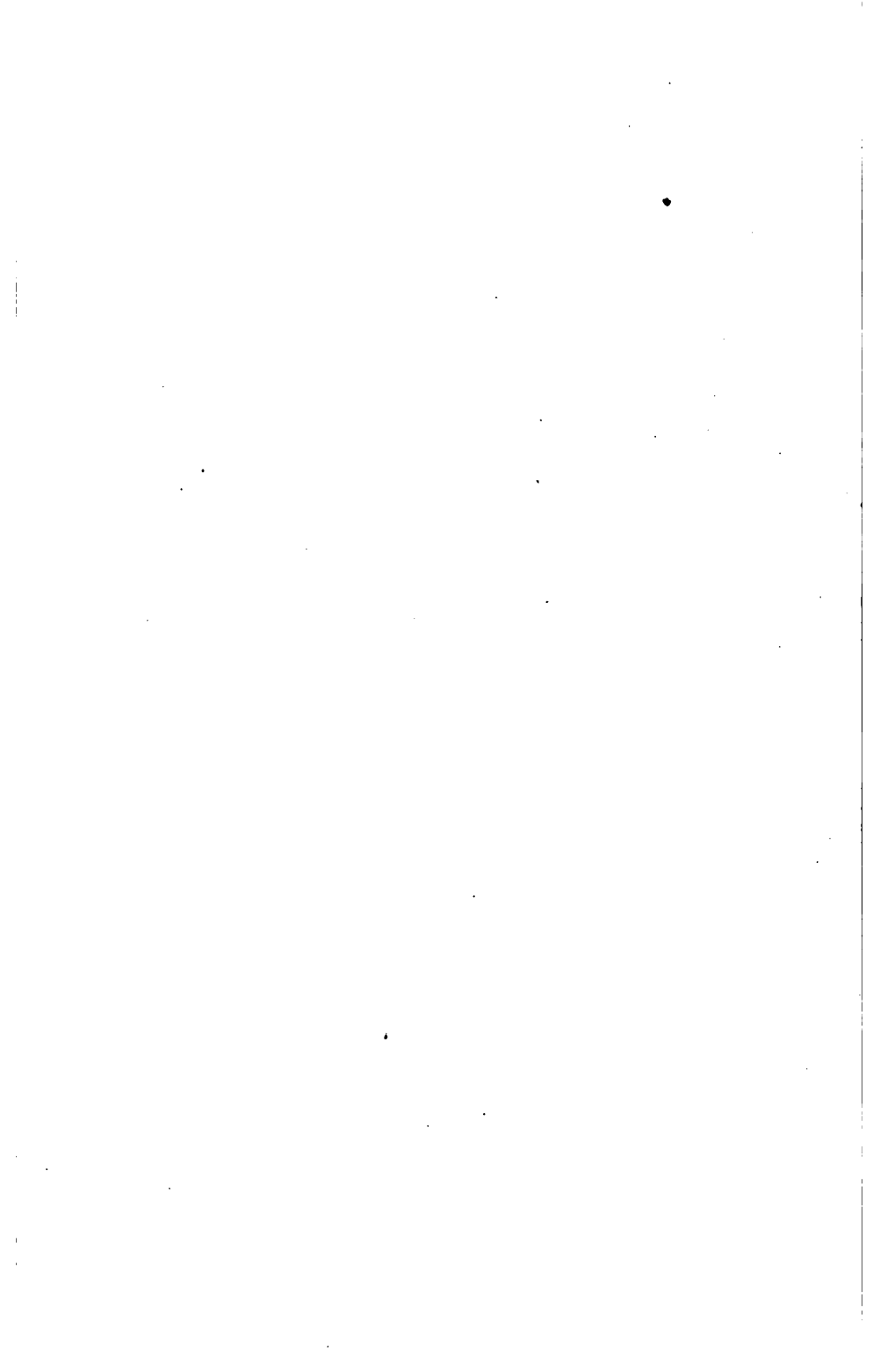
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INDEX.

A.

	PAGE.
ART GALLERY, Birmingham, A Sonnet	128

B.

BENIGHTED : A Holiday Note	33
BOTANICAL SOCIETY, The Mason College	25, 43, 137

C.

CALENDAR	1, 27, 53, 75, 97, 121
CHEMICAL SOCIETY	24, 44, 73, 93, 137, 138
CLUBS, College (see Poesy and Cyclists' Clubs)	94, 116, 139
COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE	26, 119
COMMON ROOM, Students'	25, 47, 117, 139
CONCERT AND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE	22
CONTEMPORARIES, Our	21, 48, 68, 95, 114, 132
COOKERY, Art of	84
CORRESPONDENCE :	
A Guilty Critic	51
X.	52
Joint-Composition	142
CRITICISMS, Notes and	49, 74
CULTURE AND SCIENCE, Review of	113
CYCLISTS' CLUB	140

D.

DOMINICA, by Francis Watts	82
--------------------------------------	----

E.

EDITORIAL	1
---------------------	---

F.

FOOTBALL	141
FREETHOUGHT IN THE LABORATORY, by C. C. W. N.	83
Reply by T. T.	84
FRENCH LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY	46, 93

G.

GLEANINGS FROM THE UNION :	
Speech by Miss Brierley on "The Golden Age of English Literature"	27
Reply by Miss M. C. Albright	53
Summary by Professor Arber	60

H.

HEINE, Heinrich, by C. E. B.	97
HONOURS, Recent University and others	120

K.

KOWALEWSKI, Sophie, translated from the German	108
--	-----

L.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB, The Mason College	74, 94, 117
LETTER WRITER, The Complete, a Comedietta in One Act	63

M.

MISERICORDIA, translated from the Swedish of Count Carl Snoilsky by M. C. A.	39
MODERN MYSTIC, A, by C. E. M.	121

N.

NORWAY: A Day at the Skjeggedal Foss	128
NOTES AND CRITICISMS	49, 74

O.

OBITUARY	96
OXFORD LETTER, by A. B. B.	50, 131

P.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY, The Mason College	24, 42, 73, 91, 117, 138
PLAIN ANSWERS TO REASONABLE QUESTIONS	17
POESY CLUB	94, 116, 139
POTTERY MANUFACTORY, The, translated from the Swedish of Count Carl Snoilsky, by M. C. A.	38
PRIZE ESSAY, George Eliot, by Miss I. C. Evans	4

S.

SEA GATE OF BIRMINGHAM, The	13
SOCIAL EVENING	93
SOCIETE DE DEBATS FRANÇAIS	46, 93
SOCIETIES, College (see Botanical, Chemical, French, and Physical Societies)	24, 25, 42, 43, 44, 46, 73, 91, 93, 117, 137, 138
SOIREE FRANÇAISE	73
SPRING CLEANING, a Parody	86

T.

TENNIS CLUB	74, 94, 117
-----------------------	-------------

U.

UNION, The Mason College	23, 40, 70, 87, 114, 133
------------------------------------	--------------------------

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CONTENTS.

Editorial.

George Elliot Prize Essay.

Plain Answers to Reason-
able Questions.

The Sea-Gate of Bir-
mingham.

Our Contemporaries.

Concert and Dramatic
Performance.

The Union.

College Societies.

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FEBRUARY, 1885.

PRICE 6d.

CALENDAR.

February 12.—THURSDAY—Physical Society. Miss Chambers, on "The connection between Mind and Matter through Physical Phenomena." Miss Evans, on "Faraday."

„ 14.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society.

„ 18.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.

„ 20.—FRIDAY—Union Meeting, Readings, &c.

„ 23.—MONDAY—Founder's Birthday, College closed.

„ 27.—FRIDAY—Union Meeting; "Heine," Miss Brierley; "The Tower of London," Mr. Jenkyn-Brown.

„ 28.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society.

March 6.—FRIDAY—Union Business Meeting.

„ 12.—THURSDAY—Physical Society, "Psychical Research," Mr. Stern; "Copernicus," Mr. Groom.

„ 14.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society.

„ 18.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.

„ 20.—FRIDAY—Union Meeting, Debate: "That the Suffrages of Men and Women should be equalised."

EDITORIAL.

An Editorial is a refined torture invented for the joint benefit of both reader and writer. It has no particular subject and no very definite object, but custom has laid it down that it is, now and again, the "proper thing."

The obvious question that first arises is "What is it to be about?" and until this is satisfactorily answered the editor has no appetite to speak of.

Of course where an editor is a regular professional essayist who has only to take up his pen and write, without more ado, it is all well enough. Such an one, accustomed to pour forth his ideas on every subject under the sun, whether they are worth anything or not, will as lief write on indefiniteness as anything else, but the majority of poor mortals require something concrete to pin their ideas to, even though it be but a title.

The primary use of an Editorial is, we suppose, to bring the editor into contact with his readers in a more direct way than can be done in the pages of a formal article on a given subject. Well and good! Let the students hear!

In the first place, all of us are no doubt aware that for no discoverable reason a great deal of "fuss" has lately been made about the Magazine, the upshot of which has been that a "Board" has been constructed to edit this powerful and influential organ.

In spite of many cheerful assurances from various quarters that no magazine was ever yet successfully conducted by a Board, we venture to hope on, and to indulge in the vain conceit that *our* Board, in comparison with those Boards, is an altogether superior article!—though at the same time we must all feel that we have plenty to do if we are to maintain the standard set up by our former Editors. In this regard, indeed, it is hardly possible to say too much: in fact, as those who know can well attest, had it not been for their untiring zeal and self-sacrifice in the interests of their fellow-students, the very existence of the Magazine at the present moment is, to say the least, open to doubt.

At any rate a Board, *if unanimous*, has two or three great advantages over a single Editor, all of which directly arise from the simple fact that one is a Board, the other an Editor—the former many, the latter only one.

In a College like ours, where so many subjects are taught, we naturally have a corresponding variety among students who learn. And again, in an age like this, in which so many advances are made, it is natural to find that no fleshy editor can be *au fait* in all of them. Consequently, if all are to be fairly represented—bearing it in mind that all have other work to do—it is pretty obvious that no single individual, short of an Admirable Crichton—and even his efficiency is doubtful in such a case as this—would be equal to the task; whereas a body of Editorial personages will be able, it is hoped, by a judicious selection, to turn out a patent compound highly-condensed production so flavoured as to suit all tastes. This is the theory, observe.

Again, in having delegates, so to speak, from various branches of the College, we hope to get an idea of College opinion with regard to the Magazine, such an idea as a single editor, on account of his most unfortunate property of indivisibility, could not possibly obtain.

A third and most important advantage of the Board system

is that contributions can be more easily procured—we almost said *wrong*—from the reluctant genius of the College.

Disadvantages, however, may also arise from the same cause. "Two heads are better than one ;" but, on the other hand, "A multiplicity of culinary functionaries is apt to render the resulting decoction less palatable than it might be." Those who advocate an Editorial Board as a body, whose function it shall be to "oppose the Editor," are advancing the most powerful argument they can use *against* the establishment of such a body. A Board must be unanimous, or it cannot exist ; there would be a dead-lock, business could not proceed, and a dissolution would inevitably take place. It is precisely because of the difficulty of obtaining this unanimity that Boards frequently do not succeed.

We have spoken of our contributors as reluctant. Of course, in many cases, we are glad to say it is not so ; but, as a rule, it is a sad but incontrovertible fact, so well known as hardly to need mentioning.

There must be a notion afloat that something very lofty and very original is required, teeming with terse sayings and clever metaphors. Now although we are glad enough to encounter such, we do not expect this from all. Nearly everyone has some experiences or some ideas which, if put into a pleasing form, would be interesting to the general public of the Mason College, and it is a matter on which there can be no doubt, that the person who writes is the greatest gainer, even as the teacher often learns more than he who is taught.

It is a fragment of the great book of Experience, a small paragraph may be, but at any rate something more added to our stock of knowledge from that far-reaching and wonderful volume, from which, except in so far as it affects our own particular aims and objects, most of us are too "busy" to learn.

Another matter which is now becoming very obvious, is that the circulation of the Magazine among those who should be its special supporters is disproportionately small. To subscribe to the Magazine, as to join the Union, ought to be regarded as a solemn duty by all true students of our College. Perhaps you say the Magazine does not interest you. Then, in the first place, it ought to interest you ; if for no other reason, because it supplies all current College intelligence. Further, it is with you rests the task of making it interesting. The function of an Editor or Editorial Board is not to *write* a magazine, but to direct it ; conse-

quently, in the matter of contributions, it is the students who supply, the Board which selects.

Alas that it is so difficult to realise these conditions! Once again, this is theory; but be it remembered that in proportion as the Magazine is worked in accordance with this theory, in that proportion will it be successful and entertaining to its proper readers—the students and friends of the Mason College.

THE GEORGE ELIOT PRIZE ESSAY.

“ADAM BEDE.”

Fiction differs from History as a painting from a photograph, the artist in each case contributing the same element—selection, concentration, focus. Masses of actual but unimportant detail are suppressed, inconspicuous points emphasised, that their scope and bearing may become evident, the whole grouped and composed with a view to the elucidation of some leading idea. It is a literary commonplace to say that a writer must create real men and women, not merely pull the strings of a puppet show. We require, in high-class work, a profound knowledge of the workings of law, of the connection between cause and effect, the faculty which discerns, amid a crowd of commonplace events, those which mark the development of character or lay the foundation of future action.

This quality, so prominent in George Eliot, gives to her books the almost unrivalled interest they possess as psychological studies. As exponents of moral law her works are even more striking, no feature being more strongly marked than their elevated ethical tendency—the consistent indication of a blessedness “higher than love of happiness” possible to humanity. In *Adam Bede* one characteristic of this teaching is specially brought out, namely, that it is a gospel to the poor; not a religion of culture, of refinement, of education only, but one that the common people hear gladly. Among them its reality has been repeatedly tested, and in one of the delightful philosophical soliloquies occurring throughout the book, George Eliot dwells on this scope for moral beauty which exists quite apart from intellectual gifts and graces. She says: “The way in which I have come to the conclusion that human nature is lovable—the way I have learned something of its deep pathos, its sublime mysteries—has been by living a great deal

among people more or less commonplace or vulgar, of whom you would hear nothing very remarkable if you were to enquire about them in the neighbourhoods where they dwell."

The accusation of profound pessimism brought against George Eliot by some of her critics scarcely needs refutation; the claims of youth and beauty to unmingled happiness she indeed disallows, and the stage villain does not invariably close a career of crime in agonies of remorse, but in the deepest sense poetic justice is satisfied. Death indeed may await the most fascinating of heroines, for neither Tina, nor Hetty, nor Maggie, nor sweet, patient Millie Barton enjoys life's happiness; life brings only suffering to Romola, and Gwendoline, and Janet; but while right doing is clearly indicated as blessed in itself, and when moral degradation is shown to be the inevitable consequence of self-will, the key-note of the whole is not the dismal wail of pessimism. Sad indeed are all George Eliot's works, and *Adam Bede* is no exception to the rule, but there is nothing hopeless in the sadness, and no bitterness in the recognition of the inevitable hardship and struggle of life.

The style of *Adam Bede* is at once simple and powerful; in plain homely words, not one of which misses its mark, but each keen, clear, incisive, goes straight to the point, character is dissected, motives analysed, person and locality described. The scenery indeed is painted so graphically that we have but to close our eyes to feel ourselves among the lanes and homesteads of Hayslope and Broxton.

As a picture of country life it is unparalleled; the familiarity with practical matters, evinced in descriptions of farm life, in the allusions to carpentering, land surveying, building, &c., bears witness to that "breadth of culture, that universality of power" for which the authoress was so justly remarkable. Humour, too, of the deepest and most real kind, is not wanting—is indeed richly abundant—that humour which is based on a recognition of the strange inconsistencies and fantastic incongruities inherent in human nature, and not merely on such accidents as tickle the risible faculties of the gaping multitude. The distinction is indeed definitely drawn between the keen cutting shafts of Mrs. Poyser's wit, "such as fill a country side with proverbs," and the smart repartee of Tom Saft, the farm-yard jester, whose sayings the novelist does not record, "lest Tom's wit should prove to be like that of many other bygone jesters, eminent in their day, rather of a temporary nature, not dealing with the deeper and more

lasting relations of things." As it has been well remarked, the interest owing to the fact that several of the characters are sketched from life, is purely biographical, and does not affect the artistic value of the work in any way. Adam Bede does not gain a fraction of his reality from his resemblance to Robert Evans, George Eliot's father, though it is undoubtedly interesting, when studying the novelist herself; to bear in mind that the same model served for *Caleb Garth*, and others. Too much stress has been laid by critics on the fact that Dinah Morris is a reproduction of Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, an aunt of the writer's; the resemblance is but slight, and with the exception of the bare outline of the one or two incidents as the preaching on the green, and the prison scene, the details and the development of character and plot are entirely imaginary. Mrs. Poyser and Bartle Massey are, however, actual studies from life, the names even in their cases being preserved.

The story is too well known to need recapitulation; the theme cannot be indicated in a few words better than by Wordsworth's lines on the title page:

"So that ye may have
Clear images before your gladdened eyes
Of nature's unambitious underwood,
And flowers that prosper in the shade. And when
I speak of such among the flock as swerved
Or fell, those only shall be singled out
Upon whose lapse or error something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend."

The work is divided into six books. In the first we are introduced to the *dramatis personæ*, Seth and Adam Bede, in their workshop and their home; Dinah preaching on the green, the Rev. Adolphus Irwine and his stately mother, the immortal Mrs. Poyser presiding over the Hall Farm, old Squire Donnithorne and his handsome grandson Arthur. The web begins to spin, in the toils of which beautiful foolish Hetty Sorrel is involved; as yet, however, her life is all rose-colour, and no cloud has appeared above the horizon.

In the second book the interest widens as well as deepens; we meet that delightful misogynist Bartle Massey, warm-hearted, manly, and honest, as he is outwardly rugged and repellant.

The third book consists of a few short chapters devoted to the rejoicings on the young squire's coming of age. Arthur Donnithorne feels his happiness marred by the consciousness of

double-dealing, and Hetty, on her part, begins to chafe against the necessity for concealment.

In the fourth book, where Adam discovers his friend's treachery, the storm breaks; Arthur undergoes the humiliation of disgrace at the hands of a man who has almost worshipped him, and adds to his degradation by a deliberate lie. Hetty feels the blow of separation as deeply as her shallow nature is capable of feeling anything that does not bear outwardly unpleasant consequences.

In the fifth book the interest reaches its climax. Nemesis is not to be evaded, as at first appeared possible, and inevitable suffering follows upon sin. Hetty's flight—her misery thrown into darker shadow by Adam's bright hopes of happiness—her wanderings, and her despair are told in words that paint a touching picture of one so young and in such fearful straits. The trial and prison scenes are, for power and pathos, almost unequalled in modern fiction—the wretched Hetty, half wild with shame and obstinate despair, Adam bowed in agonies of pity, his deep love overcoming all resentment save against the man who wrought the mischief; the grief-stricken family hopeless before disgrace worse to them than death, and amid this night of misery gentle, lovely Dinah Morris bearing the torch of sacred consolation. The interview between Dinah and Hetty in the prison is the most touching passage of the whole exquisitely written work; the bitterness of death seems past when, at the last awful moment, a reprieve is sent.

The sixth book opens some eighteen months after, when time has changed passionate grief to sad memory, and the present once more affords possibilities of peace and joy; the epilogue eight years later shows the scars healed as far as time can ever heal them; on Adam and Dinah life has bestowed domestic happiness, on the Poysers revived self-respect, on Arthur opportunities of living down some of the evil he has wrought.

The romantic interest of the book throughout centres on Hetty; we have a masterly analysis of a character moulded by the consciousness of personal beauty; it is with this alone that her whole being is suffused, her physique affecting herself as powerfully as it did those who surrounded her. This is saying much, for Hetty's roseleaf prettiness—apart from which it is impossible to think of her—was of "the one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads not only of men but of all intelligent mammals,

even of women. . . . It is of little use for me to tell you that Hetty's cheek was like a rose-petal, that dimples played about her pouting lips, that her large dark eyes hid a soft roguishness under their long lashes . . . unless you have seen a woman who affected you as Hetty affected her beholders."

The result to Hetty herself was pure, unmingled, self-concentration, and from this starting-point her development was absolutely consistent. She never loved Arthur, never was capable of it in the very slightest degree :

" Her love's a readjustment of self-love,
No more."

Arthur's parting letter was, she felt, simply cruel ; " the shattering of all her little dream-world, the crushing blow on her new-born passion, afflicted her pleasure-loving nature with an overpowering pain." Her disappointment healed by time, however, she would have been the same Hetty, a little harder, more heedless of others perhaps, but not one whit softened or sweetened by a discipline which she could only resent. Fortunately for her this was not to be ; she was to attain to salvation by bitter paths, as she could not walk in the ways of the honest love that encompassed her. Only one link bound her to the world of truth and law, and that was a certain innate self-respect, due to her birth and training. It was through this that her self-complacence was at last shattered ; there was no other avenue by which her real self could be reached. " To ask anything of strangers—to beg—lay in the same far off region of intolerable shame that Hetty had all her life thought it impossible she could ever come near." Alas ! The lowest depths of shame had to be sounded by this lovely, self-centred, childish creature before her true self could waken into trembling life at the Divine Word. Here she vanishes from our sight, as her spiritual life begins, and before her lies the steep and difficult path of duty, leading up to God.

In many points the handling of this subject recalls that of Gwendoline Harleth ; the same luxurious, self-centred, pleasure-seeking temperament yields to similar temptation, and is saved from total ruin by similar discipline. In Hetty's case, however, our pity is appealed to far more pathetically, it may be only from the more touching, child-like type of her beauty.

To Adam Bede it is a little difficult to do justice ; he is undoubtedly noble, high-minded, brave, keenly practical, but with it all, unattractive ; a striking lack of—not exactly softness—but

sympathy and toleration, springs from his too rigid distinction between right and wrong, his powerful physique putting him, for one thing, out of the reach of many temptations, for which he had consequently no charity. In this he bears a certain resemblance to another of George Eliot's characters, Tom Tulliver, though Adam was a man of far finer calibre than Tom. His genuine love for "a good bit o' work" is one of his most characteristic and admirable features, and there is something very fine in the way he sticks to his work when trouble has rendered it distasteful to him because "it's right, whether I like it or not." His relations with Hetty went far to melt the hardness which he could not help exhibiting towards moral frailty, and the bitter grief caused by her sad fate eventually mellowed and sweetened his nature.

Seth Bede is a remarkable contrast to his brother; "the idle tramps always felt sure they could get a copper from Seth; they hardly ever spoke to Adam." The calm gentleness of his nature made easy to him the patience and charity which Adam could only win through struggle and sorrow; he lacks on the other hand the practical energy and the breadth of intellect for which his brother is pre-eminent. Arthur Donnithorne, too, is thrown into strong relief by Adam, but here the contrast is not intellectual, but moral; while more attractive his nature is tuned to another and a lower key; friendship was possible between the two men for both aimed at doing right, but their motives in so doing were diverse, and this it was which so widely sundered them. Adam loved right for its own sake, Arthur because it was pleasant; his temperament was essentially similar to that of the gifted, winning, pleasure-loving Greek, Tito Melema, but Arthur, having much tenderness, both of heart and conscience, was saved through fearful discipline, while Tito glided down the hill of utter ruin. All his life Arthur's greatest happiness had consisted in doing good, because in so doing he won the love and admiration of all with whom he came in contact, and this was essentially pleasant to him. When at last the path of duty and pleasure divided, he yielded, after a struggle, to the influence which had all along been paramount. The recoil of his sin upon others roused his generosity, and showed him the revolting meanness of his conduct; it taught him, too, the lesson he found most difficult of all to learn—the irrevocableness of wrong-doing. Horrified at his own act when its real blackness was thrust upon him, the redeeming feature of his character comes out in the fact that he never attempts to palliate

his guilt, or to shirk the acceptance of its bitter and humiliating fruits, but with genuine repentance sets himself to live for duty in the future.

Throughout the story Dinah Morris, the Methodist preacher, moves, like a ray of moonlight, pure, loving, helpful as some sweet saint; herself taking no part in the action, for she seems to have no self, she devotes her whole energy to angelic ministration, and only succumbs at last to an overwhelming influence in making Adam happy with her love. One of George Eliot's critics, Guiseppe Mazzini, has objected to the marriage of Adam and Dinah on the ground that it shocks his feelings; and it must be admitted that it appears somewhat of a descent to the level of the ordinary three-volume novel to conclude so grand a story of sin, sorrow, and moral victory with marriage bells. But reconsideration surely shows that there is no want of unity in the treatment of the characters; without a touch of passion, Dinah would have lacked the tenderest bond of sympathy with humanity, and would have been something less, in her self-abnegation, than the rich generous soul that fuller joys were capable of developing. Her "strong gentle love" gave to Adam's somewhat turbulent nature the repose which was wanting, and her sympathetic tenderness proved his most perfect complement.

It is impossible to pass over Mrs. Poyser without mention, though her keen insight into character and her epigrammatic tongue are far too well known to need criticism or quotation. We are somewhat apt, however, in our appreciation of her wit, her thrift, and her moral courage to overlook the softer side of her nature, evinced in her tender mother-love, her susceptibility to the influence of personal beauty, her clinging affection for Dinah, and her mildness and sympathy when disgrace and trouble fell upon her husband's family.

No character is more vivid, or more thoroughly genuine, than Mr. Irwine; while without any pretensions to the attributes of the Roman Catholic saint, he is from first to last a noble true-hearted gentleman, and there are few Christian characteristics that lie outside that definition.

Space forbids even allusion to the many other familiar faces that crowd the canvas; suffice it to say that there is not one which does not glow with life, abound with interest, or that could be absent without leaving a noticeable blank.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

PLAIN ANSWERS TO REASONABLE QUESTIONS.

The following examples are contributed by Student Members of the Union, who, having been themselves the examiners of the papers in which they occurred, are quite sure that they are all right, and have pleasure in commending such answers to the careful study of those students who have hitherto failed to distinguish themselves in the various College Examinations :

PHYSICS.

- Q. Say what you mean by Inertia, Porosity, Torsion ; and give an example in each case.
- A. 1. Inertia is a kind of powder.
2. Inertia is the struggling of two matters different ways, as a nail, or in pulling off a leg of a chair.
3. Inertia is that property in nature by which a body retains any form given to it by nature or art.
4. Torsion is a twisting, such as torture.
5. Porosity is a kind of fluid. Blood is a good instance. It is very small—what may be called in science an atom.
6. Porosity is that property of matter which is porous.
7. The porosity of man, for instance, is the pores of his skin, and if you were to put him in a room and pump out all the air out of the room, he would expand, and then you could easily see the pores of his skin.

MATHEMATICS.

- Q. What is an axiom ?
- A. An axiom is something which is supposed to be true in proving Euclid, but is not necessarily so.
- Q. What is a circle ?
- A. A circle is a straight line going all round, every point of which is at an equal distance from every other point.
- Q. What is a straight line ?
- A. A straight line is a line running all across the paper having no angles.
- Q. Define Measure and Greatest Common Measure.
- A. That which is used for liquids.

CHEMISTRY.

- Q. Give the properties of hydrogen.
- A. Hydrogen is a colourless, tasteless, odourless, and inaudible gas.

Q. Explain, with equations, Deacon's process for the manufacture of chlorine.

A. $2\text{HCl} + \text{O} + \text{R.H.B.} = \text{H}_2\text{O} + \text{R.H.B.} + \text{Cl}_2$.
 Hydrochloric acid. oxygen. red-hot bricks. water red-hot bricks. chlorine.

The next set of extracts is from the Examination Papers at a Girls' School (not in Birmingham).

Q. How may the height of a mountain be measured with a barometer?

A. A barometer can work up a mountain because it is 36 inches long, and when you measure the height of a mountain the mercury goes up.

Q. How do you make a thermometer?

A. 1. You get a piece of wood and put a little glass tube down the front and a little bulb at the bottom of it, then you put the figures on it and it is made.

2. In an ordinary thermometer there is quicksilver, and there is mercury in the tube, and it goes up into degrees: 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1,000, and so on; it can be any height if it is a good thermometer.

3. A thermometer is used for measuring heat. It is made with mercuriai, solid and liquid and fluid. You get a tube with a round hollow ball at one end, and then get some mercury and put it in the ball, and then hold it over a fire and it will rise to a certain height, and then close it at the top and then put zero or 0 where the mercury has gone to, and then count 100 steps up to boiling point, and then put some wood on the outside.

Q. How does heat generally affect (a) the condition, (b) the size of bodies? (c) Mention the only exception to this.

A. 1. (a) Heat makes us hot, (b) and larger, (c) except water which becomes ice when frozen.

2. (a) It makes the particles on you swell out and move about.

A. Latent heat is hidden heat; like you cannot see the heat of the fire although you can feel it.

A. An air-pump is used for taking away the heat from anything. From a Board School of this town:

Q. What is faith?

A. Faith is believing to be true that which we know to be untrue.

From other sources :

Q. What is the equator?

A. A straight line which goes round the earth once in every 24 hours.

A. Why does the inverted cup in a fruit pie become filled with the juice?

A correct account of this matter was given with the footnote :
N.B.—The cup must not be more than 34 feet high.

THE SEA GATE OF BIRMINGHAM.

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE AND A VISION OF THE PAST.

Surely we have come a long way?

Yes, we are now more than fifty miles from New Street.

And yet you regard this as a sort of outlying portion of Birmingham.

Outlying it is true, nevertheless an appurtenance of the Midland Metropolis; a part of such importance to the central body, that a re-awakening to its true relationship and value would be of more advantage to Birmingham than her four new members of Parliament.

Great is this Birmingham which we have built!

Truly great; and if her sons of this generation prove themselves worthy of their predecessors, she will yet go "Forward" and more than maintain the place she has gained among the chief cities of the world.

Very fine sound! But do you know it is whispered among us, in secret, that markets are closing against us, and that our manufacturing supremacy is virtually a thing of the past. Then, remember the destitution of many of our workpeople.

I do not forget; but I am persuaded that, like a lost inheritance, the secret of fortune, for the unemployed labour of Birmingham, and for the unemployed enterprise and capital of Edgbaston too, lies more than half forgotten in this green valley. But here is the station.

A gloomy wooden shed. What a contrast to our station at New Street; the largest in the world, you know.

It is a contrast, and yet between the recent enormous expenditure at New Street, and the need for a smaller outlay here, there is an intimate connection. The line by which we have travelled is

one of the oldest railways in the kingdom ; and when it was constructed there was a strong objection to such an innovation coming near the towns, so the stations had to keep at a respectful distance. We have learned better since then ; but the results of this early prejudice have not entirely disappeared. It is only now that arrangements are being made for trains from the west to run directly into New Street, and this temporary structure still acknowledges the need for alteration here.

By all this I suppose I am to understand that some fifty years ago Birmingham was first connected with this somewhat distant suburb ?

Certainly not ; you may be sure the connection was already a very real one that suggested so early a communication by railway. It is now about a hundred years ago that the fathers of Birmingham and South Staffordshire made their great effort to extend their dominion hereabouts.

Do you refer to the construction of some road in the old coaching days ?

No ; I speak of the most magnificent engineering work of the palmy days of Inland Navigation ?

Ah ! I admit that the one weak point in our position is our distance from the sea ; but of course the days of Inland Navigation have altogether passed away.

You are repeating a cry which has cost our country millions ; that has crippled Birmingham, and made her tributary, not only to London and Liverpool, but to Euston, and Paddington, and Derby. For fifty years we have been railway mad, and the malady has been specially injurious to Birmingham, as the frequent groanings in your newspapers testify. Manchester, too, has suffered. But she is stirring herself, determined that she will be free ; and that if she cannot go to the sea, the sea, or at least sea-going ships, shall come to her.

But nobody dreams that any ocean steamer will ever announce her arrival by firing her gun within sound of our Town Hall.

For the present, at any rate, no. But through the enterprise of Midland men a century ago something akin to this is easily possible. Already by means of their works thousands of vessels from all parts of the world have come thus far, to what nature and they together have made the true Sea Gate of Birmingham. And, if the importance of a firm and personal grip on the great highway of the nations comes to be as clearly seen by your leaders of to-day

as it was by their great-grandfathers, your prosperity in the past may well be but the seed of a magnificent future.

I fear the engineering students of Mason College will never be called upon to develop the navigation works of our forefathers ; besides, as I have told you, we are losing our markets ; and then look at the cost.

If the fears of the timid are to inspire your counsels, Birmingham can have no worthy future. As for markets ! If some of your old customers are beginning to supply themselves, there are abundant openings in the more out-of-the-way parts of the world, where trade may be both beneficent and profitable. And with regard to cost ; why for a tithe of what Manchester will spend, and almost before she has turned a sod, a wise utilization of the grand project of your fathers would give you direct communication between—let us say—Birmingham and the Mediterranean, Birmingham and Africa, Birmingham and the West Indies, Birmingham and the Spanish Main, and all the rest.

Really I wish the future rested with you ; but I am hardly in the mood to entertain a golden dream like this. I came with you desiring to learn something of the solemn past. This is an ancient city. Tell me its history.

The history of the "Fair City" has never yet been written, never yet been told, except in outline and in part.

Then let me have the outline. Begin at the beginning. The name tells us it had its origin in the Roman camp.

No, not its origin ; in the dim dawn of the story it was a British stronghold, a western fastness of the Midland Dobuni, holding in check the brave Silures who ruled beyond the river. They called the place "Caer Glow," a name which in modern form survives in its poetic name "Fair City."

"Caer Glow" would consist mainly of earthworks, and while on the lonely hills of Wales such "caers" remain, the continuous occupation and many changes here would quite obliterate it.

That is so, no trace of Dobuni work is left.

But you have Roman remains of course.

Evidences of the Roman occupation are by no means scarce. In fact they are about you now on either hand.

Roman remains ? I confess I do not recognize them. Here are two narrow streets at right angles to one another with small houses old enough to be shabby, but not ancient, and certainly not Roman.

Do you observe nothing more ?

Nothing, except that all the houses on one side of either street lean away from the perpendicular.

Just so. And that is due to the work of the Romans. Beneath the fronts of these houses there lies like a rock, the massive lower portion of their fortress wall, while the backs of the houses stand in what was the moat outside. The ditch bottom has formed a yielding foundation, while the old wall has stood firm, and thus the houses have been tilted backwards from the perpendicular. But we are fortunate. Here is some rebuilding going on ; and, see, there is a wide trench excavated in the deep black mould.

And all along on one side of the trench there is massive stonework !

Yes, masonry that has lain there for eighteen hundred years and more. It is the Roman Wall. Its preservation is due partly to that constant rise of the ground which goes on in all populous places, and partly to its having been covered by an old building which is now being replaced. In a few days these stones will be covered up again for another century or two.

And while the stones remain, those who placed them there have passed away, and even their names, have been forgotten.

In most cases, yes. But the engineer-in-chief of these works—as we should call him—and his son also, have left their names to history.

I am not informed. Tell me, who were they ?

The father was Vespasian, afterwards emperor, who while in charge of the 2nd Legion here designed these works ; and the son was Titus, who afterwards commanded at the siege of Jerusalem. Much of his youth appears to have been spent hereabouts during his father's local rule.

And what more is known of this wonderful people and their doings here ; of their lives and thoughts ? They must have loved and suffered, hoped and wondered, much as we do now. Do tell me the story ; for surely some one living here has gathered inspiration from such stones as these, and, by evidence and instinct combined, pieced together the fragments of the tale.

To men and women in general these stones are well nigh dumb. But there have been and are some who by patient study have learned to bring back dim visions of those who in epoch after epoch have lived and worked and died in this old dwelling place.

For myself, I have to confess much of the common inattention and want of sympathy; but roughly and as I remember it, one fragment of the story I will give you as we continue our walk.

It was in the year 45 that the Romans under Aulus Plautius landed on the south coast, and marching northwards struck the valley of the Thames. Near its head waters they came to "Caer Corin," a Dobuni fastness, which they carried; and then coming down from yonder hills, here at "Caer Glow" they defeated Arviragus the Dobuni king. Then their conquests in this direction ceased; and for many a year this was one of the outposts of the Roman world. Aulus Plautius did not find his task an easy one, and wrote to Rome that he must be reinforced if the country was to be permanently held. So in the following spring the Emperor Claudius came himself with a powerful army. The emperor's stay was only a short one; but before leaving he reinstated the local rulers in subjection to his own generals; and to Arviragus the king he gave moreover Genissa his daughter as wife. This goes to shew that the ruling class, at any rate, among the Britons were not so barbarous as is commonly supposed. And it is made still more evident by the case of Claudia, a noble British lady, possibly the sister of Arviragus, who is said to have been an excellent Greek and Latin scholar. This lady's name was doubtless taken as a compliment to the emperor; and the fortress which rose here at his command was also in his honour called Claudiocestria. Arviragus was subordinate to Aulus Plautius, and in historic interest he in turn becomes subordinate to his wife. For in those Pagan times, only twelve years after the death of Christ, Pomponia was a Christian. Moreover from her high position, and the greater freedom of this extreme corner of the empire, she was of very great service to the young and struggling cause; and through her influence both Genissa and Claudia soon joined the new faith. Then a cavalry officer named Pudens, coming this way, found in the noble Claudia his heart's desire. Pudens also became a Christian; and, bye-and-bye, Linus, their son, was chosen as the successor to St. Peter, and became the second Bishop of Rome.

But another Roman came here: a worker in leather; the tent maker, Paul. During the gap of ten or eleven years in the New Testament history of the great apostle, he visited—in the quaint words of the fathers—"all the world, and the islands beyond." Coming to these "islands beyond" he appears to have landed in West Cornwall; and once in Britain he could not be kept from so

promising a sphere as that offered by the residence of the noble and imperial ladies of Claudiocestria.

The story of those days; the story of Pomponia, and Genissa, and Claudia; of Paul and Pudens, and the youthful Linus; of their pleasant intercourse in the many official residences hereabouts; of the public preaching of the gospel, and the missionary expeditions across the river, to the Silures; and of the founding of the Church—the Apostolic Church of Wales—has become dim. But official duties and missionary zeal parted these good friends; and when they met again it was not in the free air of Claudiocestria, but in the gathering gloom of Rome. There Claudia entertained both Peter and Paul, in her own house; but there, also, the hand of the destroyer was at work. Pomponia was only saved by the influence of her husband; and Paul found himself a prisoner and alone. How much his solitude was cheered by sunny memories of Claudiocestria; how far he was helped by Claudiocestria friends—"they of Cæsar's household"—we know not. But it is worthy of note that in the last page which has come to us from his hand, written amid the darkness and isolation of the approaching end, as he urges his "son" Timothy to come to him, we catch the one farewell gleam of sunshine; in a kindly message from these good friends. "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia."—But this is your hotel.

What a curious place, with this central court-yard, the outside stairs, and that open gallery running round the quadrangle!

It is a survival of Mediæval time, and was formerly a religious house. But you are not afraid of being haunted by ecclesiastical ghosts; and I have no doubt you will be very comfortable here.

Oh! I am not afraid; I shall sleep all right, and the quaintness of the place is charming. But don't go just yet. Let us stand beneath the archway at the entrance, and watch the folks go by in the gloaming. See, here is a striking group—foreigners, of course?

Yes, they are Italian sailors, from some vessel at the docks.

And they bring back to me your wish for the extension of Birmingham westwards to the sea. You have taught me to-day that we do not sufficiently realise the true life, and work, and thought of bygone generations. But after all our chief concern should be with the needs and duties of our own time; and I am persuaded that there is room for a practical and perhaps brilliant development of Birmingham enterprise in this direction. Some

good man amongst us, looking for a mission, might find a golden opportunity in your suggestion.

Birmingham is not faultless, but in the main her influence is good—is of the very best; and the world would be the better if it were multiplied and extended far and wide. I should like to see her put some of her unemployed sons into blue jackets. I should like to meet them now and again, strolling along the sunny side of New Street, as the tars and middies and skippers of Birmingham liners, newly returned from sea. I should like to see her taking up the work of your fathers, and using well, much the same route that ran seawards from Birmingham before Birmingham was. I should like to see her sending abundantly the choicest works of her artists in shapes of iron and steel and brass, of silver and gold and gems; and, more precious still, her safe yet venturous thoughts in literature and philosophy, in politics and religion, away over the Lickey watershed; away down the wide valley; away through the Sea Gate at Claudiocestra; and then, away past the great red cliff of Augustus, where the Icknield Street once came down to the yellow Severn Sea; away between the pleasant coasts of the West of England and of Wales; away over the broadening waters; away and away “to all the world” and the islands beyond.”

THE NEW ORTHODOXY.

So, dear Fred, you're not content
Though I quote the books you lent,
And I've kept that spray you sent
Of the milk-white heather;
For you fear I'm too “advanced”
To remember all that chanced
In the old days, when we danced,
Walked, and rode together.

Trust me, Fred, beneath the curls
Of the most advanced of girls
Many a foolish fancy whirls,
Bidding Fact defiance;
And the simplest village maid
Needs not to be much afraid
Of her sister sage and staid,
Bachelor of Science!

Ah! while yet our hope was new
Guardians thought 'twould never do
That Sir Frederick's heir should woo

Little Amy Merton :

So the budding joy they snatched
From our hearts, so meetly matched ;
You to Oxford they despatched,
Me they sent to Girton.

Were the vows all writ in dust ?
No ; you're one-and-twenty—just ;
And you write—" We will, we must,

Now—at once—be married !"

Nay, you plan the wedding trip !
Softly, sir ! There's many a slip
Ere the goblet to the lip
Finally is carried.

Oh, the wicked tales I hear !
Not that you at Ruskin jeer,
Nor that at Carlyle you sneer,

With his growls dyspeptic ;
But that, having read in vain
Huxley, Tyndall, Clifford, Bain,
All the great Agnostic train,
You're a hardened sceptic !

Things with fin, and claw, and hoof,
Join to give us perfect proof
That our being's warp and woof

We from near and far win ;
Yet your flippant doubts you vaunt,
And—to please a maiden aunt—
You've been heard to say you can't
Pin your faith to Darwin !

Then you jest, because Laplace
Says this earth was nought but gas
Till the vast rotating mass

Denser grew and denser :
Something worse they whisper too,
But I'm sure it *can't* be true ;
For they tell me, Fred, that you
Scoff at Herbert Spencer !

Write—or telegraph—or call !
Come yourself and tell me all !
No fond hope shall me enthrall,
No regret shall sway me :
Yet—until the worst is said,
Till I know your faith is dead—
I remain, dear doubting Fred,
Your believing AMY.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Girton Review* records the acquisition of a College Library, through the munificence of the Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley. Among the gifts of books with which we are told the kindness of friends has done much to lessen the new library's resemblance to Hidalgo's famous supper of "Very little meat and a great deal of tablecloth," the most important is a complete set of Ruskin's works, presented by the author himself. The valedictory editorial contains "humble apologies" for that dulness "which seems to be the essential characteristic of college magazines." This text is enlarged upon in an article entitled "Who would be an Editor!" The manifold perplexities of that unlucky functionary culminate in the problem—How to avoid the Scylla of dulness without falling into the Charybdis of flippancy—a problem which even feminine tact has as yet failed to solve, at least to the satisfaction of all readers. But any nipping effect this jeremiad may have been intended to produce upon budding editorial ambition is counteracted by the very logical conclusion at which the writer arrives, viz: That, though surely no one would be an editor, yet—she would! The Debating Society has decided that the aim of life is to *be* rather than to *do*! Are we to understand from this that it is better to be "mute, inglorious Miltons," than to have written *Paradise Lost*?

The *Owen's College Magazine* presents the unusual combination of quality with quantity. We have not had an opportunity of testing the justice of a critique on "Hamlet, at the Princess's," but it is evidently the outcome of intelligent and careful study, and we welcome such an article in the pages of a college magazine as a sign of the growing recognition of the importance of the drama. The time is, perhaps, not far distant when the intellectual many will share Lessing's opinion that the drama is the grandest of the arts. We should like to be more particularly informed concerning the anæsthetic which produced "A medical student's dream." In the interests of our own magazine we would willingly undergo the same experience, though we should be inclined to call it "nightmare." Tom Smart's narrative contains one or two conflicting statements. For instance, he tells us that when he recovered consciousness he had not the slightest recollection of any bodily pain whatever, yet goes on to describe how, in fighting for life with the waves after shipwreck, he strikes against the sharp rocks, and almost faints from

the pain of the concussion, remaining partially insensible all night. Still, if conception be one step towards realisation, this is a small price to pay for such conveniences as a "universal phonography" and the "selenovist"—a sort of electrical telescope, by means of which a man can superintend half-a-dozen works from one office, and beguile the tedium of city hours with frequent glimpses of the wife of his bosom and sweet suburban home. We shall look forward with pleasure to the continuation of a very able article on Turgenjev's "Senilia." A "moral" poem, called "The Iron Gate," records an "awful example" of the vibrations of the pendulum, gratuitously contributed to a lecture on mechanics.

We learn with regret that the funds of the *Midland Institute Magazine* are at a low ebb in consequence of a lack of support from the General Department of the Institute and from the public at large. So excellent a pennyworth ought not to go begging, and we recommend it to our readers as a most profitable investment. In the present number, "A rainy day in Antwerp," gives a pleasing account of "Christopher Plantin," the printer of the famous Polyglot Bible, whose house and workshops have been purchased by the city and preserved intact. We must, however, take exception to certain peculiarities of the author's style, which may be good German, but, for that reason, are bad English. We are not sure that the interest of a fac-simile of the first programme of the Institute is sufficiently great to warrant its occupation of four pages. It is too suggestive of "padding." The ode "To Happiness" is not characterised by "Aimée's" usual felicity, and contains some awkward ellipses.

We rejoice to hear that the editors of the *Reptonian* found our explanation of the *raison d'être* of our skeleton "lucid and most satisfactory," notwithstanding that it was only by dint of "great diligence, and the free use of Webster's dictionary," that they succeeded in "wading" through it! We have frequent cause for regret that our funds will not permit us to issue an edition "in words of one syl-la-ble" for the benefit of youthful contemporaries.

The *Haileyburian* is chiefly abandoned to football, but maintains its high poetical standard with two charming sonnets. The "Notes on Jersey" are an amusing ebullition of boyish spirits.

CONCERT AND DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

A concert and dramatic performance was held in connection with the College Union on Friday evening, January 16th, in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre. The proceedings commenced by a violin solo played with skill by Mr. J. W. Russell. This was followed by the song, "Suleika," Mendelssohn, sung by Miss Brierley, and well appreciated by the audience. A violin solo, played by Miss Bennett, was also warmly received. Miss F. Hadley then sang "She wandered down the mountain side," F. Clay, in a very pleasing manner, and received enthusiastic applause. Another violin solo, played well and artistically by Mr. W. Bennett, came next in the programme. After this, Mr. A. F. Kellett played the pianoforte solo, "Melody," Rubin-

stein. This was charming. The concert ended by Rubinstein's duet, "The Angel," sung by Miss I. C. Evans and Miss Rubery with great taste and sweetness. As there was a little delay before the dramatic performance began, Mr. W. R. Jordan kindly gave a piece of recitation. In the comedy, "Which is Which," which was now performed, the following ladies and gentlemen took part: Miss Ehrhardt, Miss Edwards, Miss Huckvale, Mr. C. Greene, Mr. A. G. Irvine, and Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt. The acting deserved the warmest praise and formed a very delightful part of the entertainment. Miss Ehrhardt's acting merits special commendation. The thanks of the Union are due to Mr. C. Greene, Mr. W. R. Jordan, and some other students, who, at wonderfully short notice, exerted themselves greatly to overcome the many difficulties in the way of making the scenic arrangements the undoubted success which they were.

THE UNION.

At the meeting of the Union, on Friday, January 23rd, the following Members were elected, Miss Staley, Miss France, Miss E. W. C. France, and Mr. T. J. Baker. The subject for the debate, which was semi-impromptu, was "That the Foreign Policy of the present Government is worthy of Censure." Mr. JENKYN-BROWN opened the debate. He compared the foreign policy of the Government to the home policy of Mr. Micawber, *i. e.*, waiting for what would turn up. He then proceeded to speak of the cost in human life and money of the Egyptian war, and gave it as his opinion that Egypt should be left to herself, or else governed by England as India is governed. The speaker went on to censure the English policy in New Guinea and South Africa as "all wrong," and said we were risking an encounter with the Germans without gaining any advantage. He considered that the danger of being embroiled in foreign difficulties should not deter our statesmen from a more decided policy. Mr. LOVE then opposed the motion. He said Mr. Jenkyn-Brown had brought forward only one argument, *i. e.*, that wherever we, the English people, have interests we must prevent everyone else from colonising. The only way that he (Mr. Love) could see in which this could be done, was for England to colonise the whole world, and this seemed to some persons to be rather impossible. From the time when the British fleet was sent to Alexandria to the present, everything had been done as it should be done by the Government. It was necessary to send a force into the Desert to preserve the people in Lower Egypt, and when General Gordon's mission failed, he being shut up in Khartoum, there was nothing else to do but to appeal to arms. The following speakers also took part in the debate:—Mr. Stern, Mrs. Bodington, Miss Naden, Mr. Larner, Mr. Gamgee, and Mr. Mason, for; and Mr. Ehrhardt, Mr. B. F. Jordan, Miss Staley, Mr. W. Collingwood Williams, and Miss Lindsay, against the motion. Miss Naden's diagrammatic representation of Mr. Ehrhardt's account of the course which the Government had taken in its foreign policy, and the illustration Mr. Ehrhardt drew in reply caused much amusement. The motion was carried by the casting vote of the chairman—ayes 13, noes 12.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Chemical Society.—A meeting of the Chemical Society was held on Wednesday, January 21st. Mr. NICOL in the chair.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been signed, W. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS, B.Sc., read a paper on "The Liquefaction of Gases." He began with an account of Faraday's original method, which had the disadvantage that the product could not be collected. He then described Dr. Gore's improvement on the apparatus, by which it is possible to observe the action of the liquefied gas on various substances. After giving particulars of Thilorier's and Natterer's processes, and the determination of the critical point of carbon dioxide, Mr. Williams came to the more modern experiments of Cailletet, Pictet, Wroblewski, and Olzewski, whose various apparatus he described most clearly with the aid of several carefully-prepared diagrams. He next pointed out and discussed the discrepancies in the figures of Wroblewski and Pictet, and then proceeded to the practical application of liquefied gases, mentioning the Carré ice machine, which he did not fully describe, as it is "so well-known to all incipient physicists," but a diagram of Pictet's sulphurous acid ice machine had been prepared, and the principle was readily understood by all. The power of liquefied gases to exert pressure is applied in the process of casting steel, to prevent the formation of flaws in the solid mass, and the very interesting paper terminated with a reference to fire-extinguishers and freezing mixtures.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. NICOL, referring to the differences in the numerical results obtained by the various observers, drew Mr. Williams' attention to some recently published letters of Wroblewski, throwing grave doubts on the correctness of Cailletet and Pictet's figures. Mr. LOVE gave it as his opinion that the figures given by Cailletet were "almost absolutely worthless," as the gauge measuring pressure would not register immediately the great change caused by the sudden expansion of the gas; and as to the temperature, in no drawing of Pictet's apparatus that he had seen was there anything which could be mistaken for a thermometer, and even if there had been a thermometer used, its readings would not have been reliable when so great and sudden a change in temperature took place.

Mr. WILLIAMS stated that he had not been able to find out how Pictet got at his temperatures, but suggested that perhaps he "took a little out and tried that." Mr. STERN, Mr. JOSEPH, and Mr. EHRHARDT also took part in the discussion, and at its conclusion Mr. TURNER described the Cailletet's apparatus at South Kensington.

Physical Society.—The annual meeting was held on Thursday, January 22nd; Professor POYNTING taking the chair, and twenty-eight members being present.

After the minutes had been disposed of, the CHAIRMAN called for nominations for the Committee of the ensuing year. A large number were sent in, and the tellers retired to count the votes. In their absence, Miss EVANS, the secretary, read a highly satisfactory report from the Committee, the adoption of which was moved by Mr. KELLETT, and seconded by Mr.

LOVE. In putting the resolution to the meeting, Professor POYNTING congratulated the members on the work of the year. "The Society had," he said, "done good work in encouraging members to take a real living interest in Physics, not regarding it merely as a subject to be got up for examinations, or as the behaviour of things on the lecture table." The readers had bestowed conscientious work on their papers, and good discussions had followed nearly all. The President, however, called attention to the fact that there were but very few new members from the junior classes, and trusted that this would not continue to be the case.

When the tellers returned the following were found to be elected as the Committee:—Miss Edwards, Miss Moore, Messrs. L. Barrow, Ehrhardt, Housman, Kellett, Joseph, and Stern.

Two papers were read, the first by Professor SMITH, on "Some Points in the Practical Applications of Hydrodynamics," which was in great part mathematical, so that we are unfortunately unable to present its substance to our readers.

The other paper was by Mr. JOSEPH, who gave full details of the making of electric bells and their accessories. He described in turn the various kinds of batteries, wire, bells, and indicators now in use, and exhibited a large number of bells, pushes, different kinds of wire, &c. Amongst other things he showed an extremely simple bell of his own designing, which made more noise than a larger bell of the ordinary pattern. He also exhibited burglar and fire alarms, and an electromotor of his invention. Mr. KELLETT, Mr. WHITEHOUSE, and Mr. HOUSMAN discussed the paper.

Students' Common Room.—A meeting was held on Tuesday, January 20, in the Common Room, for the purpose of electing the Common Room Committee, and to transact other business.

Mr. W. R. JORDAN was elected Chairman, and read the rules relating to the election of the Committee. Ten nominations were sent in, and the following were elected:—Messrs. A. J. Cooper, E. F. Ehrhardt, C. Greene, J. H. Gordon, B. W. Housman, J. F. Jordan, and A. C. Perry. Mr. Perry was then unanimously elected secretary.

The effects of the defunct Gymnastic Club were then divided, it being agreed that the surplus money should be disposed of by the Common Room Committee, and that the box should go to the Queen's College Gymnasium.

Botanical Society.—A meeting of the above Society was held on Saturday, December 20th; Professor HILLHOUSE in the chair. There were nine present, including visitors.

Mr. GIBSON read the paper of the evening, on "The Miocene Flora." The first part was purely geological, fixing the position of the Miocene relative to other strata, but later on Mr. Gibson gave a detailed description of the floral remains in Miocene formations in various parts of the globe. He called attention to the fact that there exist now plants very much like these, in countries where the climate now is far different from that in the localities where the fossil remains are found. From this he deduced that radical changes in the climates of the earth must have taken place, caused probably by the turning of the earth's axis of rotation. The paper concluded

with a discussion of the various theories to account for the presence of the allied flora in their present homes.

The PRESIDENT then gave a brief and easily understood summary of the paper, and after a little discussion the meeting separated.

A meeting was held on Saturday, January 31st, at which eight members were present, and Messrs. Williams and Stern were elected.

Mr. A. F. KELLETT read a paper on the "Nucleus," which he divided into two parts, the first being more historical, and comprising an account of the researches of Hanstein, Sachs, and Strasburger. The second part treated of the chemistry of the Nucleus, and will be continued at the next meeting.

A discussion, as usual, followed the paper, in which the PRESIDENT, Miss STURGE, and Mr. W. C. WILLIAMS took part.

[As we are already four pages in excess of our theoretical number the accounts of the French Debating Society, and of the last meeting of the Botanical Society are unavoidably omitted, but will appear in our next issue.—Ed.]

COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.

We have great pleasure in stating that a Natural Science Exhibition, of £30 a year for four years, has been gained by Mr. A. F. Kellett at S. John's College, Cambridge. We learn that subsequently to this the authorities of the above college have offered Mr. Kellett in addition a Sizarship of £30 a year for three years.

We are also glad to announce that Miss H. F. Stevens and Mr. H. T. C. S. Ledsam have both been placed in the First Division of the Matriculation Examination of London, held last January.

ERRATUM.—See December No., p. 142, for Mr. Geo. Mathews read Mr. Wm. Mathews.

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CONTENTS.

Gleanings from the Union.
Benighted.
Swedish Poems.
The Union.
College Societies.

French Literary and
Debating Society.
Students' Common Room.
Our Contemporaries.
Notes and Criticisms.
Oxford Letter.

Correspondence.

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CALENDAR.

- March 25th.—TUESDAY—Spring Term Examinations begin.
„ 28th.—FRIDAY—Spring Term ends.
April 14th.—TUESDAY—Summer Term begins.
„ 17th.—FRIDAY—Union : Shakespeare Reading, "Twelfth Night."
„ 23rd.—THURSDAY—Physical Society : "Occlusion of Gases," Mr. A. J. Cooper ; "The Dielectric," Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt.
„ 25th.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society.
May 1st.—FRIDAY—Union : Debate, "That Hero Worship is injurious to the Hero and to the Worshipper."
„ 9th.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society.
„ 14th.—THURSDAY — Physical Society : "Calorimetry," Mr. T. J. Baker ; "Flying Machines," Mr. L. Barrow.
-

GLEANINGS FROM THE UNION.

[In a debate held last session, Miss Brierley maintained "That the Nineteenth century is the Golden Age of Literature," in the following speech.]

First of all I should like to be allowed to render the subject of debate, which is characterised by a certain graceful literary indefiniteness, into terms of a more scientific precision. What do we understand by a Golden Age of English Literature? I have ventured to assume that we understand by it two things. (1) An age in which the conditions are more favourable to literature than those of any other ; (2) an age which has a vaster, richer, and more splendid literature than any other.

I do not for one moment expect that this will be unanimously accepted as an adequate definition of a golden age. The phrase is so little modern that it is difficult to divest it of mythological associations. It conjures up a vision of a land flowing with intellectual milk and honey ; where genius is the spontaneous

product of the soil, and every man is a wit and a poet; where beasts of prey (viz.: editors and publishers) lie down peaceably with the literary lambs; and authors have not yet fallen by ambition, avarice, envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness from a state of innocence. No wonder if the paler hues of reality fade before this glowing picture, and some of us are tempted to revert to the belief which lay at the foundation of all traditions of a golden age—viz., the belief that the tendency of life is towards degeneration; that man never is, and never is to be, but always *has* been blessed, at some dim pre-historic period of his existence. Distance lends enchantment to the view, whether the medium be space or time; and so even in a century which has unfolded the Darwinian tale, and proclaimed the evolving glories of the future at the expense of the past, we still find it difficult to realize that the golden age, whether of literature or of life, may be *with* us or *before* us, but is certainly not behind us. The Elizabethan Era, or the reign of "Good Queen Anne," have about them a sufficient flavour of antiquity to be pronounced "Culture's palmiest day;" but the age of Victoria—herself an authoress, of whom it may be said that she stands on the *highlands* of literature—the age of Victoria is too grossly modern to be allowed any pretensions to intellectual greatness. But I am addressing an audience whose scientific studies may be expected to have emancipated them from the prejudices which warp ordinary human judgment, and therefore I do not despair of showing that the 19th century, more than any other period of English literature, fulfils our modern conceptions of a golden age.

To begin with the inevitable historical sketch. More than 1,200 years have elapsed since Caedmon sang the Creation of the World, the History of Israel, the Book of Daniel, and entire story of the Life of Christ, Future Judgment, Purgatory, Heaven and Hell. After this stupendous effort literature languished for seven centuries. The inspired cowherd was the progenitor of an unbroken line of poets it is true, but they failed to illumine, and have shared the obscurity of their several ages. Hence the proud title of "Father of English Literature" is usually reserved for Chaucer. I need not trouble you with even "a short account of all the Muse possesst, that down from Chaucer's days to Browning's times, have spent their noble rage in British Rhymes," for out of the four intervening centuries only one brief but brilliant period challenges comparison with our own. During the whole of the

15th and the greater part of the 16th century the tender buds and early blossoms of English literature—to use a time-honoured simile—were nipped by the frosts and torn by the tempests of civil war and religious persecution. Then followed the Elizabethan Era, imposing on the imagination by its suddenness, splendour, and contrast with the darkness of preceding ages. A recent writer in the *Quarterly Review* characterises the literature of this period as the noblest ode to liberty. But he goes on to remind us that liberty is not without its peculiar dangers. “During the 17th century the human intellect, emancipated from bondage, conquered new worlds of thought and knowledge. The conquests were more easily won than assimilated. Men poured forth their new treasures, and squandered the riches of their fancy in rambling, redundant, slovenly language. Learning sank into pedantry, fancy into quaintness, imagination into whimsical subtlety.” “The literary importance of the 18th century consists in its having wrought out an intellectual revolution.” It was a period of reaction and transition: an artificial and eminently unpoetical age at first, but an age of realities, and of inspiration, and new growth at the very last. This brings me to the consideration of the first of the two propositions which I laid down at the beginning of my speech, viz., that the conditions in the 19th century are more favourable to literature than those of any other age. Certain of these conditions it inherited from the preceding century. It inherited a good prose style; Steele and Addison, Pope and Gray, Goldsmith and Cowper had done literature the signal service of bringing its instruments to something like perfection, and to be born with perfect instruments to one’s hand, is, from a literary point of view, tantamount to being born with a silver spoon in one’s mouth. It inherited new and admirable developments in literature as, for instance, the newspaper, the essay, the review, and last, but not least, the novel, the very name of which speaks at least three volumes, and renders unnecessary any expatiation on its capabilities. It inherited a right tendency, and a rich diversity of measure and form in poetry. It inherited the stimuli to thought and action, and the new order of ideas of the French Revolution. It inherited the beginnings of that commercial prosperity and national wealth, without which no sort of golden age is possible. But other conditions of pre-eminent advantage to literature are peculiar to this century. It is within this century, nay, almost within the history of our own times, that

those practical applications of science have been made which are revolutionising existence. The railway train, the electric telegraph, the penny post, book post, and parcels' post are agencies of an importance to literature which is only second to that of the art of printing. They form a circulatory system by which the life blood of literature is supplied to the uttermost extremities of the kingdom. It is no longer necessary to live in the metropolis to enjoy the last new book, to feel the force of every intellectual impulse that is stirring, and to share in the onward rush of the incoming tide of thought. London is no longer the only city whose streets are paved with intellectual gold, and the reproach of provincialism has lost half its sting. Then, too, by the same agencies, continental culture is transmitted to England, and the best that is thought and said in the world awakes an echo in the remotest towns and villages. Within this century interest has revived in early English literature, and the national mind profits by the fine influences of Chaucer, and of the Elizabethan authors, upon whom the dust of neglect had lain for more than one hundred years. Developments in the art of printing, and that enterprising spirit which characterises every branch of modern commerce, have placed the most intrinsically costly books, ancient as well as modern, within the means of all but the very poorest. Since 1850 free libraries have been established in all our large towns, and, since 1870, that once crying want of England, a national system of elementary education, has become an accomplished fact. Thanks then to cheap books, to free libraries, and to national education, literature is at last enabled to fulfil its mandate of universality—to come home to the business and bosoms of all sorts and conditions of men; it is no longer the property of an esoteric few, but a "Joy in widest commonalty spread." For this, if for no other reason, the 19th century deserves to be called the Golden Age of English Literature!"

Leaving other advantages, such as the increased number and perfection of books of reference, dictionaries, encyclopædias, &c., to suggest themselves, I must now pass on to deal with the second of my two propositions, viz., that the nineteenth century has a vaster, richer, and more splendid literature than any other age. It must be borne in mind that literature is a term of considerable comprehensiveness. It does not mean poetry only, nor prose only; still less does it mean any one of the numerous varieties which are comprised under these generic names. If literature were a synonym

for the drama, then, as far as productiveness goes, the claims of the Elizabethan era to be called the golden age of English literature would deserve our serious consideration, but literature being what it is, *i. e.*, a combination of poetry, science, philosophy, history, biography, and fiction, the Elizabethan era simply "isn't in it;" it cannot compete with an age which has produced masterpieces in many, and fine examples in all these departments of thought. Let me try to give as rapid a sketch as possible of the prodigious literary activity of this century. One of its peculiar glories is that scientific literature which is the counterpart of an unprecedented scientific progress. I am aware that I here tread on debatable ground; that certain humanists would have us believe in an antagonism between science and literature irreconcilable as that which orthodoxy sometimes plants between science and religion. But I have very good authority for denying the existence of any such antagonism; the authority, *viz.*, of Herbert Spencer, who affirms an union between them so essential that there can be no literature without science; of Coleridge, who speaks of Shakespeare's "deep and accurate science in mental philosophy;" and of Dryden, who asserts that "science perfects genius." Such men as Brewster, Michael Faraday, Sir John Herschel, Richard Owen, Hugh Miller, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer cannot be regarded as mere labourers in the fields of science, unearthing facts with the intelligence of a gardener's boy digging up potatoes. They have given us those larger and truer conceptions "of man, of nature, and of life," which it is the highest office of the poet to inculcate: they have brought the gifts of fancy and imagination to bear upon scientific inquiry, making the dreariest tracts of knowledge to blossom like the rose, and transmuting, by the magic of their touch, the dross of facts into the gold of truth; the material into the spiritual; science into literature. Then the nineteenth century may be described as an epoch in the history of history. It not only boasts a long and brilliant roll of historians, among whom Macaulay, Froude, Green, and Carlyle, are, perhaps, most famous, but it has developed new beauties and new powers in this important branch of literature; it has substituted more accurate methods of research, and let the daylight of human thought and imagination into the dark tombs of the past. Of the essayists, who in history, biography, philosophy, and art, have contributed many splendid gems to the literary treasure houses of this century, I can here say nothing but that their name is legion. From the essays of Elia to those in

which Matthew Arnold so luminously expounds the doctrine of "sweetness and light," or Ruskin so artistically vents his noble passion for truth, what an eternity intervenes if time were measured by literary events instead of by years. To this age belongs the glory of having produced the finest critiques in our language on Shakespeare, Spencer, and Milton; but its intellectual activity may be said to have culminated in the literature of fiction, which has attained to such colossal dimensions as would doubtless appear to primeval novelists stranger than any fiction; of any fiction, at least, of which their untutored minds could conceive. It is the fashion to speak disparagingly of novels, and to brand novel reading a vice, yet what would life be without the occasional mental recreation, ay, and the mental stimulus, too, which are afforded by a really good novel. Is it not an indispensable feature of a golden age of literature? Had Shakespeare lived in this century he would undoubtedly have written novels—and consummate novels! But, as it is, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, have shown us "how sublime a thing a novel may be made."

Another sign of the times is the ever increasing excellence and quantity of our periodical literature, "informing and stimulating the intellectual life." I need not enlarge on the merits of the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Quarterly*, *Fortnightly*, and *Westminster Reviews*, and I have only to mention as the crown and consummation of the products of a golden age, *The Mason College Magazine*! Now, with the consciousness of leaving an infinite deal unsaid, I must pass on to take a rapid glance at the poetical aspect of this century. No period of English Literature has produced so brilliant a constellation of poets as that which is formed by Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Browning, and Tennyson. Singly, any one of them would have conferred lustre on this epoch; unitedly, they invest it with an unique and imperishable glory. But having said thus much, we have by no means said all or even enough. One constellation by no means represents the total splendour of the poetical firmament. Its astronomy would include such bright particular stars as Coleridge, Southey, Landor, Scott, Bowles, Rogers, Montgomery, Moore, Campbell, Hogg, Thomas Hood, Edgar Allan Poe, Elizabeth Browning, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne; to say nothing of a veritable milky way of minor poets! In poetry, then, as in prose, the achievements of this century have been of a very high order, and, taken in the aggregate, I claim for them that they constitute a

vaster, richer, and more splendid literature than that of any preceding age. But even if this were not the case; if the nineteenth century had *not* produced a supremely great literature, there is a very real sense, in which, as the *last* age, it must, of necessity, be the golden age. For does it not inherit the accumulated wealth of all preceding ages! Genuine literature is perennial! eternal! The literature of to-day comprises the "best that has been thought and said" during five centuries. It begins not with the year 1800, but with the year 1386, or thereabouts. Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton wrote for all times, and, inasmuch as they, in common with all the hierarchy of authors and poets, now exercise a wider influence, and receive a more universal and discriminative homage than was ever accorded them before, we have yet another ground for asserting that the nineteenth century is the golden age of English literature.

[We hope to give Miss M. C. Albright's reply in our next issue, together with a summary by the Professor of English.]

BENIGHTED: A HOLIDAY NOTE.

With Plinlimmon as centre and a radius of twelve miles, describe a circle. The district enclosed is the loneliest and most uncivilised in all Wales. "Which the same I am free to maintain."

Let me give my reasons.

Last August I was engaged in a walking tour in Wales with a friend whom I will call Furness. Fourteen miles east of Aberystwith and eighteen miles due south of "Plymlumon Fawr" (gentle reader, do not faint, it is his correct name) is a locality known to Englishmen as the Devil's Bridge, where, in addition to certain waterfalls, punch bowls, caldrons, kitchens, &c., belonging to his Satanic majesty, is their necessary concomitant—an hotel. At this haven of rest we arrived one evening about eleven, or rather twenty-three o'clock. We entered, supped, and went to bed.

Now, when on the tramp it is our invariable custom to rise early—except when we make an exception. This present occasion was an exception. Furthermore, we could not proceed on our way and leave the cooking utensils of "Ahrimanes" unnoticed. These circumstances, together with the heat of the day, combined to delay our departure till nearly noon—it being a curious paradox with us that whenever a day is hot we invariably walk through the heat of it.

Our maps were bad, and verbal directions are in general misleading—a proposition which the present case did not falsify; for our road, at first well-defined, soon began to indulge in that curious process of disappearance so common among roads in Wales, becoming first stony, then grassy, with many gates, then degenerating into a couple of ruts in the turf, and finally vanishing. There was nothing left to us, therefore, but to steer, as I once heard an old mariner say, “according to cumpuss;” a course which rendered it imperative to ascend over the confronting hills in a bee-line. When the top of these was reached, we saw Plinlimmon, the object of our endeavours, about eight miles away across a wide valley, and from our lofty position it was evident we had gone about twice as far as we need have done.

And here I should like to record my objection to Welsh dogs. On nearing the bottom of the hills we were the innocent objects of ferocious attack by about eight or nine of these gentry. One can always calm the ire of the indignant tiller of the soil by politely inquiring the way, but this course is not open to one in the case of “Trusty Tray.” All these little incidents took time, and when we reached Y-stedfa-gurig, a village consisting mainly of a deserted farmhouse, at the foot of Plinlimmon, it was nearly sixteen o’clock. With respect to this place, I would remark that it is necessary to be extremely cautious in pronouncing the name, and that it is dangerous to stand near any one so doing, especially if he wear false teeth. It is a curious instance of criminal stupidity that such names have not been adopted by dynamitards, as they would be much less expensive than other explosives.

Once at the base of Plinlimmon, to reach the summit is merely an uphill walk, regard being had to bogs.

With respect to the descent on the other side, the same cannot be said. In the first place it is downhill, and in the second, not *merely* downhill.

At our feet lay a small lake, which supplies Aberystwith with water, and to this, with characteristic disinterestedness, I proposed that my friend should first descend, in order that I might admire, from the heights above, the rings caused by casting stones therein. This descent, though apparently easy, proved to be by no means so simple as was at first supposed, and we soon found ourselves landed at the wrong end of a tolerable precipice. There was nothing for it, however, but to go straight down, which, with knapsacks on our backs was distinctly an unpleasant proceeding. As we slowly went

down our respect for "Plymlumon" rapidly went up, especially as the only posture which could safely be indulged in was a sitting one.

By the time we reached the lake it was nineteen and a half o'clock, and here we ate the frugal lunch (!) we had brought with us and husbanded till now. Investigation in the direction of discovering a road, now proved utterly fruitless. Look where we might, no trace of such a thing could we find, and our position became by no means pleasant, situated, as we were, fourteen miles from the nearest town (Machynlleth—a name which defies phonetic spelling), time twenty o'clock, road none, hills many, bogs abundant.

In about half an hour, however, we came to a house, where was also a human being—by no means a necessary corollary in those parts—and on inquiring of him the way, he asseverated, in very broken and jerky English (interrupted by a sudden query as to whether we spoke "Cymry," which we didn't), that there was only a "path for sheeps" and that the distance was seven miles, which, multiplied by two, gave the true distance.

Although previous experience should have taught us better, with that obstinacy so characteristic of the human mind, (exhibited throughout from politics to practical chemistry), we believed in the seven miles and sturdily set forward on our way. However, as might have been expected, the path slowly and gradually vanished before we had gone half a mile, and we found ourselves on the open hillside with no landmarks save the various streams.

A long low ridge lay before us. On the other side of that surely we should find our longed-for road, and the remaining distance would then be a matter only of straightforward trudging. But when the ridge was gained another similar ridge stretched its ill-defined outline before us, and beyond that again could be dimly made out yet another.

Our hearts sank. Never before do I recollect experiencing sensations so unpleasant as those caused by the reflection that we were really benighted on the hills, from which, in the absence of daylight, no escape was possible.

Covered with long and tangled grass, they abounded with bogs in various parts, though owing to the previous weather these were not in a very "rampant" state.

To crown all, stormy clouds were gathering in all directions, rendering the vibrations of the luminiferous ether even less ample than they otherwise would have been, while white creeping mists

were rising from every valley. A consultation was therefore held. To lie down on the ground and sleep was out of the question, and at first it seemed as though we should have to march about all night—not a very enchanting prospect. This we commenced to do, but speedily walking into a bog, reconsideration was necessary. At last, almost simultaneously, we hit on the idea of returning to the cottage where we had asked our way, and getting a lodging there by some means or other.

With raised spirits we commenced our retreat, finding our way by the help of fences, gates, and streams that we had passed. So dark had it become that we had to bend down to see the path (where there was one) and a small waterfall that we intended to use as a landmark, was scrutinised with the utmost care before being accepted as the right one.

At last, more by luck than good management it seemed, a house hove in sight, which proved to be the wrong one, and moreover, a barn; but just beyond lay the object of our search, though alas, it now being 22 o'clock, our good friend had gone to rest.

However, by the application of a largish stone to the door with some vigour, this defect was soon remedied, and a head was thrust out of an upper window.

The next business was to make him understand the state of affairs, by no means so easy a matter.

Q.—“Can you let us in, we are lost?”

A.—“Ah!”

Q.—“We are lost—cannot find our way.”

A.—“Ah!” (Furness and I exchange looks of despair.)

Q.—“Can we sleep in your house?”—(Gleam of intelligence.)

A.—“No room in my house.”

“We will sleep in your kitchen,” suggested we. (Shake of head and reiteration of preceding statement.)

Q.—“May we sleep in the barn, then?”—(Pause.)

A.—“Yes.”

“Thank you.” (Joy, and mutual handshaking.)

Application was therefore made at the barn. The first door we tried was fast closed, but research soon disclosed another, which we opened. Thereout issued grunts, groanings, and heavy breathings.

“Good gracious, we can't sleep in here, the place is full of cows,” ejaculated Furness. However, we entered and groped,

coming to a sort of manger at the farther end. This felt promising, and a match was struck to ascertain if it really was so.

A striking scene was disclosed. In the body of the apartment reclined the cows, which consisted of two calves; on beams above, each on unique leg, with looks of wisdom unutterable, were fowls half a score, headed by chanticleer himself, who, mistaking this strange phenomenon for sunrise, commenced lustily to crow; lastly, from behind a wooden partition at the other end, issued grunts betokening the presence of piggy.

But, most welcome sight of all, along the whole length of the wall extended a rack about five feet from the ground, filled with hay; here, out of the reach of calves and pigs, could we extend our weary limbs in peace.

Yet another piece of luck! In my knapsack was a short fragment of candle, which, being fixed in a safe position and lighted, added materially to our comfort.

We were soon comfortably settled for the night, albeit that we were supperless; our minds being troubled by no considerations save as to what would be the behaviour of the "trusty one" should he gain access in the morning before his master. These speculations did not prevent us from rapidly becoming oblivious of terrestrial matters, and our slumbers were unbroken till the "early cock" commenced his little game of "saluting the morn" by crowing lustily in pitch darkness from 4 to 5.

At 6 we heard, in the Cymric accents of our host, "Hullo!—good morning—come into my house," an invitation which we were prompt to accept. Being provided with a pail of water, soap, and a towel, we performed our ablutions in the open air, an operation which was refreshing beyond measure.

Breakfast, consisting of weak tea at 100°C, bread and salt butter, was quite ready, and to this we did not perhaps do that ample justice which everyone else does, or says he does, when similarly circumstanced; for on the whole I am inclined to think that that salt Welsh butter and boiling water would have cooled anyone's ardour in a very little while.

They don't appear to understand fresh butter in Wales. If you ask for it they think you mean butter freshly made.

Conversation with our host was extremely difficult, owing to the limited extent to which we understood each other; by repeating a remark six times in varying words, he could generally be made to gather some idea of our meaning, but intercourse carried on in this way was necessarily slow.

We informed him we came from London, whereupon he remarked that he had a brother in London, and asked if we knew him. We inquired the name. "Griffiths." No, we had not that honour.

We managed to eke out our otherwise scanty conversation by shewing him the various objects of interest that we carried on our persons, such as our watches, a compass, and a small silver whistle, in each and all of which he evinced the intensest interest, especially in the compass, which puzzled him mightily.

But the things which took his fancy most were some cigarettes, or "cigairs" as he called them, which Furness produced and gave him. He set to work on them with a vengeance, usually finishing one in three or four pulls, in consequence of which he seemed to consider himself quite a masher.

At last we took our leave, and with very little trouble found the road which would have been so welcome the night before. As, however, it took us five hours to reach Machynlleth, not much should we have gained had we found the road on the previous evening, for the town would not have been reached before the extremely inconvenient hour of three, we should have been bereft of an amusing experience, and the *Mason College Magazine* would have had an article the less.

*TWO POEMS, TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH OF COUNT CARL SNOILSKY.**

THE POTTERY MANUFACTORY.

The pottery workshops are a pleasant sight,
The workmen bending all their skill and might
With ceaseless care to mould the yielding clay,
Till plates and pitchers now their forms display.

I care more for thee, pitcher, waiting nought
But plain white glazing, than for silver wrought;
I honour thee, thou poor man's earthen plate,
More than some vase, fashioned for princely state.

* The translator of these poems thinks it will add to their interest to know that the author of these and others of a like character was originally merely a writer of highly polished *vers de société*; how far he has changed his attitude and to what end he now chiefly directs his poetical talents these two poems sufficiently indicate.

Treat not with scorn these plain utensils here,
Soon to go forth by thousands, far and near,
To peasants' cottages and workmen's homes,
Where rest from weary toil but seldom comes.

My eyes are tired of glitter's useless show,
How false its beauty well the people know,
But hail the hand, whose simple skill supplies
The needs that in Toil's lowly homes arise.

Yes, hail ! thrice hail ! the unknown hand that wrought
The bowl, whose brimming edge will soon be sought
By thirsty lips, when 'mid the day's hot race,
The well-worn work-tools rest a little space.

Ah yes ! this hand whose work excites no praise,
We cannot rival with our vain essays,
Who with high-sounding words mere bubbles blow
At Culture's feast to make a gayer show.

Oh for the skill our poetry to blend
With simple forms that all can comprehend,
That, as it were, to hungry minds supply
Real daily bread and not mere luxury !

What joy 'twould be if but for once to make
A goblet from which all their thirst might slake,
Which should be filled at Time's deep well and strong
For thousands, who are thirsting after Song !

MISERICORDIA.

[The Misericordia Brothers who form the subject of this poem were first organised in the thirteenth century, when a certain number of porters in the city of Florence, voluntarily undertook to carry the sick to the hospitals, and collected money to buy the necessary litters. They have now a church and cemetery in connection with their Order, and it is said that all classes, even the king, form part of the society.]

A hurrying troop of men in sombre guise
With hoods concealing all except their eyes,
All signs of rank forbidden,
Bear forth the sick, in shrouded litters hidden.

"Misericordia !" a whisper spreads,
And all give passage with uncovered heads,
Yes, the fine signors even,
Some slight pretence of reverence have given.

Such are not wont to lavish their respect ;
But, in this ghastly costume masked and decked,
Perchance some duke or noble,
In secret helps to bear life's load of trouble.

These monks on no new plan are organised,
But on the equality of all in CHRIST,
And all, no matter whether
Their rank be prince or peasant, work together.

Each has his number, and in turn to all
Comes once a year the sound of duty's call,
Bidding them tend the dying
And act as *men*, mankind's sore needs supplying.

An Order with a noble aim and will !
But, spite its beauty, a mere symbol still,
A hint of coming ages,
For which mankind yearns on, while conflict rages ;

When all will joy to serve, out of free will
And unconstrained by any rule or drill,
When, with no masks to cover
The kindly face, will each to each be brother.

M. C. A.

THE UNION.

At the meeting of the Union on February 6th, the following students were elected members of the Union: Mr. Charles Dammann, Mr. Lawrence, Miss Fisher, Miss Smith, Miss Dell, and Mr. R. Bond. A paper on "Volcanoes" was then read by W. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS, B.Sc. The paper commenced by indicating in what volcanic action consists; negating the old idea of fire, flames, and smoke as constituting the main phenomena of volcanic manifestations, and substituting for this the much simpler theory of the escape of mechanically imprisoned water in the form of steam from the mass of liquid rock. The various ejecta—lava, scoræ, pumice, lapilli, and dust—were then described and specimens exhibited. The varying characters of lava streams were then dealt with, reference being made to the curious structures induced in lava streams of large dimensions during the process of cooling. The next section of the paper described the arrangement of the materials after ejection, and showed how the form of the resulting mountain depends on the nature of this arrangement. By the agency of denuding forces the very roots of the once active volcano are laid bare to us. In this way the materials composing the side of the hill are seen to be arranged in layers, pieced by veins or dykes of harder rock. In the centre is a plug of

similar material which is found to proceed from a central mass of crystalline rock, which during its upward passage gives off the veins which form the dykes. It was shown how the crystalline character of the rocks forming this plug increase with the depth, the lowest rocks being entirely composed of crystals. In conclusion, the cycle of operations occurring at volcanic centres was dealt with, and the paper stated that the declining stages of volcanic activity are usually marked by the formation of mud volcanoes, geysers, or hot springs.

The paper was illustrated by diagrams and lantern slides, and by two experiments intended to show the formation of volcanic cones composed of fragmentary and viscid materials respectively, but these, owing to a malicious combination of circumstances—among which may be mentioned an insufficiency of oil in the lantern, the bursting of the bellows, and the supply, at the last moment, of gruel instead of dough, were not as successful as (though perhaps more amusing than) they otherwise would have been.

After Mr. Williams had read his very interesting paper, Mr. LOVE asked various questions in relation to volcanic formation, and spoke of the great rapidity with which, in some cases, the resulting mountain is formed, referring also to the story of the ejection of dead fishes from Cotopaxi.

Mr. JENKYN BROWN then moved and Miss SHEPPARD seconded a vote of thanks to Mr. Williams. In conclusion, Professor HILLHOUSE complimented Mr. Williams on his paper, and stated that a certain fountain of tepid water having been externally frozen, the resulting mass of ice was exactly conical, thus illustrating the mode of formation of volcanic cones. Mr. WILLIAMS then acknowledged the vote of thanks, and the meeting terminated.

The programme for the Union Meeting, on Friday, December 20th, consisted of Critical Readings. The following members of the Union took part in the readings: Miss E. Jordan, "Selections from Heine;" Mr. H. D. Hussey, "Misadventures at Margate;" Miss I. C. Evans, Miss A. Rubery, Dr. Tilden, and Mr. Stern, "Armgart," scenes iii, iv, v (this was really a recitation on the part of Miss Evans and Miss Rubery); Miss G. Bennett, "Quince;" Mr. H. T. Mursell, "Bob Sawyer's Tea Party." In conclusion, Mr. W. R. Jordan recited "The Day Dream." These readings were criticised by various members of the Union. At this Meeting Mr. C. Dalby, Mr. E. Ward, and Mr. Townsend were elected members of the Union.

On Friday, February 27th, two papers were read at the Union Meeting. The first, "Heine," by Miss BRIERLEY, we shall not report, as we hope to obtain it for publication in a future number of the Magazine. In the discussion on this paper the following members took part:—Mrs. Bodington, Miss M. D. Albright, Professor Hillhouse, Miss Naden, and Mr. Love. Mr. JENKYN-BROWN then read a paper on "The Tower of London," which received much applause. Mr. Jenkyn-Brown had evidently studied carefully the structure of the erroneously styled "Towers of Julius," and with the help of a diagram initiated his audience into its mysteries. The interest in the important historical events connected with the Tower was kept up by many amusing and well-told anecdotes. Many remarks were made on this paper, or rather address, by various members, and the usual vote of thanks passed. At the beginning of this meeting Mr. J. R. Solly and Mr. Weiss were elected members.

H. P.

Business Meeting.—March 6th; Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON in the chair. At this Meeting, which is the first of the genus "business," the whole of the rules of the Union were revised. This rather arduous task had been rendered comparatively simple by the previous careful consideration of the committee, whose amended list of rules had decorated the notice board in long array for the space of fourteen days. Over these amended rules three principal combats took place: the first concerning admission of members, the second concerning replacement of officers, and the third concerning the number of the members of the Editorial Board.

In the first conflict, which was very severe, an enormous number of amendments was proposed—in fact nearly every three members seemed to have one. The question in dispute was as to whether past students should be allowed to re-join the Union. At first it was passed as *an amendment*, that "All students at the time of their nomination shall be students of the College," but this failed to secure the votes of three-quarters of the meeting, and consequently was thrown out as *a rule*. Miss Sturge, however, who proposed the amendment, courteously withdrew it in favour of the committee's rule, which left the question open, simply stating that "none but present and former day students, *together with those evening students who shall be graduates of an University*, shall be members of the Union." (The clause italicised is new.)

The power of filling up vacancies among the officers was, after some discussion, relegated to the Committee, it being urged, with justice, that the Committee is merely a concentrated essence of Union, in whom the general body place confidence when they elect them.

With regard to the Editorial Board, an abortive attempt was made to reduce its numbers to the five suggested by the immortal sub-Committee whose suggestions were all rejected by the General Committee, such reduction to come into effect at the next General Meeting. This, however, as mentioned above, met with but poor support, and after the passing of the remaining rules, the meeting peacefully terminated.

Mr. J. Neal became a member of the Union at this meeting.

W. C. W.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Physical Society.—Meeting held on Thursday, Feb. 12. After the minutes had been signed the meeting had to consider several items of business before coming to the papers. It was first resolved unanimously that a subscription of sixpence per annum be instituted. It was then necessary to elect a Treasurer; Mr. Joseph was nominated and unanimously accepted by the Society. Mr. LOVE, who was taking the chair in the absence of Professor Poynting, then read a letter from Miss J. Moore, resigning her place on the committee, as she was unable to attend its meetings; Miss Chambers was elected to the vacant place.

The CHAIRMAN now called on Miss Chambers to read her paper on "The Connection between Mind and Matter through Physical Phenomena." In

this paper Miss CHAMBERS dealt with the various theories relating to the way in which the sensations of taste, sound, light, &c., are conveyed to the mind. In connection with light, she drew several diagrams illustrating her paper.

In the discussion that followed, Mr. LOVE threw doubts on the utility of the diagrams Miss Chambers had copied, and explained in greater detail the theory of light as held by the ancient philosophers, and the Newtonian theory of emission.

In reply to a question by Mr. Ehrhardt, Dr. TILDEN explained that the curve denoting the chemical activity of light, as drawn by Miss Chambers, would not be true for all substances. Mr. JOSEPH also took part in the discussion, and Miss CHAMBERS replied to several questions that were asked.

Miss EVANS then read an extremely interesting account of the life of "Faraday." As a boy he was always asking questions of a curious and perplexing nature; for instance, on one occasion he put his head through a railing and then proceeded to consider on which side he really was. Being apprenticed to a bookbinder he was enabled to read scientific works; and also used to attend as often as he was able Sir Humphrey Davy's lectures at the Royal Institution. He also entered into a correspondence with a friend with a view to mutual improvement. His letters contained details of experiments that he was continually performing, and in them at times he gave general views on men, which were characterised by singular kind-heartedness. After his apprenticeship was over he wrote to Davy, expressing his wish to devote himself to science, and obtained an interview, but was advised to stick to his business. However, a short time afterwards, Davy obtained him the post of assistant in the Chemical Laboratory at the Royal Institution. About this time also he was elected a member of the City Philosophical Society. He next became Sir Humphrey Davy's private secretary, travelling with him for a year and a half on the continent. On his return he delivered his first scientific lecture at the City Philosophical Society, and soon after published his analysis of native caustic lime.

In the latter part of her paper (of which space will not allow us to give a fuller report) Miss EVANS mentioned Faraday's various chemical and electrical researches, his election as F.R.S., and his religious beliefs. After the paper, Mr. LOVE handed round an autograph of M. Faraday, and Dr. TILDEN mentioned that in his later years, after Faraday had devoted himself for so long entirely to physics, he had completely forgotten his previous knowledge of chemistry. He also suggested that the fact that when on the continent, Faraday was Davy's "valet as well as dray-horse," accounted for the tone of some of his letters home. Dr. TILDEN concluded by describing some of Faraday's numerous accidents.

E. F. E.

Botanical Society.—At three meetings of this Society, all held at the house of the President, Mr. A. F. KELLETT, has read a series of papers on "The Nucleus, its Structure and Chemical Composition, and the Changes it undergoes during the division of the Cell." Examples of this were taken from the formation of pollen grains, of the endosperm, and other tissues

connected with the ovary of flowering plants, and it was found that the division of the nucleus could be considered as going on in six stages.

(i) The nucleus is made up chiefly of a long continuous coiled filament, while the nucleolus and nuclear membrane persist.

(ii) Segmentation of this filament takes place, the nucleolus and the membrane disappear.

(iii) These segments collect to form a mass in the centre of the cell, and radiating filaments or fibrillae proceed from this towards the two poles, so to speak. This is the spindle stage, and the mass of segments form the "Nuclear Plate."

(iv) The nuclear plate divides by a horizontal split, two halves being connected by threads or fibrillae.

(v) Each half separates and makes its way towards the corresponding pole, there giving rise to the first indication of a daughter-cell. Each mass is connected by the fibrillae and the segments still remain separate.

(vi) The segments now meet end to end to form a continuous filament, and a cell-wall forms along a line in the middle of the fibrillae, so that there are now two daughter nuclei and cells in place of the single mother-nucleus.

Before coming to this account, taken from the most recent researches of M. Guignard, Mr. A. F. Kellett gave an account of all the various theories and researches of any importance from the days of Hanstein, noting especially those of Strasburger, Flemming, and Zacharias.

The meeting on the 14th of March was held at the house of Mr. W. Ehrhardt. A paper was read on, "The Effect of Rays of different Wave-Length on the Evolution of Oxygen by Plants," by Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT. The paper was a translation of one by Reinke, published in the *Botanische Zeitung*.

Pfeffer and Draper by different methods obtained results from which it appeared that the most active rays were those not absorbed by chlorophyll, suggesting a theory that the chlorophyll acted as a screen. Engelmann by his bacteria method obtained results directly opposing this. He found that in every plant the most active rays were the absorbed ones. Reinke gets results agreeing with these in the main, except that he gets no secondary maximum of absorption in the blue. On this point some interesting discussion arose, Mr. KELLETT defending Engelmann's results, and finally the society decided in favour of these.

Diagrams illustrating the apparatus used and curves showing the results of Reinke's experiments were passed round and explained.

The society wishes to record its thanks to Mrs. Ehrhardt for the kind and hospitable manner in which she entertained it. E. F. E.

Chemical Society.—The Annual General Meeting was held on Wednesday, February 18th; Dr. TILDEN in the chair.

After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and confirmed, the PRESIDENT briefly reviewed the work of the past year, remarking that the list of papers read was satisfactory. He pointed out that the aim of the society was not to provide showy material, but rather to deal with those

branches of the subject which lie outside the course of ordinary teaching, and to keep up, as far as possible, with original investigations at present being carried on.

He considered that he had discharged his duty as President in the matter of an annual address in October last, when he gave the society an account of the Pennsylvanian Oil Regions.

It being then decided that the usual order of "business first, pleasure afterwards" should be reversed, Mr. E. F. EHRLHARDT read a paper on "Possibilities of Temperature."

The lower limits at present attainable were first dealt with, Mr. EHRLHARDT reading an amusing extract from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which Mr. Mattieu Williams, foreseeing with prophetic eye the attainment of a temperature lower than -273°C (on the extremely logical ground that one of -213°C has already been obtained), sounds a jubilant blast of triumph at the inevitable overthrow of the Kinetic theory of matter, remarking rather incautiously that "the whole Kinetic theory of gases will refute itself, the dancing molecules will be at rest, and their dancing masters ('transcendental molecular mathematicians!') may possibly, but not probably, cease fiddling to them on their formulae, &c., &c."

Mr. Ehrhardt then referred to this temperature of -213°C . as having been obtained by M. Wroblewski, who has succeeded in solidifying nitrogen by cooling it in boiling oxygen, under great pressure, suddenly relieved.

At these low temperatures the hitherto invaluable hydrogen thermometer becomes unreliable, and a thermo-electric method has to be applied. This, however, cannot be checked in any way at the lowest temperatures.

As to the possible high temperatures, no limit is imposed by theoretical considerations; though the melting-point of the furnace and the dissociation temperature of the hot gases are important practical factors.

Mr. Ehrhardt then referred to the "Regenerative" furnaces at present in use, mentioning that even the furnace itself may be caused to melt (as it did when the method was on trial, Dr. Siemens, the inventor, executing a pirouette of joy round the glowing ruins). A method of producing high temperatures by concentration of the sun's heat by lenses was also mentioned, but this appeared to have never been put into practical form.

In the discussion, the PRESIDENT said that a proposal had been made for the production of high temperature by a combination of the electric arc and concentrated solar rays, but that failure was due to the impossibility of procuring an infusible containing vessel. Reference was also made to the use of liquid ethylene and marsh gas as refrigerants.

After a vote of thanks had been accorded to Mr. Ehrhardt for his interesting paper, the president left, Mr. A. E. Jordan taking the chair, and the meeting then devoted itself to business.

Mr. A. J. COOPER read the Committee's Report for the past year, which was unanimously adopted, a subscription of 1s. per annum was agreed to, and the following were elected as committee for the ensuing year:—Mr. W. Collingwood Williams (chairman), Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt (secretary), Miss Evans, Miss Sheppard, Messrs. T. J. Baker, A. J. Cooper, A. E. Jordan, and A. L. Stern.

The meeting then terminated.

W. C. W.

FRENCH LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

[In accordance with the wish of the Professor the account of this opening Meeting is given in English.]

On Thursday, January 29th, the first meeting of this Society was held in the Mathematics Lecture Theatre; Dr. HESLOP, President of the Council, taking the chair.

In opening the meeting he said that he had found that whenever any one thought out some new idea, on suggesting it found the whole atmosphere full of it. So it was now with French Debating Societies. Since a Conference of French Professors, presided over by M. Waddington, had recommended the foundation of such societies, several schools, though up to the present time no colleges like ours, had started them. He congratulated the students on having such a Professor as M. Loreille—(applause)—and on being so ready to follow a good example.

He then left the chair, which was taken by Professor LOREILLE, who, speaking in French, explained the aims of the Society. This, he said, was to accustom its members to express themselves not only with ease but with elegance. He knew the timidity which all his hearers would feel in expressing themselves in French before strangers, but that ought not to be the case here, where all the members knew one another sufficiently well to be certain that those who took part in the debates would not only be listened to by the members, but encouraged in every way by their Professor, who renewed his promise to help them with all his power. The results they had already obtained were most encouraging. At first, they would remember, they had great difficulty in following his lectures delivered in French, but little by little they understood, without any difficulty, what before had been so hard. As the title showed, it was not only a Debating but also a Literary Society. For to appreciate the beauty of a language, it is not sufficient to know its rudiments but also to be acquainted with its history. He intended, therefore, at the commencement of each debate, to give sketches of the various phases of the language from its beginning up to the present day. The society, then, had two aims—1st, to increase their appreciation of the language, and to instruct them in its history; 2nd, to accustom them by means of debates to express themselves in good French. As that meeting was only an opening one, they would not have a debate then, but Miss Crosskey had kindly prepared a paper, which she would now read to them.

Miss L. M. CROSSKEY, after saying a few words about the Society they were forming, and thanking Dr. Heslop for his kindness in presiding at their opening meeting, read a short description of her visit to the Pope at Rome.

At the conclusion of the paper Professor LOREILLE proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Heslop, which was seconded by Mr. LARNER.

In replying, Dr. HESLOP said that he should by no means cease to take an interest in the Society, but should be always ready to encourage it, and to bring under the notice of the Council an institution unique among colleges like the Mason College.

The following have been elected as a Committee: The Professor (President), Miss L. M. Crosskey Vice-President, Miss L. J. Charles, Miss R. Cohen, and Mr. Larnier. E. F. E.

Resumé des Séances du 13 février et du 3 Mars 1887 — Au commencement de chaque Séance le Professeur, fit une esquisse sur l'Histoire de la langue française depuis la conquête romaine jusqu'à l'invasion de la Gaule par les Germains.

Le sujet du débat de la séance du 13 février était "La question du tunnel Anglo-Français."

Cinq members de la Société, prirent part au débat, à savoir: F. Mdlle. Loreille, Mons. Bond, Mons. Barrow; Cl. et Mdlle. Staley, M. et Mdlle. Solly.

Monsieur GAMGEE et un autre visiteur prirent part à la discussion sur l'invitation de la vice-présidente, Mdlle. Crosskey. Mais leurs deux discours le projet étant mis aux voix, fut rejeté par une majorité de 4 voix.

Mdlle. CROSSKEY remercia la société en quelques paroles bien senties, de l'avoir choisie comme vice-présidente.

Séance du 3 Mars, sous la présidence de Mdlle. CROSSKEY, après le discours du professeur, le débat commença sur "la Crémation."

Ce sujet donna lieu à une controverse des plus amusantes et des plus intéressantes. Plusieurs membres de la société et deux visiteurs prirent part aux débats, après avoir entendu des bons discours, *pour* et *contre* le projet mis aux voix fut adopté par une majorité de 16 voix. Ont pris la parole sur le sujet: *pour*, Mdlle. R. Cohen, Mons. Solly, Mons. Bond, Mdlle. Charles (visiteuse), et Mdlle. Staley; *contre*, Mdlle. Ehrhardt et Mons. Barrow.

En général les discours étaient bien préparés, la prononciation quoique laissant encore à désirer) était bonne. Le succès des trois premières séances de cette société doit être un encouragement pour le futur, et fait espérer que tous les membres de la société répondront à l'appel de leur professeur, en venant en masse assister à la prochaine séance, qui aura lieu le 17 Mars, à 5 et demie.

E. L.

STUDENTS' COMMON ROOM.

A Social Evening, the only one of this term, was held on Wednesday, March 4th; Mr. GREENE taking the chair. Mr. A. E. Browne opened the evening in a highly successful manner with the song, "Down went the Captain." Mr. Love followed with "The Bashful Young Man," and on being encored, sang with great effect, "Wait till the clouds roll by." An excellent pianoforte duet was then played by Messrs. A. G. and J. Irvine, which was thoroughly appreciated. After Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt had sung "The Owl," Mr. Kellett played a piano solo, fully sustaining the high reputation he has gained at the College as a thoroughly good musician. After another song from Mr. A. E. Browne, Mr. G. H. Douthwaite varied the proceedings by reading a selection from one of James Payn's works, which was listened to with interest, and caused much laughter. Mr. Holt next gave the meeting a selection of "Dental Music." While refraining from

criticising the artistic merits of this performance, that being a task far beyond our powers, we must note that both this and Mr. Holt's subsequent efforts were listened to amid absolute silence, and greeted at their close with loud applause. Mr. R. Moore then sang "Oh! I say," which, however, was evidently not quite to the taste of the company. "The Midshipmite" was then fairly rendered by Mr. K. Dammann, who subsequently sung very successfully "The Gauntlet," and "The Red Scarf." Before the evening closed, Mr. Kellett gave another piano solo (which was encored), Mr. Love recited "This is the House that Jack built," and the more modern version of the same piece: "This is the Domiciliary Edifice erected by John," and Mr. Ehrhardt sang "Our Jack's come Home to-day."

E. F. E.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The place of honour in the *Haileyburian* is given to an ingenious article on "Short cuts." The writer sets himself the task of examining the causes of the success or failure of those unusual modes of action and departures from the beaten track which are occasionally inspired or necessitated by circumstance. We regret, for many reasons, that we cannot grant the postulate upon which the enquiry is based, viz., that human nature is characterised by an "inexhaustible flame of original thought," rendering "short cuts" the rule rather than the exception. This may be true of human nature within the precincts of Haileybury College, but in the world there are, alas, more men and women "like dumb, driven cattle" than "heroes in the fight." Happily, a false premise has not prevented the deduction of true conclusions, and we heartily echo the opinion that success is more often achieved by forethought and well-trained powers than by lightning flashes of genius. Is the writer a little inclined to say seriously what George Eliot once said jokingly: "I am nothing unless I am sesquipedalian!" In the following passage he may mean the former, but can certainly claim to be the latter:—"Such critics will demonstrate the fallacy of the most specious designs of deviation from established procedure."

We heartily sympathise with the "nice young gentleman" of "twenty-one summers," who, in an article entitled "Weary ways (*railways?*) of the world," relates an awful encounter with a baby in a railway carriage. *Merlin's* poem is scarcely worthy of so sublime an occasion as St. Valentine's Day; but the "lonely cabbage of Parson's Green" has full justice done to it by the muse of F. W. A.

The art of more or less polite letter-writing flourishes in the pages of the *Marlburian*. Does the correspondent who suggests to the editor "a means of making your periodical, if possible, a little more interesting to all," intend to be complimentary or the reverse? A very readable article on Charles Dickens ascribes his success as a novelist to his profound knowledge of the middle and lower classes, his hatred of oppression, his sense for conduct, his vivid imagination, and his broad and vigorous humour, "often with a strong farcical element in it." His defects are traced to a lack of that

acquaintance with art and classical literature, and those finer intellectual perceptions which constitute culture. Judged by the criteria of the writer, who tells us that he belongs to the "*Superior Social Section*," Dickens is an "utter Philistine." A translation of "The Grave," from the German of Senlis, stands the supreme test of being read as an original poem.

The *Midland Institute Magazine* contains a thoughtful article in support of the opinion that the theory of Evolution is not inconsistent with belief in a Deity. After Herbert Spencer's reconciliation of "Religion and Science," such an article has the disadvantage of reading somewhat like a defence of the law of gravitation against ecclesiastical prejudice; it enunciates a truth which is rapidly passing into a truism. The impromptu verses on the "barrenness of busy life," strike a responsive chord in the editorial heart. We rejoice to learn that the Debating Society has recorded a decision against "Sentimental novels," the "pasture of idiots," as George Meredith calls them.

The leading (?) article in the *King Edward's School Chronicle* is a *pot-pourri* of "things in general," which will doubtless commend itself to lovers of "Tit Bits," "Rare Bits," "Choice Chips," "Quaint Quips," &c., &c.

C. E. B.

NOTES AND CRITICISMS.

We are pleased to hear that Dr. TILDEN is to be one of the Vice-Presidents of the CHEMICAL SOCIETY for the next year.

Resignations of offices seem to have been the fashion at the College lately. Miss Paul, we regret to say, has been obliged by ill-health to resign her office, and Miss M. D. Albright has been elected lady secretary. Mr. Cullis, one of the earliest members of the Union, its chairman two years ago, and since the creation of the office, Treasurer to the Magazine, has now resigned that post, and his position on the Committee. The bare enumeration of the offices Mr. Cullis has filled will show members of the Union how much they owe to him.

Although the recent Business Meeting of the Union may be regarded by some as a "storm in a teacup," and by others as "playing at rule making," it must not be forgotten that such proceedings form an important element in student education. In spite of the fact that the proceedings which then took place can scarcely be characterised as formal, yet great credit is due to Mr. St. Johnston for the way in which he piloted the meeting through such a heavy sea of amendments, which, until the irregularity was pointed out by one of the members present, were made and accepted verbally, instead of in writing. One visitor was present; after he had partaken of tea, however, he departed.

Turning from the Union to the Common Room we find that Mr. A. C. Parry, whose election as Secretary to the Common Room Committee we announced in our last issue, has given place to Mr. A. L. Stern. It was Mr. Stern who did the Secretary's work (*i.e.* all the work) in connection with the Social.

The largest Union Meeting on record was held on February 20th. A

programme of Critical Readings had been arranged by a sub-Committee. Although the readings were fully up to the standard, some of them in fact considerably above it, still we cannot regard the meeting as being entirely successful. The criticisms were few and not nearly so good as usual. One or two members manfully endeavoured to keep up the average as far as quantity goes, but having to speak so often, they were unable always to criticise so well as usual. We hope that a longer notice will be given of the next Critical Readings, and that members will take advantage of it to read the pieces beforehand, and so be able to give far more valuable opinions. We would also suggest that the programme be made a little shorter, so that none of the readers shall have to hurry through their parts, and that no ladies shall in future find it necessary to leave in the middle of a piece, while the reader is excitedly exclaiming, as he reads from *Pickwick*, "are them wretches going!"

Both the Physical and Chemical Societies have in their second year found it necessary to institute subscriptions. The Chemical Society have named a shilling as their sum, although not half of this is needed to carry on the work of the Society. The remainder will be put aside to found an "Endowment of Research Fund." We are extremely pleased to hear of this step, as from this small beginning we anticipate great results.

The Tennis Club has held its opening meeting. Professor Sonnenschein is President, Dr. and Mrs. Tilden Vice-Presidents, Dr. Haycraft, Treasurer, Miss Charles and Mr. Clayton are Secretaries, and Miss Perry, Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt, Mr. Hart, and Mr. G. St. Johnston are the other members of the Committee. A sub-Committee is looking out for a new ground, and the prospects of the Club for this year appear very rosy. Last year the Club played only four matches, but won them all. This year we hope they will be equally successful on far more occasions.

E. F. E.

OXFORD LETTER.

Professor Burdon Sanderson lately read before the Ashmolean Society a paper on "The Study of Contagion, with a view to Practical Measures." The lecturer gave a short history of the study of the subject, and summed up the chief facts that have been discovered. (1) Contagion is something living; (2) it can be destroyed by suitable means; and (3), most important of all, its virulence can be lessened by acting on it with certain media. The learned professor having referred to Koch's theory that the cause of Asiatic cholera was the dread *comma bacillus*, a theory which Klein has disproved by showing that organism to be "absolutely harmless," then dwelt on the last point—the means of mitigating the virulence of contagion. Amongst other agents oxygen is important, the lack of it weakening or killing certain microphytes. Drinking-water contains an assemblage of heterogeneous microphytes, but as they need a considerable supply of oxygen they are destroyed by being swallowed, a very consoling circumstance when it is the drinking-water of Oxford which is in question. Finally, our knowledge of the subject is exactly in *statu quo*; the experiments of Klein

and others give merely negative results; but on the other hand every discovery of what cholera is *not*, leads us nearer to what it is.

The chemical side of the same subject was dealt with by Professor Odling, in a paper read before the Junior Scientific Society, on "The Chemistry of Organic Putrefaction Products." The paper, being very technical, had a somewhat somniferous effect on certain gentlemen, whose interest was only in the biological aspect of the question.

Dr. Tylor has been lecturing on numeration and the rise of standard weights and measures. He is now engaged in the consideration of passages in Herodotus that bear on Anthropology.

This reminds me that the workmen who are engaged in excavating the ground near the ruins of Godston Abbey, where Fair Rosamund is said to be buried, have come upon many stone coffins. These are now exposed to view, and on all sides lie scattered fragments of human bones, which can be carried away by those who care for such things; in one case a skull, very fairly well preserved, was obtained.

The study of Botany is not making very rapid strides at present. I am told that Dr. Balfour has only two men working with him. The authorities have made a grant of £100 for putting the Botanical Laboratory in good order, and we hope the number of students will increase.

It has long hampered men taking Science as the subject for their final schools, that they should have to spend a year before they can pass Moderations, an examination in Classics compulsory on all. This arrangement the Council now propose to alter. Several letters from science teachers have appeared, suggesting that German and French should be substituted for Greek and Latin. On the other hand a writer, who wishes to retain the literary character of Oxford training, would impose a pass examination in Science on classical men, an advantage which I am afraid the latter will not properly appreciate. Scholarships and Exhibitions for Natural Science are offered at New College, Jesus, and Merton.

A. B. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—*All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be fully signed: names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.*

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Sir,—The interest shown in the "Critical Readings" held, from time to time, by the Union, must be my excuse for a letter commenting upon the recent meeting, which, although a decided success on the whole, nevertheless failed in one or two ways to be entirely satisfactory.

The criticism offered by the audience was certainly even below the average of that given at previous meetings, for speakers more than once wandered from the point, *i. e.*, the reading, criticising instead the sentiments of the author, and were even guilty occasionally of introducing personal allusions.

Now, whilst admitting fully the difficulty of making terse and telling remarks at so short notice, and of offering candid and well balanced criticism without giving offence, I desire to maintain that we should aim at nothing short of this, and make the occasion one for real criticism of the delivery, accentuation and general style of the reading, and of nothing

more nor less. If it were possible to avoid using the name of the reader it would be of great advantage, for it is not easy, where we introduce the usage thereof into a Reading, to remember that it is *not* allowable to do so at a Debate.

Our unparliamentary method of proceeding, and general want of form in this respect is, I regret to say, noticed by visitors and those who are accustomed to more formal proceedings. Obviously it is a pity that our members (for some of whom we already predict seats in Parliament and Council) should receive their early training in a school where bad habits are countenanced, and even allowed to pass as good ones.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

A GUILTY CRITIC.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Sir,—There was in your last issue of our Magazine an article entitled "The Sea Gate of Birmingham."

Having just now no opportunity for exchanging ideas by word of mouth with other members of the Union, will you allow me to relieve my mind by addressing to you a few remarks upon it.

I did not find the article easy reading, yet was haunted by the sense that the author had intended it to be so. When I had finished it I wished that my mind had happened to be running on Gloucester and Canals at the time of beginning it. This would have made it easier.

The reader, on commencing, fancies that some one is supposed to be speaking, but he hardly knows who or what: there seem indeed to be *two* of these voices, and one of them seems to be rather more connected with Birmingham than the other; but, unless thoroughly on the alert, the reader may lose even this distinction between the voices, in which case he has to refer laboriously back to the last place where the more-Birmingham voice seems to show (so to speak) its extraction; and then, assigning to each voice an alternate paragraph he has to come counting on again from there to the place before reached. This process being successfully accomplished and occasionally repeated, one begins, when nearing the last pages, to feel

quite clever at knowing who is who, for certain. But this self-gratification is doomed to a check; for now even the rule of a paragraph for each speaker in turn will, it seems, apply no further, and if one is interested by this time in these two—gentlemen, shall I say!—the only way to know who says which is to read on ahead and trust to one's own judgment in the matter.

I see I have written "*if* one is interested;" that *if* was put inadvertently, since I, for one, was undoubtedly interested, not to say, charmed, with the easy mixture of fact and fancy, of the poetic and the practical, of times past, future, and present, of commerce, archaeology and martyrdoms, of "the unemployed," a British princess, an Italian sailor, an English navy, the chiefest Apostle, and a Roman Emperor, of an Aboriginal Camp, New Street Station, a mediæval Inn and a buried Fosse.

All these, and many other ideas too numerous to mention, are introduced within the limits of a few magazine pages. The combiner of these materials presupposes that readers will come to their perusal with a very wide open mind; and why should we not do so now and then in these times of specialisation and concentration?

Besides, these very various allusions are not given to us in a heterogeneous heap; they are set upon a thread, and we, mid way along it, may do worse than glance for a moment at great things, both behind and before, and note the successive stages, whether of life in general or of masonry in particular.

If I could see the author I would thank him heartily for his article, but would at the same time beseech him to "leave to Robert Browning" the prerogative of *apparently* causing undetermined entities, devoid of even the garb of quotation commas, to fire off at us startling remarks, questions without any sign of interrogation, or signs of interrogation without any question.

With the hope that I have not taken too much of your time,

I am,

Yours faithfully,
X.

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CONTENTS.

Calendar.

Gleanings from the Union.

The Complete Letter Writer.

Our Contemporaries.

The Union.

College Societies.

Notes.

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Europe: By R. A. Prosser, D.C.L.
Greece: By G. A. Pym, M.A.
Rome: By M. Crofton, M.A.
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CALENDAR.

- May 14.—THURSDAY—Physical Society: "Calorimetry," Mr. T. J. Baker;
"Flying Machines," Mr. L. Barrow.
,, 15.—FRIDAY—Union: "Mendelssohn," Miss Hadley and Mr. Kellett;
Musical Illustrations by Miss Brierley, Miss L. Crosskey,
Miss F. Hadley and Mr. J. Russell.
,, 20.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.
,, 25.—WHIT-MONDAY—College closed.
,, 29.—FRIDAY—Union: Debate, "That Modern Democracy is likely to
prove more dangerous to the liberty of the subject than
Despotic Rule has ever proved."
June 5.—FRIDAY—Union Business Meeting.
,, 11.—THURSDAY—Physical Society: "Duplex Telegraphy," Mr. White-
house; "Richard Trevithick," Mr. Hamilton.
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GLEANINGS FROM THE UNION.

[A continuation of the discussion commenced in our last number.]

II.

In combating the proposition that the Nineteenth Century is the Golden Age of English Literature, and in maintaining, as I hope to do with justice, that we have another age more worthy to be thus styled, I find myself, of course, brought face to face with the fact that the nineteenth century must undeniably carry off the palm, if we look upon quantity as any criterion for judging of the various claims of different periods to this title.

It is evident that no other age has been so prolific as the present in literature of all varieties, indeed it is appalling to think of the space that must now be required at the British Museum to receive all the publications that are being daily offered to a people who have not yet taken in half that has been offered to them

before. The nineteenth century is undoubtedly the golden age of such literary phenomena as lending libraries, bookstalls, magazines, three-volumed novels, books of travel, biographies of a painfully minute and indiscriminate kind, and books containing the hastily formed impressions of any one who can string sentences together upon any subject of passing interest or excitement, and often upon subjects of no interest or excitement whatever.

But of course every one will agree in acknowledging that this sort of productiveness does not count as *worth*; the question is, whether it is not positively harmful. For as, in a garden, weeds are not merely passed over but condemned as obnoxious, so the worthless literature of the nineteenth century cannot be safely ignored, but must be taken into account with the Tennysons and George Eliots.

But leaving the *worthless* literature of this century, let us now consider the quality of the literature which may be rightly supposed to have some worth—what sort of worth shall we say it is? May it not be fairly compared to the contents of a guide book, which are most necessary and valuable as long as you happen to be in the right district, but which are of no use when you cross the boundary; and, in such a transitional age, how can we expect anything else? Books that seemed reasonable and original at the beginning of this century, have by this time in the natural course of events become stale or meaningless. Who now reads Lord Jeffrey, Sidney Smith, or De Quincey, whose writings when they came out were valued and paid for at £20 per sheet; Macaulay's *History*, again, was at first supposed to be the acme of excellence, but his series of pictures will hardly content the pupils of Professor Seeley now-a-days; and one can hardly turn back to Carlyle's explosions about the *Corn Laws* and the *Cotton Trades*, and *Steam Mechanisms*, and *Bromwichian Iron Trades*, without wondering whether, when these subjects have ceased to be of such pressing interest, people will not grow a little weary of being shouted at and called names and harassed and startled as they read by inverted sentences and capital letters, exclamation marks, italics, and strange and certainly very original adjectives.

But if the *prose* of this century is likely to be temporary, much of the *poetry* will share the same fate, and extensive subtraction sums will have to be worked with regard to such poets as Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Landor, and Mrs. Browning, so many of whose poems just deal with some passing political or social

phase in the different countries they were respectively interested in. It is one thing to embody the tastes and passions of a particular age in startling or effective literature, it is another thing to write so as to ennoble the minds and influence the literature of many ages and many minds.

This is what it seems to me we must look for from any age that claims the title of "golden," and as I have alluded to some of the *negative* qualities which prevent the nineteenth century from rightly assuming it, it will perhaps be best for me to state more clearly what positive qualities I consider constitute an age the golden age. The golden age, in my opinion, should be the age, for one thing, of most originality; that is to say, the time when in proportion to what has gone before, the greatest number of novel thoughts are expressed in novel forms; it should be also the time when these original thoughts embody themselves, not in strange, uncouth, or careless forms, but in language forcible, majestic, lucid, full of variety and expression, stern or fanciful as the subject demands; it should be the time when in proportion to the amount of literature produced, the number of masterpieces is the greatest, and, in short, the time when literature is in its most healthy state.

And I venture to maintain that the age which most nearly answers to my definition is *not* the nineteenth century, but a century dating from 1580. To this period belong England's greatest epic poets, her greatest and the world's greatest dramatic poet, her most renowned philosopher and man of science, some of her most forcible dramatists besides Shakespeare, her earliest and most excellent prose writers, several of her most charming song writers and a popular religious writer whom no other country and no other age could have produced.

It is quite evident that it would never do for me to indulge in disquisitions about the powers and charms of these various writers, for then we should have to sit here for many hours; I must only allow myself a very few words on some of the most important.

And first about Spencer. In 1579, when he brought out his *Shepherd's Kalender*, two hundred years had elapsed since the time of Chaucer, and England had been all that time without any great poet. Spencer was undoubtedly greatly influenced by his admiration for his predecessor, and this probably accounts for the archaic forms he sometimes makes use of, and which in some cases no doubt are a blemish to the verse. Apart from this, Spencer's English is some of the purest and least adulterated by foreign

words and forms which we possess, and our modern language would be very much richer than it is if so many of the delightful old straightforward Saxon words which he uses had not been allowed to drop. He has an immense command of language, a keen ear for harmony and rhythm, unwearying fancy and imagination, and an intense devotion to the good and beautiful. These are some of the qualities he brings to bear on his great work *The Faery Queene*, and we cannot read even a few verses of it without becoming conscious of them. On reading *The Faery Queene* we are lifted by the beauty and fervour of Spenser's verse out of the whirl of everyday thoughts and confusions, not into some lotos-eater's paradise where it is always afternoon, but into a clearer, higher atmosphere from which we can survey the conflict between the good and the evil, the false and the true, the beautiful and the vile, and where catching some of his faith and enthusiasm, we become invigorated by a stronger belief in the ultimate triumph of the good and beautiful. That the allegory is sometimes long-winded and tedious must be acknowledged, also that the plot is confused, but this does not prevent the best judges of all subsequent periods from pronouncing that his name is still one of the first on the roll of our English poets. Shakespeare's must stand before Spenser's, and Milton's must too, but these two names both belong to the century I am reviewing.

It would be simply absurd for me to attempt a description of Shakespeare's genius. I will only try to remind you of a few of the simplest facts with regard to his dramas and the rank they are universally acknowledged to hold. We have been hearing a good deal about the great number of masterpieces that have been produced in the present century: before leaping to the conclusion that it is therefore the golden age I would ask you to remember that there are at least twelve of Shakespeare's plays any one of which would be sufficient by itself to make the reputation of a great poet now-a-days: and if any modern dramatist could display the same amount of genius as there is in many a single one of the twenty-five others, the literary world would at once hail the advent of a new dramatic epoch. If we imagine that the twelve great dramas of Shakespeare had each been written by a separate author what an array of great names I should have to bring before you to-night, and how much would be said about the extraordinary variety of genius displayed in the sixteenth century, and all the wonderful contrasts would be dwelt upon which exist between

such works as *Othello* and *As You Like It*, or *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice*. We have also to remember with regard to a true appreciation of Shakespeare's genius that the drama is the highest and at the same time the most difficult form of literature to succeed in; highest, because it requires a perfect understanding of human nature—most difficult, because the dramatist has to reveal to the reader the whole working of the human minds he deals with without the aid of any of the easy interludes which the ordinary poet or novelist can indulge in—convenient intermediate chapters in which we are told all the little secrets which it is otherwise so awkward to make plain. But to say that Shakespeare is the greatest dramatic poet, even this is not enough; he is a poet of nature too, as loving and detailed in his descriptions as Wordsworth or any of his disciples; he is a lyrical poet in the charming little songs he puts into the mouths of his singers; he is a historian of more power and influence than many a one who makes history his special study; and he is a philosopher with a deep insight into life, not only life of the sixteenth century but life as it is presenting itself perpetually to all ages and all nations. This is not controversy or just my own opinion, it is plain fact, and I do not think I need consider that I step on to debateable ground in what I have to say about Milton.

Paradise Lost is surely absolutely unique in nobility of conception and grandeur of execution, whether we take our own literature only or include that of foreign countries. No wonder that in thinking of what he was going to attempt he felt himself obliged to invoke the aid of the Heavenly Muse to his

“adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th’ Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.”

And indeed it is no middle flight that his song pursues; we cannot read even a few lines without feeling that we are in contact with great ideas and a great mind, and, as Taine says, “we become great by sympathy with their greatness.” Perhaps this explains why it is some of us complain we cannot get on in reading Milton; it is too great a strain to feel great for long together, and we are obliged to give it up; if so, do not let us lay the blame on Milton at any rate, any more than we should lay the blame on Beethoven if we found it impossible to listen to a string of his sonatas with

enjoyment. But Milton is not only severe and majestic ; he can be bright or tender when the subject demands ; and, if any of us think we should like to feel what the "delights of the dappled dawn" are, without indulging in "one of the greatest vices of the Nineteenth Century," I would recommend them to read over again Milton's exquisite description of the sights and sounds of the early morning in *L'Allegro*. We are, no doubt, justly proud of the Poetry of Nature which the present century has produced, and of Wordsworth the master of it. This is his estimate of Milton :

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart,
Thou had'st a voice like to the sounding sea,
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free."

I have not time to say anything about Milton's prose writings, or to show how favourably, to say the least, they would compare in substance and style with the first prose writing of the present time, but must pass on to another of the literary heroes of this period, one whom the nineteenth century, with all its scientific tastes and enthusiasms, ought to be the first to honour, unless it has forgotten the acknowledged duty of a child to its parent.

And it is not merely enough for the nineteenth century to honour Lord Bacon, it should frankly confess, also, that the modern development of science, of which it is so proud, could never have taken place if some such genius as Bacon had not arisen to free her from the trammels under which she had been labouring so long. For centuries previously the authority of Aristotle had been almost supreme in matters of science ; if he had laid down the law that the heart and not the brain was the centre of the nervous system, that settled the question, no matter how many independent but obscure searchers after truth proved the contrary. Then Bacon arose, and with masterly determination and eloquence laid down the principle that there should be no "authority" in matters of science, and that all things should be proved by an examination of the facts ; and, this method being adopted, Bacon prophesied with marvellous correctness and confidence the new and enlarged sphere which science would occupy, and the immense addition that would result to the powers and greatness of man. It is easy to criticize Bacon's inductive method, and to prove his fallibility, but this does not affect the position assigned to him by those best able to judge what he has done for us. Our late professor, Mr. Bodington, in summing up the value of Bacon's

great worth, in a lecture delivered to a society parallel to our own Union, says, "Modern literature is able to show no book on scientific method so animating in tone, so ardent with hope for the future, so valiant in its protest against the errors which impede progress, so pregnant in suggestive thoughts as the *Norum Organum*." But, as we all know, Bacon's literary reputation does not solely depend on his scientific writings—they are read chiefly by those interested in the history of science; but his *Essays*, after the lapse of two hundred years, are still read with delight and admiration by any one interested in the subjects they discuss, and in spite of the numbers of subsequent essayists, they still remain absolutely unique. Half a page of one of Bacon's essays will be found to contain a greater number of terse sayings, of clever analogies, and a more critical insight into human nature than many a chapter of some modern essayist, some long-winded writer of so-called "Short Studies."

I have now touched upon four only of the great literary heroes of this period, and have said nothing about the excellence of the rank and file, but it must not therefore be supposed that Spencer and Shakespeare were isolated or extraordinary in their own time. They were surrounded by numbers of authors, worthy to be their literary companions, whom Taine calls "the superb harvest of poets that covered the ground for fifty years." There were all the dramatists besides Shakespeare, such men as Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Dekker, Massinger, and Webster; there were the song writers such as Sidney, Herrick, Donne, and many others; there were the theological writers such as Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Baxter, Leighton; there were the religious poets such as Herbert and Vaughan; there was Bunyan, whose books are unique; in politics and philosophy there was Hobbes, and in history Lord Clarendon.

The thing is, we are not honest enough with regard to the literature of this period, we do not half acknowledge the debt we owe to it; we sing the songs of Herrick or Ben Jonson, and never think who wrote the words; we pride ourselves on our political freedom, and forget that it was Milton and Hobbes who first maintained that this freedom was essential to the welfare of the people; the members of the Church of England rejoice in what they consider their golden mean in forms and doctrines, and a very small proportion of them ever recognise that to Hooker is largely due the merit of having saved them from the extremes of Cathol-

icism on the one hand, and Puritanism on the other. Finally, we all glory in the great writers of the nineteenth century, and forget that they themselves would be the first to acknowledge that they could never have written as they have done if it had not been for the models and examples given them by their leaders more than two hundred years ago. Supposing we were called upon to part for ever with the literature of one period or the other—with our nineteenth century masterpieces or the great models of the sixteenth century—I believe we should soonest recover our lost ground if we chose to give up our literature of to-day and fall back upon the literature of that past period.

The nineteenth century may be compared to a beautiful tropical jungle, full of luxuriant vegetation, quickly growing, but also quickly fading. The century 1580—1680 is like an English park, the trees are not so numerous or so gay as in the jungle, but they are more stately, more individually beautiful, and more capable of enduring the wear of time.

M. C. ALBRIGHT.

III.

It would indeed be fortunate for us, if we could conclude that *The Nineteenth Century is the Golden Age of English Literature*. The truth, however, must be followed at any cost; and all that we can say is, That it is beyond our competence either to prove or disprove it: but that the tendency of things is distinctly adverse to any such supposition.

For the opinion of a man's own Age is often not the true criterion of the real worth of his Writings. Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth lived for the whole, or the most part, of their days, unrecognised, or inadequately appreciated: and yet they wrote on, out of the fulness of the gift that was in them.

On the other hand, Sidney (whom Shakespeare's contemporaries took for their chief poet) and Pope (to say a word against whom was, for many years, a literary heresy), both of these Poets, justly or unjustly, have fallen in estimation, as time rolled on.

Therefore, in the history of Literature, we have always to distinguish between the contemporary opinion of a Writer, and the ultimate verdict of After Ages.

With these examples before us, we may learn modestly to

doubt of our competence to say, Whether this or that Writer will be read till the end of Time, or not? Whether any Writings have appeared in this our Age, which, to use the words of Milton, "Posterity will not willingly let die."

2.—By the *Golden Age of Literature* we clearly mean the Writers of the highest quality, "the best Authors": and of these, chiefly the Poets; or those who exercise the poetic faculty of *making*, in prose. For the Poets are the Kings of Men. Who like them, can exercise so sweet and blissful an influence over the millions that have been, now are, and are yet to come? The science of one epoch is largely superseded by the science of the next: but the Poets sing on, through all the Ages. What does Milton tell us is the vocation of the "Poet soaring in the high region of his fancies, with his garland and singing robe about him"?

"To imbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of Virtue and Public Civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty Hymns, the throne and equipage of God's Almightyness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing the victorious agonies of Martyrs and Saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ, to deplore the general relapses of Kingdoms and States from Justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion, is holy and sublime; in virtue, amiable or grave; whatsoever hath Passion or Admiration [*i.e., suffering or astonishment*] in all the changes of that which is called Fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of Man's thought from within: all these, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book, of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight that . . ."

Manifestly such a vocation as this, is the highest thing that human nature can aspire to.

3.—Pope said—

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

and though we would not accept this altogether in the sense in which he wrote it; yet it is the expression of a great truth.

Why is it else that we are so interested in the imaginary adventures of the fictitious characters created by the Poets; and their henchmen, the Novelists? Why should we *love* a Portia or

a Rosalynd, *despise* a Falstaff or a Malvolio, and *hate* a Shylock or a Iago? Simply because these are the poetical creations of the qualities of our moral nature. In the soul of Man, there are insatiable longings for, and cravings after, Innocence, Beauty, Purity, Love, and perfection in all its forms. In such female characters as Shakespeare has depicted to us, we see the living personification of these varied charms, that so fascinate us through our waking hours, and often in our dreams. So in his Men, every form of nobility of character is portrayed to us. And then, from this high excellence, Shakespeare gives us examples of every form of human vanity and folly, down to the vilest wickedness possible. Poetry is based on our moral nature: and where the Painter uses brighter or darker colours, the Poet colours his subject with happy or miserable emotions.

4.—How is this further heightened in a Play! where the good and evil struggle together for mastery. The whole nature of an Epic or a Drama is that of a Problem in Human Life; and the Action is first the *tying*, and then the *untying*, of the knot of danger, disaster, and difficulty. Is not our interest in these imaginary human experiences, simply inexhaustible? Do we not love to be under the spell of the Poet?

5.—Of all Literature, the *creative* power of the Poet is the highest function. Many have written in verse who are not entitled to the name of Poet. They are simply clever versifiers. No one can be a Dramatist that has not a large soul. A Poet is born, not made. As civilization increases, our Poets do not increase in number: but, if anything, are decreasing in proportion to the population.

6.—Many dramatists have been merely sparkling prose writers, and yet their plays have been successes. When to the success of the Dramatist, has been added the power of the Poet, we get Dramatic Poesy; the highest form of human literature. Some have said that the Book of *Job* is a kind of ancient Tragedy; and the *Song of Solomon*, a Pastoral Drama, consisting of two persons and a double Chorus. Milton looked on the *Revelations* as "the majestic image of a high and stately Tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn Scenes and Acts, with a sevenfold Chorus of Hallelujahs and harping Symphonies." We know very well he began *Paradise Lost*, in the first instance, as a Five Act Tragedy.

The essence of a great poem is that it shall carry on a great human experience in verse. Poets have, like Milton, had their

choice between Tragedy and the Epic Poem. In both there is the same onward development of some entanglement, until it is unravelled. They simply differ in form. In the Tragedy, the story is carried on by dialogue and action; in the Epic, by narration, relieved by speeches and episodes. Dramatic Poesy therefore includes Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton: and we say, beyond these men we cannot go. They stand at the head of the entire human race.

7.—Then Dramatic Poesy being the highest form of Literature, it does not seem that the tendencies of our Age are in this direction; however noble may be the work that is now being carried on in the world. It may be the Golden Age of Science, the Golden Age of Philanthropy, the Golden Age of Humanity: but, judged by this highest of tests, the Reign of Queen Victoria does not yet appear to have been a Golden Age of English Literature.

Many of our considerable Writers are trudging steadily into Oblivion, there to remain for ever: unless some Charon of a Reprinter shall, about the year 2,000, ferry them back over the Styx, from the Land of Forgetfulness.

Lastly, the multitude of books is against any given Author's influence. Now, 5,000 books are produced every year in this country. In fifty years, it may be 10,000. In a century, it may be 20,000 annually. How is the genius of a man who has then been dead for a hundred years or more, to struggle against such a multitude of living authors in that day?

Truly then will it be found, as ever hitherto, that the most permanent form of Literature, is Poesy: and also, as we say once more, that Poets alone are the Kings of Men.

EDWARD ARBER.

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

SCENE — *A richly furnished boudoir. Lady Ermytrude is engaged on a piece of tapestry; Count Hubert leans against the mantelpiece, and looks at her somewhat moodily.*

Lady E.—Sir Count, you woo but tamely. I never knew a man so eloquent with his pen, yet so dull with his tongue. Others are fired by Malmsey or Tokay, but *you* find all your inspiration

in the inkpot. Shall I send for a flagon of ink to restore your drooping spirits?

Count H.—In sooth, fair Lady, I am slow of tongue, and cannot cope with your wit.

L. E.—In sooth, noble Count, that is but too manifest. I pray you tell me what wizard has turned the current of your genius from its natural vent, the mouth, and directed it all to the thumb and fore-finger?

C. H.—Madam, I know not.

L. E.—Fie upon you! In your next letter you will say that the lightning of my eyes paralyzed your utterance!

C. H.—If that were true, how could I utter it?

L. E.—The best thing you have said for these two hours; nay, for these twenty days! Now bid me adieu, and let hear from you before nightfall.

C. H.—Adieu, madam.

[*Exit.*]

L. E. (rising, and walking about the room)—Was ever woman in so strange a predicament? A lover whom I must banish from my presence if I would enjoy his society! How can I marry him? For when he departs on a journey, I shall smile and say, "Ah, what joy to renew our intercourse!" and when he returns, I shall meet him in tears for the loss of my dear correspondent. Parting, I shall cry "Welcome!"—meeting, I shall sigh "Adieu!" When he would protest, I shall set before him an inkstand, saying—"Love, record your vows; they run quickly from your pen, but they cannot pass the barred gate of your lips." When he would kiss—ah me! (*She draws a letter from her bosom, and kisses it tenderly.*)

Enter PAGE.

Page.—Lady, I bring you a letter from my master, the Count.

L. E.—How is this? Your master left me but now. I knew him to be a ready writer, but *this* fluency is magical.

P. (hesitating)—It is a letter written last night—in the early watches of the morning.

L. E.—Then the Count might have brought it himself. (*Aside.*) I must have seen this youth daily, yet I have never before noted his countenance.

P.—Be not angry, madam, that I come as Count Hubert's humble representative.

L. E. (aside)—In truth, the representative is no small improvement on the original. (*To the Page.*) And so you have

brought me a letter. (*Page gives her the letter.*) She reads—
“Dear Lady,—I have lain awake this night, thinking of our daily meeting, though I, alas, may not, dare not speak my love. Suffer then that I write it once more, though written words are feeble and cold. Believe me that my love is like that of a mortal for a goddess; like that which the earth bears to the glorious sun. Nay, it is as though that love which attracts atom to atom throughout the infinite universe were all concentrated in one poor human soul. No look, no gesture, no speech or song could express my passion; alas, how vain are these mute and lifeless symbols. Yet this letter comes so straight from my heart, that it ought to bleed if you tear it.” No, I will not be so cruel. (*She presses it to her lips.*) It shall lie in my bosom and beat with my heart.

P.—Alas!

L. E.—Did you speak, good youth? Tell me, how comes it that your master cannot talk as well as he writes?

P.—Lady, the Greeks made Love blind, but since their day he has recovered sight. Yet there is a curse upon him, that he should never be whole and sound—wherefore in these modern times he is dumb.

L. E.—Then, page, you are not in love.

P.—My love suffers from another and a more terrible malady.

L. E.—Tell me what it is.

P.—A disease of the vital parts, which can cease only with death. Were my love blind, I could save my heart; were it dumb, my honour. But I entreat you to let me depart.

L. E.—Stay but a moment. Does your master indeed write all these ardent epistles?

P.—Lady, by my faith—

L. E.—Nay, do not swear by your faith. Tell me first who and what is your lady-love?

P.—Bid me speak of any other, but not of her. I can name you all the stars at midnight, and tell you their magnitudes and lustres, and draw the figures of their constellations; but I cannot paint the sun at noonday.

L. E.—Then by the love which you would that this fair lady should bear you—

P.—That wish is forbidden.

L. E.—By the love which you would and yet would not that this lady should give—tell me, does the Count really write these letters?

P.—Madam—in truth—he has a secretary.

L. E.—Ah, the villain! Ah, the deceiver! To dictate these words of devotion to some wretch who earns his bread by the petty accomplishment of pot-hooks; some graybeard who sneers at sentiment with the irreverent cynicism of age; or, yet worse! to some roystering youth who entertains his boon companions with the loves of Count Hubert and Lady Ermyntre, and retails for their diversion those passionate vows which I in my folly had wept over, and learnt by heart, and hidden in my breast. All the town may know how I have been wooed. It is like the milkmaid and the ploughboy, courting by the roadside—yet no! for rustic John is an honest suitor, and speaks in his own voice. “Straight from my heart,” forsooth! When it percolated through the dull brain and the cold fingers of a mercenary scribe! “Tear it!” and so I will.

P.—Do not tear the letter, madam—you mistake me. The Count’s amanuensis is one who cannot think of you save with the deepest reverence; one to whom the careless utterance of your name would be an impossible sacrilege; one who treasures in the silence of thought the few words which he has heard from your lips, and who worships you as some hapless devotee may worship the blessed Virgin. Dull he may be, poor he is, but cold and cynical, never!

L. E.—Indeed! You interest me. Pray does not this wonderful secretary aid the Count in his compositions? The reverence and worship of which you speak are marvellously like what I read in these letters. Even that simile of the Virgin has a familiar ring, though assuredly it is no echo of your master’s conversation. Solve me this riddle, good page.

P. (confused)—Lady—it may be—I know not—that is—the Count is impatient, like all the tribe of lovers. Perchance it may sometimes happen that the scribe must eke out the hasty expressions that fall from his master’s lips. Perchance his own homage may mingle with the dictated words, and flow spontaneously from his pen. You frown and shake your head; yet it is no crime, but a misfortune, to be a living and feeling and most miserable man. Would that I—that he—were a brainless and heartless automaton!

L. E.—I think this reverent and reticent gentleman has been somewhat free with his confidences. And you are so earnest in his vindication that you even identify yourself with your friend. May I ask his name?

P. (kneeling)—Ah, madam, it is a name henceforth perjured and disgraced. It is the name of a disloyal servant, who yet retains sufficient sense of duty and of honour to crave that he may leave your presence without hope, but not wholly without pardon.

(Lady Ermytrude smiles and holds out her hand.)

Enter COUNT.

C. H.—Madam, we parted in some ill humour. I return—*(noticing the attitude of the Page)*. But what is this?

P. (rising)—I stand before you dishonoured and without excuse. I have betrayed your secret—and my own. From this gracious lady I was entreating forgiveness—from you I can but entreat dismissal.

C. H.—The letters! Scoundrel! You have played me false!

L. E.—Pardon him, Sir Count. It was I who drew the secret from his unwilling lips. When I complained petulantly of your slow speech, he pleaded your cause. His one failing is that he lacks address and assurance to tell a lie. But that is a fault of youth, which years may correct; and for the rest, you must blame woman's wit rather than man's treason.

C. H.—You take the matter coolly, madam. May I hope that you are not prejudiced against my suit by this untoward incident?

L. E.—That were indeed to be prejudiced against a babe unborn, for as to *your* suit, I have never heard it. Your proxy has pleaded well.

C. H.—It pleases you to jest. Am I or am I not to consider this as a formal rejection?

L. E.—Formal or informal, I will wed no man because his servant has a good gift with the pen. A secretary is not a constant appurtenance like tongue, or heart, or brain; and should he die or depart, I should have bestowed my hand and my fortune for nought. If I need love-letters I will bargain more cheaply; I will have fourteen in the week, with poetry to order, passion as per sample, and payment on fulfilment of contract.

C. H. (aside)—She has a shrewish tongue. I have ever thought that silence and submission are seemly in womankind. It may be well that we should part. *(Aloud.)* Lady, I grieve that you have thus decided; but, since you are inexorable, I make my adieux.

L. E.—Yet one word more. Your page, or secretary, has craved dismissal. Have you granted his prayer?

C. H. (with a low bow)—I grant it the more willingly, because

I conceive that the Lady Ermyntrode may desire to take him into her own service. (*Exit.*)

P. (kneeling)—Is it possible that I may dare to hope for more than forgiveness?

(The lady bends towards him. Their lips meet.)

L. E.—An exorbitant price for love-letters—but a just one for Love.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Girton Review* announces a new scheme of management, by which every future head-editor will serve a year's apprenticeship in the rather problematical capacity of "Editor by co-aptation." An article bearing the ominous title, "A new society," excited our fears only to dispel them agreeably. That amazing disproportion of Societies to Students which is becoming proverbial of this College, has already caused us much mental arithmetic, and charged with mysterious awe our vision of the "sweet girl graduate," to whom we felt obliged to attribute, in addition to "golden hair," the super-human qualities of omniscience and ubiquity, since no ordinarily endowed mortal could possibly meet the multifarious demands of the G. C. G. S., the G. C. D. S., the G. C. F. B., the G. C. A. D. S., the G. C. Y. B. S., the G. C. S. S. S., the G. C. G. C. L. T. C., &c., &c., &c. (We presume the initials are intelligible to the initiated.) It was therefore an immense relief to our imaginations to find that the object of the proposed new society was the abolition of societies! A writer on "Conversation" laments that at Girton the chief of intellectual pleasures exists only in the degenerate forms of "talking shop and retailing stale small jokes." Is it true that woman's imputed lack of interest in politics is made a reproach to her? We were under the impression that from time immemorial the greatest connoisseurs had held political zeal to be fatal to the complexion. From Newnham and Somerville Hall come tidings of further instances of Ruskin's really magnificent interest in the education and culture of women. To the latter College he has presented, in addition to a number of valuable books, a collection of rubies and sapphires, a large opal, and other precious stones—of course for the adornment of the mind only! This is an acknowledgment of "woman's rights" worth having!

The *Marlburian* contains an article in reply to Juliet's "absurd" query "What's in a name?" An ugly name, like any other thing of ugliness, is shown to be a "curse for ever," and an enquiry into the origin of names reveals in them a rich vein of historical interest. No one—not even the fair libeller of the rose, herself—would be inclined to deny that there is a great deal in the name of the Welsh Saint to whom the Church of Llangollen is dedicated, viz.:—Saint Collen-ap-Gwynnawg-ap-Clyn-daug-ap-Courda-ap-Caradoc-Fdeichfras-ap-Llyn-Merim-ap-Ernion-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-Wleddeg. Poems more or less descriptive of "Night and morning" and "A summer's day," some pathetic "Memories" evincing considerable power of imagination,

if, as we presume, their author is very young; and a Greek verse, of which we are especially careful to note our appreciation, complete the rather small proportion of original matter in the present issue.

Laurel Leaves affords mental relaxation *pur et simple*. Verses entitled "The light on the hills" are poetical and pretty, and a letter from Constantinople contains interesting items of information, but is marred by its catechetical form. The tendency which in America has given rise to children's newspapers here manifests itself in the reservation of a page or two (on which the rather suggestive name of the "Children's corner" has been bestowed *pro tem.*) for the literary efforts of the "little ones." We are not sure that such early initiation into the dignity of print is at all desirable. It seems to us calculated to increase the noxious growth of the infant prodigy, and to reduce to a still smaller fraction the number of those who "having nothing to say, abstain from giving us wordy evidence of the fact." The Cambridge letter consists of glowing descriptions of coffee parties, gym. cocoa parties, and midnight escapades in the corridors, and, in fact, discloses a phase of College life which has no reflection in the decorous pages of the *Girton Review*.

The present number of the *King Edward's School Chronicle* shows a quantitative and qualitative improvement on its immediate predecessors, though a suspicion of "scissors and paste" still attaches to some of its contents. The article on "Titles" has considerable merit, and is interesting even to the "profane vulgar of non-authors," if our experience be any criterion. Poor Juliet's judgment once more undergoes impeachment. It is admitted that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but objected that a book will not smell (*sic*) as sweet if you call it "Notions," as it does when named "Fors Clavigera." We commend the account of the "Poet and the Laureateship" to those who read to improve their minds. The Debating Society has denied even the shadow of an existence to ghosts, and asserted the superiority of Tennis over Cricket, which latter rather astonishing decision is explained by the irresistible cogency of the main argument on the affirmative, viz., that "ladies could play tennis, and so tennis was a great aid to matrimony."

Further evidences of the precocity of the rising generation are furnished by the Repton Debating Society, which has been exercising its oratorical powers on the proposition:

"Tis better to have loved, and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

Notwithstanding the appalling examples of "blighted love," furnished by "maiden aunts, old, sour, and skinny," and in spite of the seductive, though appropriately negative vision of the man, "without love, without cares, and without nonsense," love (which, according to one speaker, is "almost as necessary to *existence* as *death* itself"), carried the day. We learn with pleasure that the editors of the *Reptonian* are at last able to do justice to our motives, though, apparently, "more by luck than judgment." They have learnt that imitation is the sincerest form of

flattery, and "have, therefore, ceased to wonder at our copious extracts from their columns." May we suggest a still further study of Webster's dictionary for the meaning of the word "imitation." Repton's vigorous "root of poetry" has this month produced "A Steinyard Idyll," the concluding couplets of which deserve to be inwardly digested of all footballists, and some verses and a sonnet on the "Hero of Khartoum." Does poetical justice require that Gladstone should be painted as a villain "of the blackest dye?"

In addition to the above, we acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *Eagle*, the *Naturalist's World*, the *Institute Magazine*, *Our Magazine* (North London Collegiate School for Girls), and the *Central Literary Magazine*.

THE UNION.

April 17.—Shakespeare Reading, "Twelfth Night." Regarded as a whole, the reading may be considered a decided success, the most popular scenes being, in Act I, scene 3 (where the capers cut by Sir Andrew Aguecheek were highly appreciated) and scene 5, in which occurs Viola's interview with Olivia. In Act II, scene 3 was loudly applauded, especially the vociferous though hardly tuneful catch (*alias* caterwauling) performed by Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew, and the Clown. In this Act, too, scene 5 was a great success, notably the box-tree, which could not be said to afford very efficient concealment to the three witnesses of Malvolio's folly. Unfortunately, however, the "asides" were taken up with hardly sufficient readiness, a defect probably due to lack of rehearsing. Scene 2, Act IV, in which the incarcerated Malvolio is mocked by the mock parson, passed off with great effect, and secured a well-merited round of applause.

The *denouement* in the Fifth Act was a trifle difficult to follow, owing to the fact that the parts of Sebastian and his sister Viola were both taken by ladies, of whom the latter was supposed to be in male attire.

In addition to the well-acted scenes mentioned above, the renderings of Olivia by Miss Albright, of Maria by Miss France, of the Duke Orsino by Mr. C. Greene, and the singing of C. Dammann deserve especial notice. The stage was erected and the room arranged under the able superintendence of Mr. C. Greene.

At the conclusion, a vote of thanks to the readers was proposed by Professor HILLHOUSE, and seconded by Professor ARBER, who threw out a suggestion for the formation of a Shakespearian Society. This, we have little doubt, is a thing of the not very far distant future.

Friday, May 1.—Debate: "That Hero-Worship is beneficial to the Hero and to the Worshipper." In opening the debate, Mr. SLATER said that Hero-Worship was an instinct of human nature. The Hero was benefitted by the sense of responsibility; the Worshipper by imitating the virtues he admires. The independence of spirit inherent in a heroic character will be also caught by the Worshipper. By seeing his good instincts realised, his conceptions of the possible are extended. The tendency of the time was against Humanity—"they say that Repose has fled for ever the River of

Time: " now, then, especially, we need men of unselfish aims and firmness of purpose. In Monarchy and Aristocracy it is the insignia of rank that are looked to before character. It is Democracy which allows free play for heroic feeling, and brings to bear the strength which there is in the recognition of great men.

Miss NADEN said that the previous speaker had argued purely *a priori*. She would rather say that Hero-Worship was a perversion of instinct. It was a blind personal admiration of the Hero, following him not only over the uplands of Truth, but often even into the Slough of Despond itself. Since the ideas of various nations are so very different, we cannot define a hero as one whose actions are what we should call noble. A Hero, knowing that he is worshipped, feels himself a kind of god, and acts accordingly, often with an Olympian disregard of virtue. Despotism was merely a form of Hero-Worship. The Roman Empire, an organised worship of a man, afforded many examples, such as Caligula and Heliogabalus, of the bad effect of Hero-Worship on the Hero. Mahomet, originally a man of the greatest nobility of character, became, when the leader of a great religion, cruel, self-important, and self-indulgent. As to the Worshippers, a somewhat paradoxical argument was used by the opener when he said that they imitated the independence of the Hero. That was like saying that an artist who copied an original painter became original by copying originality! "Authority" was an outcome of Hero-Worship. What despotism was in the physical world, that was authority in the intellectual. The correlate of despotism was slavery, that of authority was intellectual stagnation. The Roman Catholic Church afforded numerous examples of the numbing effects of authority: Relic-Worship was the *reductio ad absurdum* of Hero-Worship. Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Galen were great men, but the blind worship of them caused their opinions to be held superior even to the evidence of the senses. Party spirit is another manifestation of Hero-Worship—the political leader wants supporters when he is wrong rather than when he is right. To the Hero-Worshiper history appears as an array of kings and great men, to the neglect of the secret and silent forces to which progress is really due. In conclusion, the speaker maintained that it is less demoralising to err, being free, than to copy someone else, whom we fancy has not erred, being slaves; and that it is better to draw our own crooked line and fancy it straight, than to copy somebody else's crooked line, even though that be less crooked than our own.

Mr. CLAYTON said he would turn at once to facts. He compared the Mahdi, a false Hero, with Mahomet, a true one. The enthusiasm generated by Hero-Worship was beneficial, and had the power of binding whole nations together. The evils entailed were greatly outweighed by the accompanying good.

Mr. CHARLES said that the admiration of Shakespeare was not properly Hero-Worship, as of the man himself we know next to nothing. Pope, on the other hand, was greatly honoured during life, and in consequence his style and metre were slavishly copied for many years after his death. Johnson and Newton afforded similar examples.

Miss STURGE thought that the independence of the Hero was not his main characteristic, and that consequently Miss Naden's illustration was not quite to the point. The Hero, in virtue of his other qualities, was also of independent spirit, and his imitators caught that same spirit in following him. On the whole, all the good influences that could be obtained were wanted.

Mr. EHRHARDT said it was a question of definition. After dwelling at some length on the awful examples of Hero-Worship contained in "Tales for Boys," "the lowest stratum of literature except newspapers and penny dreadfuls," he remarked on the scarcity of Heroine-worship by women in literature.

Mr. LOVE would have liked to expunge "Hero and" from the wording of the motion. He should like to point out that the *followers* of Mahomet were very greatly benefitted, and that copying a painter was not the same as copying his paintings. "Authority," in scientific work, was often beneficial. The wave theory of light would never have been worked out as it was had it not been for the opposition of the Newtonian emission theory.

Mr. B. F. JORDAN said that there were two varieties of Hero-Worshippers, the one moderate, the other extreme. To the latter class belonged Carlyle and Froude. Froude showed this tendency in the view which he took of the influence of John Knox on Scotch Protestantism. According to him the latter was caused by the former, whereas in reality the former was produced by the latter. Events formed men, rather than men events. On the other hand the opponent of true Hero-Worship was pretty sure to be a cynic, "devoted to the adoration of his miserable self."

Mr. LARNER thought that Miss Naden might have mentioned Marcus Aurelius instead of Caligula, only that might not have suited her purpose quite so well. Hero-Worship was part and parcel of human nature; if we did not worship something good, the chances were that we should worship something bad.

Mr. BARWISE said that Christianity was the noblest example of Hero-Worship that the world had seen, and no one could deny that that had been productive of great good.

Miss SHEPPARD said that it was almost a truism to say that men and women were only grown-up children. To the latter, Hero-Worship was essential, and so also to the former.

Mr. CLAYTON, who replied in the absence of Mr. Slater, said that all the arguments of his opponents had already been very well met, and that he would only say, on behalf of Mr. Slater, that Emerson, who believed as much as anybody in self-reliance, was a strong advocate of Hero-Worship.

The motion was carried by a majority of 28: ayes 38, noes 10.

The new members of the Union elected at this meeting were Miss R. Cohen, Miss R. Dell, Miss Silvester, Miss Tarleton, Mr. S. Andrews, B.A., Mr. C. E. Martineau, B.A., Mr. Dunstall, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. Joseph.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Physical Society.—Thursday, March 12. Mr. LOVE in the chair. Mr. STERN read a most interesting paper on "Psychical Research." He classified his subject under the heads of the Divining-rod, Thought-transference, Mesmerism, and Reichenbach's experiments. The Divining-rod "has been used to discover many things: Water in general, spring water as opposed to surface water, fresh-water springs (even beneath the sea); metals, metallic ores, pure metals as opposed to alloys; coal, mineral oil, ochre, gypsum, red chalk, and sulphur; lost boundaries of estates, Protestants, murderers, thieves, and other lesser criminals, together with many other more or less likely objects." The discussion of the paper was one of the best the Society has had. Professor and Mrs. SONNENSCHNIGER took a prominent part, and many members spoke.

Mr. GROOM's paper on "Copernicus" was then read by Mr. LOVE. This paper was characterised throughout by the independent spirit of its writer, such phrases as "I cannot agree with Copernicus on this point," "but Copernicus was wrong when, &c.," "I must decline to accept this view," occurring again and again. The paper was not discussed as it deserved, owing to the lateness of the hour.

Thursday, April 23.—Professor POYNTING in the chair. After Professor Heath had been elected an honorary member, Mr. A. J. COOPER read a paper on the "Occlusion of Gases." The scope and method of Graham's researches on this subject were first dealt with, especial notice being directed to his experiments on the occlusion of hydrogen by palladium. The penetration of india-rubber by gases was also discussed. The peculiar state of the mercury in the so-called "ammonium amalgam" was referred to its occlusion of hydrogen. After touching on the absorption of several other gases by various substances, the paper terminated, and was discussed by Professor POYNTING, Miss CHAMBERS, and Mr. LOVE.

Mr. E. F. EHRLHARDT then gave his paper on the "Dielectric." The idea of electrical, or indeed any other, "action at a distance" was vigorously attacked, and in its place was substituted the notion of a strain in the medium. Mr. Ehrhardt gave details of experiments that he had devised to show this strain in the dielectric across which induction is taking place, and finally gave an account of his experiments on the "apparent charge" of the Electrophorus, and the distribution of electricity upon it. Mr. LOVE testified to the patience and zeal with which Mr. Ehrhardt had conducted the investigation, and Professor POYNTING, on behalf of the Society, warmly welcomed the paper as embodying original work.

Chemical Society.—Wednesday, March 18. Mr. NICOL in the chair. Miss EVANS read a note on some Benzene derivatives, exhibiting specimens. Mr. T. J. BAKER read a paper on "Tin," and exhibited some of Gore's electrolytic antimony. Mr. STERN then read a note on Roseo-and Purpureo-Cobaltic Chlorides, specimens of which he had prepared.

Soirée Française.—Le 17 Mars. Une soirée française a été donnée par les membres de la Société de Débats français. Environ 90 personnes étaient

présentes. Le programme, quoique un peu difficile pour une Société encore dans son enfance, a été admirablement exécuté. Le Professeur LOREILLE, à la fin de la Soirée, a adressé quelques paroles de remerciements à l'audience et a annoncé que le bureau de la société avait décidé de donner une *Soirée Française* à la fin de chaque terme.

Tennis Club.—The second very successful meeting of this Club was held on Saturday, May 9. A short match, *Science v. Arts*, was played. This resulted in a victory for the Ladies on the Arts side by 12 games to 8; and for the Science Gentlemen by 12 games to 3. Twenty-five members were present.

NOTES.

Again we have to congratulate members of our professorial Staff. Professor Arber has been elected a Corresponding Member of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, U.S.A., and Mr. W. W. J. Nicol has taken his D.Sc. at Edinburgh.

We have great pleasure in noticing a pamphlet, entitled "Special Creation and Evolution," by Miss Naden. Being an exposition of the opening chapters of Spencer's "Principles of Biology," there is not, of course, scope for much originality, but the essay is the outcome of clear concise thought, and argues a comprehensive and sympathetic grasp of the subject; many of the illustrations are in Miss Naden's happiest style, and in nothing of hers that we have read has her wide acquaintance with literature, poetic as well as scientific, been more ably brought to bear. The argument, from moral considerations, though merely touched upon, is suggestive to an even greater degree than the intellectual reasoning, containing, as it does, a definite admission that the hypothesis of Evolution does not cover all the ground, nor its acceptance afford a complete system of philosophy.

It may also interest our readers to know that Miss Naden's "Evolution of the Sense of Beauty," is appearing in *Knowledge*.

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CONTENTS.

Dominica.

Freethought in the Laboratory.

The Art of Cookery.

Spring Cleaning.

The Union.

College Societies.

Poetry Club.

Our Contemporaries.

Obituary.

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CALENDAR.

- June 17.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.
,, 22.—MONDAY—Summer Term Examinations begin.
,, 27.—SATURDAY—Summer Term ends.
Oct. 1.—THURSDAY—Winter Term begins.
,, 9.—FRIDAY—Union Meeting: "Holiday Notes."
,, 16.—FRIDAY—Union Meeting: Debate, "That the policy of the present Government is worthy of support."
,, 30.—FRIDAY—UNION ANNUAL AND BUSINESS MEETING.
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DOMINICA.

A short time ago I spent a few days in Dominica. An account of what struck me as noticeable features may prove of interest, particularly as the financial condition of the island, in common with the West Indies generally, has been attracting a fair amount of public attention, and still gives cause for anxiety in the official mind. It will be remembered that a few months ago the proposal to cede the island of Dominica to the United States was seriously discussed—a wild proposal, the advantages of which were of a somewhat visionary character.

The chief town, Roseau, like all the towns in the southern West Indian Islands, is upon the west or leeward side of the island. The eastern, or windward side, being exposed to the open Atlantic, and to the constant force of the trade winds, and being moreover of a dangerous character, is studiously avoided by ships, and frequently is inaccessible even to small boats, owing to the heavy surf. This is a serious physical feature, as all the produce raised on plantations on the eastern side must be carried round in small boats to the leeward towns for shipment. It is at once evident that this state of things is a heavy tax on plantations thus

disadvantageously situated. Much valuable land throughout the West Indies is now out of cultivation on this account.

Roseau presents a sea frontage of better aspect than many of the towns in these colonies, for owing to a sea wall and roadway along the shore, the fronts of the stores and houses are seawards, instead of the backs, as is frequently the case.* In the interior of the town one finds the usual array of irregular stone and wooden houses, with the common disregard for "frontage," the roadway being intruded upon by steps, verandahs, or whatever the architect thinks fit. From the straggling and rickety character of many of the buildings, particularly on the outskirts of the town, one soon arrives at the conclusion that land does not possess a high value. The principal streets are paved with irregular stones, and in the middle of the roadway is a large open gutter down which flows a stream of water. With the exception of one or two main streets, the thoroughfares are more grass-grown than I have seen in any other town; and I expressed some surprise at the number of goats seen straying about, until I was informed that they were kept by the inhabitants upon the somewhat unusual pasture thus provided. However, the town has its redeeming features, for, situated upon a slight eminence, the Public Gardens afford a most agreeable breathing space, with pleasant views of the town, its suburb Charlotteville, and the coast. The gardens surrounding Government House, the prettily built Roman Catholic cathedral, and the numerous fine cabbage palms of matchless beauty, render one's general impression of Roseau pleasing.

The whole island is mountainous, Diablotur, the highest point, having an elevation of 4,747 feet; and the valleys are traversed by numerous fine streams, a feature lacking in most of the other islands. As is natural in such a mountainous country, the roads, except in the immediate neighbourhood of Roseau, are bad, and constant landslips after heavy rains make unpleasant demands upon the public purse. Owing to the state of the roads all the produce of the plantations, which, of course, goes to Roseau for sale or shipment, is carried by women (upon their heads) either to the town itself, or to the nearest part of the coast and thence to Roseau in "dug-out" canoes.

These "dug-out" canoes are an important feature of the island and merit a consideration. They are made, as their

* See *Mason College Magazine*, December, 1883, p. 211.

name implies, from a single tree trunk, hollowed out, and trimmed to the requisite shape; the middle of the canoe thus formed is expanded by forcing out the sides, thus giving a slight curve to the bottom and elevating the bow and stern; a gunwale of about a foot of planking is now added, and, with the requisite fitting and trimming, the boat is complete. A moveable wooden awning fits over a portion of the canoe to protect passengers from the sun and rain. The crew consists of from three to five men, one of whom sits in the stern steering with a paddle, for there is no rudder, and the others pull with oars. These boats are very skilfully managed and will weather a heavy sea. Their great advantages are their extreme lightness and the ease with which they can be launched or beached. I have dwelt thus particularly upon these boats as they form the means of communication, both for passengers and produce, between various parts of the island; voyages too are frequently made in them to Guadeloupe and Martinique. I was informed that not uncommonly an ox will be carried over to Guadeloupe in one of them, and if report speaks truthfully they form a basis for smuggling operations with the French islands. But let "those who go down to the sea" in dug-outs by all means learn to swim, or else dispense with the awning with which most of them are provided, for, if a sudden squall arises and the wind strikes the side of the awning, it is fortunate if the boat does not capsize. The safest plan is to throw the awning overboard before the wind strikes the boat.

On the morning after our arrival we rode up the Roseau Valley to visit a lime plantation. The difference between the valleys of Montserrat and Dominica was at once apparent, together with the marked effect of their structure upon agriculture. In Montserrat the valleys are narrow ravines with sloping sides, the bottom being occupied by a stony tract, which in time of rain becomes a brawling stream. The Dominican valleys, on the other hand (at least, so far as I had an opportunity of observing), have precipitous sides and a broad tract of bottom land watered by a stream which in the driest weather seldom ceases to flow. It is these bottom lands which are cultivated, together with the lower portion of the mountain flanks; whilst the ridges between the valleys and the higher lands, which in Montserrat are all under cultivation, are here left in forest. The aspect of the two islands from the sea is consequently very different. Arrived at the plantation we were soon satisfied that these deep valleys, with their

alluvial soil resting upon large boulders, afforded an excellent position for lime and cocoa cultivation, but the difficulty of transport remains as a serious barrier to further progress. All the concentrated lime juice produced on this estate was "headed" by women to Roseau, some four or five miles distant, in iron drums. After we had seen the principal features of this estate, we ascended to the ridge by a path newly cut in the face of the precipitous valley side, up which the horses scrambled with that air of unconcern which the West Indian pony assumes when he sees a chance of breaking his rider's neck. On the top a clearing was being made, with the intent of bringing the abandoned estate of Montpelier again under cultivation. Situated upon a narrow ridge, with a deep valley on the left and the Roseau Valley, from which we had just ascended, on the right, the view away to the eastward was magnificent; a fine mountain range whose principal hills fronted us stretched away to the south, on the slope of which a large patch bare of trees gave the appearance of a landslip. Mr. Blanc, the Government Engineer, who was with us, explained that that was the locality of the Boiling Lake, and that the barren spot indicated part of the damage done by the volcanic eruptions early in the year 1881. In the spring of 1880, Mr. Blanc, with others, was instructed to visit this district and report to the Government upon it. The expedition occupied several days, and the explorers found a fine tract of country in the vicinity of the Boiling Lake, with both hot and cold springs. The lake itself is with difficulty approached, being situated in the bottom of a deep and steep valley which may possibly be the crater of a volcano. The dense clouds rising from the heated water render the appearance of the spot extremely weird.*

Early in 1881, a curious fall of ashes vastly perplexed the inhabitants of Roseau and its neighbourhood. As heavy rain accompanied the shower of ash, and as the ash was of a pale greenish-yellow colour, the appearance of the town is described as extraordinary. Various theories were started to account for the visitation. At the actual time the theory that the end of all things had arrived received due credence, as is usual on such occasions. When fear had subsided, the most probable hypothesis started was that the volcano near Basse-terre, Guadeloupe, was in a state of activity, for people appear inclined to attribute misdemeanour

* See Ober's *Camps in the Caribbees*, for illustration from a photograph, and also a description of the spot.

to their neighbours' volcanoes rather than to their own. On the following day, however, reports from the outlying districts began to come in, which made it evident that an eruption had occurred in the vicinity of the Boiling Lake. Mr. Blanc again visited the spot and found that the aspect of the place was greatly changed. The centre of activity had been almost the exact spot in which their encampment of the previous year had been made. From his report I should imagine that the product of the eruption was chiefly, if not entirely, ash ; that is, I do not remember any remark which led me to think there had been a discharge of lava. A great quantity of fine forest had been destroyed, resulting in the appearance which attracted our attention as we stood on Montpelier.

Two fine waterfalls on the Roseau River, as it fell from the mountain flank into the valley below, added a charming feature to what I think I may describe as the finest view I have ever seen. With the limited time at our disposal it was impossible for us to push further up the valley as we wished, so we had to be content and ride back to Roseau, adding to our stock of local knowledge as we journeyed by listening to the tales of our worthy cicerone.

Our return to town gave us another opportunity to observe manners and men. The incomprehensible *patois* language of the lower class is very striking ; its affinity to the French language is by no means evident, indeed I was informed by a competent authority that the safest preparation for acquiring *patois* was to dismiss French from the mind as completely as possible.

In the afternoon of the same day we rode up to Morne Bruce, an elevation immediately behind the town, formerly the site of barracks and officers' quarters in the days when Dominica, in common with the other West Indian Islands, was strongly garrisoned,—days when the appearance of a strange sail hovering about the islands would throw the inhabitants, to whom a French invasion was always a possible event, into a fever of excitement. Morne Bruce is of interest to the geologist, for under a layer of tufa is a bed of coral at an elevation of 300 feet above the sea. Both to the north and south of Roseau raised coral beds exist, and are exposed in sections in the cliffs on the coast.

The buildings on Morne Bruce are now employed as a Poor House and Lunatic Asylum ; they still bear testimony to the force of the hurricane which visited this island in September, 1883. Although there was no great loss of life, considerable damage was done to buildings, whilst for a time distress prevailed amongst the

lower classes, the growing crops on which they so largely depended being destroyed. This distress was however of brief duration owing to the prompt action of the inhabitants of the neighbouring islands in affording relief. The roads for some time were rendered impassable by the débris, and much havoc was wrought amongst the timber trees in the forests.

Upon another occasion we visited an estate situated amongst the hills to the north of Roseau. The route for some distance skirted the shore, passing under the coral reefs of Morne David, then crossed a river (whose name I have forgotten) and finally ascended the hills by a roughly paved road, a relic of slavery times. The day being rainy, we were in some doubt as to whether the river would be fordable upon our return; the rain, however, must have been confined to the coast, for we were able to cross without any inconvenience. The sudden rising of rivers is a factor which frequently complicates journeys in this country. Heavy rain will sometimes prevail in the mountains, whilst the weather in the lower lands has been fine; then the luckless traveller may find himself barred from retreat by the little stream he has just passed, now become a torrent, whilst progress is impossible owing to the rushing river, which he expected to cross without difficulty. Thus caught between two streams (or, perhaps, between a landslip and a stream), there remains nothing but to find shelter and wait until the way is open (which in times of heavy rain may not be for several days).

Away on the windward side of the island a few Caribs still exist; these are of interest as being the only Caribs now remaining in the West Indian Islands. These people are noted for their skill in basket weaving, their wares being in great demand both in Dominica and other islands. The baskets they make, being waterproof, are largely used for travelling purposes. They also construct a press for their cassava and other meal, by making a kind of long flexible basket, which, being filled with the substance to be squeezed, is suspended from the branch of a tree, and compressed by hanging stones on the lower end. It is remarkable that none of the negroes shew any tendency or ability to imitate this basket work, although the demand for it is so good.

An excursion of great interest was made to Soufrière Village, situated at the southern extremity of the island. We set out in one of the dug-out canoes already described, and skirted the coast, seldom being very far from land, as we were anxious to observe the

coast as completely as possible. The Roman Catholic Church at St. Michell, which was wrecked by the hurricane, formed a conspicuous object, and the prostrate stems of cocoa-nut palms hurled in all directions testified to the force of the storm at this spot.

I must not omit to mention a curious variety of craft of which we saw many specimens during our journey—I mean the “prie-prie.” This consists of a small raft of light logs fastened together and surmounted by a piece of board for a deck. If the prie-prie is a sumptuous one, there will probably be a box for the owner to sit on. Thus provided, the gamin of the shore is happy; for, if lazy, he may push off his prie-prie and lounge upon it, basking in the hot sun and cooling his bare legs as he is gently rocked by the waves. Should he feel industrious, he may fish; or should he be energetic, he may row laborious racés with other prie-prieists energetic like himself; or he may hurl defiance at passing canoes, a branch of the sport of which we had some experience. Truly the unwieldy prie-prie may afford a vast fund of amusement.

Near to Soufrière Bay, our attention was directed to a fine elevation in the hills here forming the shore, and presenting a sheer cliff of enormous height. This hill is known as La Sorcière, and tradition has it that from this cliff the Caribs were accustomed to hurl their unfaithful wives. On one occasion, however, a victim in the act of falling, seized her oppressor and both perished together. After this dangerous precedent, the practice is said to have been abandoned.

Almost immediately at the foot of La Sorcière is a curious chasm in the bed of the sea. As the canoe passed under the cliffs we noticed that the boulders and stones on the sea bottom had disappeared, and that suddenly we were in deep water. This is known to the boatmen as L'Abîme, and is held by them to be bottomless. When taking strangers over this spot they have a curious custom of raising the oars above their heads and uttering what I took to be a propitiatory address to some ocean deity resident in the spot. The only words I can recall were “Three cheers for the good water,” a remark which has rather an Anglo-Saxon ring about it. However, that the custom originated from some superstitious feeling connected with the place I have no doubt. As a matter of fact, in making the Admiralty Survey, no bottom was found at a depth of ninety fathoms.

We were now at Soufrière Bay, but, unfortunately, owing to the rain and to the lateness of the hour, we were unable to go on to the Soufrière, where there are deposits of gypsum and sulphur, the latter occurring in sufficient quantity to have encouraged one or two attempts to work it commercially. The venture seems doomed to failure, at least, so far; for I believe that one ship loaded with sulphur put to sea and was never heard of again; whilst in another case the crew of a vessel loaded with the ore mutinied and the cargo was lost. A mineral stream from the Soufrière flows down the valley, and is known as the Alum River by the inhabitants, who take great pains to keep it out of their fields, as it is said to be injurious to vegetation.

On Scott's Head, the extreme south point of the island, are ruins of a fort. It appears that many years ago this fort was used as a powder magazine; the governing body being anxious about its safety sent someone to inspect and repair the lightning conductor, and it is said that in order to fix it securely, this individual inserted the end of the conductor into the wall of a building containing 6,500 lbs. of gunpowder. A few hours afterwards a thunderstorm occurred, in the midst of which a terrific report literally shook the island, and the fort on Scott's Head was found to be demolished. Fortunately the occupants of an adjacent convalescent hospital had been removed a short time previously, so that no lives were lost.

After going a short distance up the valley we found that it was time to return, so we again took to our canoe, and soon arrived safely in Roseau. Scarcely had we landed when a heavy squall came down, which we congratulated ourselves in having escaped. Had we been caught in it we might have had to make our way to shore unaided, an experience which happened to a lady going to Prince Rupert's only a short time before.

That night our steamer arrived, on which we embarked, and at daybreak next morning cast anchor at Montserrat.

FRANCIS WATTS.

*FREE THOUGHT IN THE LABORATORY.**[Dedicated to the Demonstrator of Chemistry.]*

My mind was calm, my heart was light,
My doubts were few and fleeting,
Till I attended yesternight
An M. C. Chem. Soc. Meeting.

Small was the party, and select,
That shared our mild potation ;
The Editor (whom Heaven protect !)
Made his "communication."

The good old views he can't retain,
Of nitrites and of sulphites ;
He fought the battles o'er again,
And who shall call them dull fights ?

Strange hieroglyphs from far Japan
He traced—my awe grew greater,
Till up there rose a learned man,
A solemn Demonstrator.

As one who stands, at night, alone,
Beside some dread abysm,
He broached, in sad sepulchral tone,
A blank Agnosticism.

"A molecule's inside," quoth he,
"No mortal man can visit ;
A graphic formula—ah me !
What is it ? Oh ! what is it ?

Ye happy days ! while yet at school
With simple faith I studied,
And deemed each complex molecule,
Sure as the 'rod that budded.'

Not thus I speak to first year's men,
But, like a righteous cleric,
Keep for initiates—nine or ten—
All doctrines esoteric."

He ceased ; I sadly mused, "How blest,
 Oh Faith ! is he who hath you !"
 I thought of Renan and the rest,
 Of Strauss and Arnold (Matthew).

Ah, Demonstrator good ! *Et tu*,
 My chemic faith to shatter !
 "There's nothing new, there's nothing true,"
 I *hope* it "doesn't matter !"

May 21st, 1885.

C. C. W. N.

REPLY.

A solemn man with tomb-like voice
 Would send Miss Naden greeting,
 And thank her for her pleasant rhyme
 On M. C. Chem. Soc. Meeting.

He's no regret for causing doubts
 Of truth of benzene rings,
 For doubts should only lead to faith,
 In nobler, truer things.

May 22nd, 1885.

T. T.

THE ART OF COOKERY.

In these days of literary over-crowding, it is with a sensation of relief that one turns to the contemplation of the limited library of that worthy dame, one's great-grandmother. It comprised two books alone, the Bible and the Cookery Book. On the former it is not my purpose to comment, but the possession of a genuine copy of the latter tempts me to dwell for a short time on its delicious quaintness.

THE ART OF COOKERY MADE PLAIN AND EASY,
Which far exceeds anything of the kind yet published.
By Mrs. GLASSE, MDCCLXXXIV.

In the Author's Preface, Mrs. Glasse naively confesses herself a better cook than grammarian, for she says simply "If I have not wrote in the high polite style, I hope I shall be forgiven." To judge by her opinion, both expressed and implied, of the intelligence of the ordinary domestic "help," we must admit a deplorable

degeneracy in the last century, for not only does the talented authoress expect that with her book in hand "every servant who can but read will be capable of making a tolerable good cook, and those who have the least notion of cookery cannot miss of being very good ones," but she gives such elastic directions as the following:—"For a Rice-pudding—take a proper quantity of rice, &c." "For Stewed Partridges—make just what sauce you fancy." "Take about as much bread as the inside of a stale roll" (the roll no doubt being about the size of a lump of chalk). "Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of double refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height, but not a high one." In this last extract I am perhaps hypercritical, but the idea of a "tolerable good cook" boldly scaling candy heights with a thermometer is comically suggestive. Many of the terms used sound peculiar to nineteenth century ears, such as "a *jack* of water," identical I find with a *gill*;" "a leg-of-mutton-piece-of-beef;" "about the bigness of a pullet's egg;" "a Shoulder-of-mutton en Epigram," served no doubt with *sauce piquante*;" "Mutton Kebobbed;" "Sack posset,"—suggestive of Falstaff;" "Skirrets,"—a vegetable, but whether obsolete or now known by another name I cannot say; "Soal-pie and stewed Muscles" unknown to Johnson and Webster, and "Eggs à la Tripe!" Some of the recipes are very ingenious. There is one "To roast a fowl, pheasant fashion, so that nobody will know it." This is in case you have only one pheasant, and want a brace. The idea however suggests itself that if you could make one you could make both. "To make Oxford John, keep a leg of mutton till it is stale." "To dress Pigeons—Bone your pigeons, make them in the shape of a pear, with one foot stuck at the small end to appear like the stalk of a pear." There is no recipe for plum pudding at all, such as constitutes an important feature of a Christmas dinner, though Mrs. Glasse does mention "Plumb-pudding," the spelling of which is ominously suggestive, and her directions for preparing "Plum Porridge for Xmass," begin in a somewhat startling manner—"Take a leg and shin of beef!"

"An Olive Pie" contains almost all the ingredients of a grocery cupboard, olives alone being absent. It is edifying to know that oysters, hard-boiled eggs, and beef suet are herbs, and no one would guess that a "necromancer" is a silver dish, shaped like a soup-plate, and hung on the back of two chairs; it is filled with a delightful confection of mutton and onions, and the cooking is done by lighting strips of brown paper and holding them one by

one underneath. Author's Note : This dish was first contrived by Mr. Rich, and is much admired by the nobility.

The directions for the sick are candidly prefaced : "Here I do not pretend to meddle in the physical way," and forthwith follows a list of dishes that would make us indeed "thank the goodness and the grace that on our birth have smiled." "Artificial Asses' Milk," for instance, "Bread Soup," identical in composition with "Tea-kettle Broth," and specially recommended as "a pretty thing for a weak stomach." Another charming *tisane*, oh ye Bilious ! is "Buttered water." "Hysterical Water" is a genuine old-fashioned compound of betony, lovage, wild parsnip, roots of the single piony, mistletoe, myrrh, castor, millepedes, mugwort-water, and brandy. "Plague-Water" begins with a list of fifty-five herbs, and the "Cure for the bite of a Mad Dog" is much in the same style. A note is added to one of these confections, not the last mentioned, to the effect that "This is a very pretty dish for sick people, but the Scotch gentlemen are very fond of it."

Among the sweetmeats are directions for making "Raspberry Gam," "Conserve of Hips," "Syrup of Roses," "Hartshorn Flummery," "A Boiled Loaf," "To make an Egg as big as Twenty," "A Buttered Loaf," &c., &c.

The most startling recipe of all is "To Roast a Pound of Butter." The butter is rubbed with bread crumbs, hooked up before the fire, and basted ; as a kind of after thought, mention is made of a dish of oysters which form the groundwork of the "plat."

In conclusion, a well-known quotation may be mentioned, which is conspicuous by its absence. Mrs. Glasse has always been credited with the authorship of the directions for preparing Jugged Hare, beginning "First catch your Hare," but curiously enough, as a matter of fact, the learned lady has omitted this piece of highly practical advice.

SPRING CLEANING.

APRIL, 1885.

[With apologies to the departed heroes of Hohenlinden.]

Around our home, at early dawn,
All dewy lay th'untrodden lawn ;
'Twas rolled and swept and trimly shorn,
And squills were shining daintily.

Alas ! it saw another sight,
When carpets fell from window height,
And mats and curtains, filthy quite,
Made up the garden scenery.

With club and pea-stick fast arrayed,
Each gardener came to give his aid,
And swiftly rushed each scullery maid,
To join the dusty revelry.

Then shook the curtains, nearly riven ;
Fast fell the blows on carpets driven,
And loud as far off bolts of Heaven
Thundered the stick artillery.

'Tis noon, but scarce yon golden sun
Can pierce the dust clouds rolling dun,
Where men and maids with joke and fun
Shout 'neath their grimy canopy.

The combat deepens. On ye brave !
This is no time your blows to save !
Out with the dust ! ply stick and stave !
Then drag and roll with energy !

'Tis done ! They part—next Spring to meet ;
They leave the lawn a blackened sheet ;
They leave each turf beneath their feet—
Of dirt and dust the sepulchre.

THE UNION.

Friday, May 8th.—The programme consisted of Readings and Recitations. Mr. W. R. JORDAN first recited Calverley's "Lines on hearing the Organ," very successfully, and was complimented by Mr. Barwise on the clever way in which he adapted his manner to the matter of his piece. Mr. MASON then gave a "'Sketch' from Boz," which was adversely criticised by the same critic. Miss E. HOPKINS followed with a selection from the "Tramp Abroad," which caused great laughter. Mr. McCROBIN then read a portion of Tennyson's "Maud" (Sec. xviii). This was the first item of the programme to elicit much criticism. Miss Naden said that the reader seemed to be reading to himself, and was so languid about it that instead of been willing to die (*vide* Canto v), she wondered that he was willing to live. Miss Brierley remarked on the absence of points on which to criticise,

and said that it was like listening to a phonograph. Mr. Chattaway criticised adversely, Miss Albright and Mr. Larnar favourably, and Miss Hadley, Mr. Barwise, and Mr. Parry also made some remarks. Miss C. LLOYD then gave a portion of Ruskin's "Of King's Treasures." Miss Hadley said that during the reading she felt as though she were in church, and, after Mr. Mursell had praised the clearness of the reading, Mr. Love said that he also had the impression of listening to a good sermon well preached. Miss Albright expressed her pleasure in the reading, and Messrs. Larnar, Turner, and Barwise, also spoke, but criticised the critics rather than the reader. Mr. FREER followed with Goldsmith's "Valley of Ignorance." With regard to this, Miss Hadley said that it was read as though the reader himself did not quite understand the language, but hoped his audience did. Mr. Williams said that the method of the reader was such as to give the impression that he had learnt it by heart and was trying to say it over to himself without the book. Mr. B. F. Jordan spoke unfavourably of the reading as a whole, and after Mr. Love and Mr. W. R. Jordan had spoken, Mr. Reid complained of the inferiority of the criticisms offered. Mr. DAMMANN recited "Lochiel's Warning," concerning which Mr. B. F. Jordan expressed the opinion "that it had supplied a silver lining to the cloud that had hung over the meeting all the evening." Mr. Barwise and Mr. Williams criticised the action and attitude of the reciter. Mr. C. W. Priestley and Dr. J. W. Taylor, F.R.C.S., were elected members of the Union at this meeting.

W. C. W.

Friday, May 15th.—At a meeting held in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre, Miss Hadley read a paper on "Mendelssohn." Mr. Kellett, who was also to have assisted, was unfortunately unable to be present. Miss Hadley explained his absence, and said that he had sent his papers to her. These she had worked up into her own, and would give the results of their joint studies as one paper.

The subject was treated in an interesting and pleasing manner. Miss Hadley briefly sketched the life, showing that to the great intellectual powers and talents of the composer was united a character noble and admirable. The enjoyment of the reading was much increased by a charmingly arranged programme of illustrations. For this Miss Hadley had secured the services of other members of the Union, also of Mr. C. B. Bragg and Mr. S. N. Tait. Extracts from "St. Paul" and the "Elijah," and several of the songs were given, as well as three pianoforte solos exceedingly well played by Miss L. Crosskey. Of the vocalists, Miss Fanny Hadley sang beautifully, her voice in "Suleika" sounding more than usually clear and strong, and Miss Brierley's singing was also pleasing. Mr. C. B. Bragg sang "If with all your hearts," with feeling, but with too much *portamento*. Mr. T. N. Tait was not quite suited by the song he had chosen, the *aria* "To the Mountains," being somewhat ineffective. The programme ended with a duet from the Misses Hadley. It was a most enjoyable meeting, both paper and illustrations being very good, and it concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Miss Hadley, her helpers, and Professor Haycraft, who had kindly lent the piano.

A. B.

Friday, May 29th.—Debate: "That Modern Democracy is likely to prove more dangerous to the liberty of the subject than Despotism has ever proved."

Miss SHEPPARD in opening the debate, said that democracy, as defined by President Lincoln, tended towards socialism, a statement which she supported by enumerating a number of laws of regulative character recently passed through democratic influences. Increasing limitations and restraints were put upon individuals by the governing agency, so that the condition of things implied in the old-fashioned couplet

Things have come to a pretty pass
When a man can't wollop his own jackass,

was now becoming sober reality. The laws named were not intrinsically injurious, but in the consideration of the present proposition the question of good or evil was not to the point, but rather it was to be examined in what way these administrative changes affected *liberty*. In democracy one gets only the average ability brought into play, since the masses cannot appreciate the reforms advocated by the thinking men. Despotism is less powerful than democracy, for the despot cannot personally supervise all his subjects, and he is liable at all times to assassination, rebellion, or deposition. Though men use their liberty to enslave themselves, are they, on that account, any the less slaves?

Mr. COOPER said that he would go back to the earliest historic times when men were different from what they were now. In the feudal system the many were in subjection to the few, but soon those who thought for themselves began to sow the seeds of democracy. The methods of democracy were necessarily different in large and small communities. The duty of government was protection of persons and property, and laws made to this end by a democratic government were more binding than those framed by a despot. Mr. Cooper then defended some of the Acts Miss Sheppard had criticised, especially the Factories Acts, which delivered poor little children from the necessity of getting up at five o'clock in the morning; the Public Health Act, before which people were bound down by the terrors of small-pox; and the Act referring to the ventilation of coal mines, which allowed poor subjects the liberty of breathing, a boon they did not possess many years ago.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN would confine himself to general principles and to the examples offered by France and the United States. The French required a despot if any country ever did. The frequent riots in Paris showed what the French were. The principle of elective judges was essentially bad, perverting the independence and uprightness of judicial functionaries. France continually displayed a tendency to bully smaller states. In the United States they had also elective judges, and political corruption was there at its worst. They had no definite policy, and were even afraid to put down the Fenians since they would thus lose the Irish vote. A despot was powerless without instruments; a democracy contained its instruments in itself. If we were ruled by those who thought for themselves we should have an oligarchy, not democracy. As to the child who had to go to the factory, it

was true that he was now delivered from that—but he had to go to the Board School instead!

Miss LINDSAY said that with liberty must go a certain amount of repression. The tyranny of the majority and class legislation were two evils which democracy had to face. These, it was hoped, would be overcome by the system of proportional representation, with a plurality of votes given to the most enlightened, and by the systems of alternative voting and transferred votes. Centralisation was another evil—private individuals became practically impotent. Though a good despot might be occasionally obtained, a succession of good despots was impossible; such a system of government was hostile to patriotism, independence, and intelligence. In democracy a kind of natural selection went on, the best men being chosen for governmental office. In the subdivision of functions characteristic of democracy we had a positive security to liberty. Democracy should be regarded as a *tendency*, not as a *condition*: a dynamical view of society being preferable to a statical one.

Mr. LOVE thought that modern democracy certainly tended towards socialism; personal liberty was sacrificed for social liberty. Democratic influences acted adversely to freedom of contract. It was a question whether liberty was good. The function of a Government was not so much for the mere protection as for procuring the direct benefit of the people governed.

Mr. B. F. JORDAN instituted a comparison of himself with his great-great-great-grandfather, immensely favourable to himself as far as freedom was concerned. As to the speech of Mr. Jenkyn-Brown, he was very brilliant while cutting up an opponent, but when he had to take history into consideration he was distinctly poor, and his remarks were obviously at variance with facts. The conditions of France and the United States were not consequences of despotism. Absolute liberty was now greater than ever before.

Miss NADEN remarked that while showing forth the evils of democracy, previous speakers had omitted to point out the benefits of despotism. It was all very well to complain that under democratic rule "a man can't wollop his own jackass," but how about the state of things from the point of view of the jackass, who was as frequently human as not? In time, the people will educate themselves and will not allow themselves to be enslaved after the socialistic manner. As to the corruption of judges, was a Grand Vizier *always* immaculate? The degeneration of the French people did not date from the French revolution, it began far earlier than that, and was the fruit of the cruelty and rapacity of previous kings and their favourites.

Mr. MARTINEAU said that the idea of despotism coupled with liberty afforded him great amusement. A judgment on this subject presupposed an intimate knowledge of the histories of the despotisms of all time, and imagination and powers of deduction sufficient to foresee the future of democracies, and then the power to prove that the then forms of government had respectively caused the benefits and evils observed. If liberty consisted in freedom from restraint, there would be no cohesion in societies. It was better that the few should suffer for the many than the many for the few.

Mr. EHRHARDT, Miss ALBRIGHT, Mr. WILLIAMS, Mr. LARNEE, and Miss CHAMBERS continued the discussion, of which want of space forbids a fuller report, and after Miss SHEPPARD had replied to several points, the motion was put, being rejected by a majority of 20 votes—ayes 14, noes 34.

W. C. W.

Business Meeting, June 5.—33 present; Mr. G. St. Johnston in the chair. A new Bye-Law was proposed and warmly supported by Mr. EHRHARDT in a comprehensive speech. No objections being introduced it was adopted by the meeting, and is as follows :—

“At the end of each term a sub-committee shall be appointed for the purpose of getting new students to join the Union; and this sub-committee shall be directed to add to their number, so that no class at the College of any importance shall be without a representative, and no member of the committee have more than about twelve students to canvass.”

So smooth a course was not accorded to Mr. Chattaway's amendment to the rule as to the basis of membership. Having raised discussions and amendments, through which the chairman's judicious pilotage was again appreciated, it was finally carried, and, with the one approved amendment, stands thus :—

“Members leaving College and residing without a radius of ten miles, are entitled to continue their membership of the Union on payment of a small subscription (to be fixed by the Committee). Such members, if attending tea, are to be admitted at the same price as ordinary visitors.”
Amendment: “Such members omitting to pay a subscription for one year shall cease to be members of the Union, and are not eligible for re-election unless they once more become students at the College. M. D. A.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Physical Society.—May 14. Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT in the chair. Mr. T. J. BAKER read a paper on “Calorimetry.” A very ingenious double calorimeter was exhibited by which a great many simple experiments may be shown to a large audience. Each calorimeter consists of a tube enclosed in the bulb of an air thermometer, the tube of which has a bend containing coloured liquid. The two are placed side by side on a stand, and the movements of the liquid in the two bends can thus be readily compared. Mr. Baker also described many forms of calorimeters used for accurate work, giving special prominence to those of use in thermo-chemistry. Pyrometers were also discussed, and the method of determining the heat of combustion of fuel was shown by a striking experiment. Mr. LOVE, Mr. EHRHARDT, Mr. STERN, and Mr. TURNER, discussed the paper.

The Chairman then called on Mr. L. BARROW for his paper on “Flying Machines.” The reader said that he proposed to consider the possibilities of Flying Machines. The study of the actions of birds in flying should constitute the basis of operations. Calculations based on the assumption that birds fly by muscular effort lead to the result that one duck-power = $\frac{1}{2}$ horse-power, and similar impossibilities. The wind also cannot greatly assist birds in flight. Mr. Barrow considered that flight was due to utilisation of

the "internal kinetic energy" of the air, such being caused by small ever-present vortices. Mr. STERN objected that if these vortices had any real existence we ought to be able to perceive them. Moreover, inanimate objects should be capable of flight. Mr. TURNER thought that possibly flight was due to rarefaction of the air above the body of the bird, and drew various diagrams in support of his view. Mr. HOUSMAN doubted whether birds ever floated motionless for days, as stated, and said that the horizontal and vertical sections of a bird's body differed so much that not much force would be required for propulsion. The kinetic energy of the bird would act as a string does in flying a kite. The conception of vortices was unnatural. Professor SMITH said that Mr. Barrow in observing nature had followed the true method. He doubted the existence or power of the assumed vortices, though he thought the conception a very ingenious one. He thought that it was not impossible for flight to be maintained by muscular energy, since the resisting surfaces were inclined at such a small angle to the wind, and surface friction was a minimum in the case of birds' bodies. The flight of birds might be similar to the swimming of fish, which took place by wriggling. After Miss Chambers had drawn some diagrams and made a few remarks the meeting terminated.

W. C. W.

Thursday, June 11th.—Prof. POYNTING in the chair. A new rule relative to the binding and preservation of papers having been passed, the chairman called on Mr. WHITEHOUSE to read his paper on "Duplex Telegraphy." After remarking on the apparent impossibility of sending telegraphic messages in opposite directions at the same time, Mr. Whitehouse described Gintl's original arrangement, and the Differential and Wheatstone's Bridge methods in more details, aided by a lecture-table arrangement of the Differential Duplex, and clear diagrams of all three. All possible cases of both the latter methods were fully discussed.

Profs. SMITH and POYNTING took part in the discussion, and Mr. LOVE inquired whether it had yet been possible to apply "duplex" principles to telephony.

Mr. HAMILTON then gave a short but very interesting account of the life of "Richard Trevithick." This Cornishman began his remarkable career on the principle that "charity begins at home," introducing improvements (such as the use of high-pressure steam) of so substantial a nature as to put £90,000 per annum into the pockets of Cornish mine-owners. His great invention was however that of the locomotive, a very humble representative perhaps of that we are now familiar with, but nevertheless capable of drawing a heavy load at the rate of four miles per hour. This was soon succeeded by an improved type, the "Catch-me-who-can" locomotive, which drew passengers at a rate of from 12 to 15 miles per hour round a circular railroad of 80 feet radius—rather a dizzying process for the passengers one would think. This machine ultimately disgraced itself by upsetting, and the inventor found himself without means to continue his experiments. At the same time he had devoted himself to river dredging, but soon accepted an appointment as engineer to some Peruvian silver mines, high up in the Andes. He set out with much expensive plant, but after some years of success his fortunes were

again ruined by a civil war, and penniless and homeless he made his way to Costa Rica, where he described himself on his arrival as "half drowned, half hanged, and the rest devoured by alligators." In this island an interesting meeting took place between him and Robert Stephenson, who lent him money to return to England, where the current impression was that he was making £100,000 a year! On his return home he continued his inventive career undaunted, contributing many important additions to engineering science. Like many other inventors, his improvements were resisted by the educated as well as the ignorant, even Watt saying that he deserved hanging!

At the conclusion of the paper a vote of thanks to Miss Evans and Mr. Kellett, the Secretary and Chairman of Committee respectively, who are both leaving us this term, was proposed by Mr. Love, seconded by Mr. Ehrhardt, and carried with acclamation.

W. C. W.

Chemical Society.—May 20. Dr. NICOL in the chair. It was first decided to bind all the communications made to the Society into a volume at the end of the year, and it was also agreed that three-quarters of the balance in hand at the end of the year should be appropriated for the establishment of the Research Fund.

Mr. WILLIAMS then read a paper "On the Constitution of Sulphites and Nitrites." This consisted mainly of a discussion of a paper read by Dr. Divers, of Japan, before the Chemical Society of London. The paper was wholly technical, and cannot be advantageously reported. In the discussion, Mr. EHRHARDT, Mr. LOVE, and Mr. TURNER took part.

Mr. EHRHARDT then read "notes" on the preparation of stearic acid, formic acid, lead formate and formic ether. The processes adopted were fully described and specimens exhibited. A conversational discussion followed.

A further reference to this meeting will be found in another part of the Magazine.

W. C. W.

Société de Débats Français.—Le première séance du terme d'été de la société eut lieu le 12 Mai, à 5.30, sous la présidence de Mademoiselle L. CROSSKEY. Le Professor LOREILLE, donna sa 4^{ème} esquisse sur l'histoire de la langue française à une audience de 26 personnes.

Le sujet du débat était, "La Mode." Plusieurs membres de la société, ainsi que deux visiteurs ont pris part au débat, et après avoir entendu Mademoiselle Smythe and Monsieur Barrow pour la mode, Mademoiselle Cohen and Monsieur Wupperman, contre, Mademoiselle Naden est venue appuyer par de bons arguments le parti pour la mode et grâce à son éloquence, le vote donna le résultat suivant: pour la mode, 16; contre, 6. La société donnera une soirée française le 19 Juin.

L. C.

Social Evening.—Held in the Common Room, on Wednesday, March 4th, Mr. JENKYN-BROWN in the chair; about thirty students present.

The following is the programme:

Song, "The Storm Fiend," Mr. K. Dammann; violin solo, Mr. Bennett; song, "Ten Minutes too Late," Mr. Smythe; song, "Willie Montrose," Mr. Smythe (encore); song, "The Dutchman and his little Dog," Mr. Dammann; song, "Sigh no more, Ladies," Mr. Featherstone; recitation, "The Positivists," Mr. Love; song, "The Bugler," Mr. Dammann; reading, "The Monk of S. Antony," Mr. Irvine; song, "The Death of Nelson," Mr. Featherstone; pianoforte solo (a "Melody," by Rubenstein), Mr. Kellett; pianoforte solo, "Processional March," Mr. Kellett (encore); reading, "Jim Bladso," Mr. Love; pianoforte solo, Mr. Ledsam; song, "The Sailor's Journal," Mr. Featherstone; reading, "My Watch," Mr. Irvine; pianoforte solo, Mr. Kellett; reading, "That Heathen Chinese," Mr. Love.

Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON in proposing a vote of thanks to the chairman and performers, mentioned the deep regret with which the approaching departure of Mr. Kellett was viewed, this being the last social evening at which he would be present. Mr. A. C. PARRY seconded this vote of thanks, which was carried unanimously. The chairman having replied the proceedings terminated.

A. L. S.

Lawn Tennis Club.—May 16.—*Mason College v. Goldieslie Rovers.*

Messrs. N. E. Smyth and J. H. Clayton (M.C.) beat Messrs. C. St. Johnston and L. Wills (G. R.), 2—1.

Messrs. A. St. Johnston and G. St. Johnston (G. R.) beat Prof. Sonnenschein and Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt (M.C.), 2—0.

Messrs. N. E. Smyth and J. H. Clayton beat Messrs. A. St. Johnston and G. St. Johnston, 2—0.

Messrs. C. St. Johnston and L. Wills beat Prof. Sonnenschein and Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt, 2—0.

May 30.—The match, *Professors v. Students*, resulted in an easy victory for the Students by 4—0.

June 6.—*Mason College v. King's Norton L. T. C.*

Mr. Clayton and Miss L. J. Charles (M.C.) beat Mr. Colmore and Miss Aston (K.N.), 2—1.

Mr. G. St. Johnston and Miss France (M.C.) beat Mr. Wolseley and Miss Wolseley (K.N.), 2—1.

Mr. Clayton and Miss L. J. Charles beat Mr. Wolseley and Miss Wolseley, 2—0.

Mr. Colmore and Miss Aston beat Mr. G. St. Johnston and Miss France, 2—1.
June 12.—*Mason College v. King's Norton L. T. C.*—Played at King's Norton, and after many closely contested games, ended in a decided victory for the College by 8 sets 2.

Mr. G. St. Johnston and Miss Charles (M.C.) beat Rev. Dickins and Miss Wolseley (K.N.), 6—2; 6—2.

Mr. Clayton and Miss L. J. Charles (M.C.) beat Mr. Colmore and Miss Aston (K.N.), 6—1; 4—6; 6—2.

Mr. G. St. Johnston and Miss Charles beat Mr. Colmore and Miss Aston, 6—1; 5—6; 6—4.

Mr. Clayton and Miss L. J. Charles beat Rev. Dickins and Miss Wolseley, 6—1; 6—2.

J. H. C.

POESY CLUB.

A meeting of students of the English Literature Classes and others interested in the subject was held in the English Class Room, on June 4th; Professor ARBER in the chair. It was unanimously decided to form a Society for the study of English Poetry and the Drama, for which, after some discussion, the name of "The Poesy Club" was adopted.

Professor Arber was elected President, the other Professors and the Secretary and their wives, Vice-Presidents. The following were elected as a Committee: Miss M. D. Albright, Miss C. E. Brierley, Miss J. Edwards, Mr. T. A. Jenkyn-Brown, Mr. C. Parry, Mr. E. F. J. Love.—Mr. Jenkyn-Brown and Mr. Love were requested to act as Secretaries *pro. tem.*

It was decided that those present, together with such other members of the college as should forward their names to the Secretaries before the end of the current session, should constitute the Society.

The poems of Robert Herrick were chosen as the subject of discussion for next term.

A vote of thanks having been accorded to Professor Arber, the proceedings terminated.

E. F. J. L.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Haileyburian* affords a substantial "feast of reason," and copious "flow of soul." Four prose articles in addition to school news, correspondence, and occasional notes, and four poems of considerable length and a very honourable degree of merit, make up a good, typical number, entitling this magazine to rank high among contemporaries. "Herr Joachim's concert" was an event worthy the six (monumental!) columns which are devoted to it. We quite agree with the writer that "To talk lightly of being 'bored' by Beethoven is as though a man should plume himself on finding *Shakespeare* dull, and *Milton* tedious." For the credit of humanity in general, and that of Haileybury in particular, we trust the rumour was unfounded that four members of the school preferred bread and jam to Mendelssohn and Bach.

The *Marlburian* opens with a long account of a solo competition—further evidence that, though philistine tastes still prevail in Lower School Form rooms, the tendency of the times is towards a fuller recognition of the claims as well as the charms of music. We presume a "fluty" voice is identical with "the excellent thing in woman," but somehow it does not sound complimentary, especially with the addition that "it did not seem to come from the right place in the larynx." "English as she is wrote in Ceylon" would be amusing if it were presented in a less melancholy light. The compiler of the article is evidently distressed by the capacity of the aboriginal brain for orthographical error and arrant nonsense. He should remember that even *two* blacks don't make a white, and therefore the Anglo-vernacular training school teachers cannot be expected to shine by the side of their pure English associates.

The *King Edward's School Chronicle* is a much too highly concentrated essence of facts for our feeble powers of mental digestion. Even an article on "Fiddlesticks," to which we turned in the hope of an enlivening tune, proved a delusion and a snare. The first paragraph was promising; but it was speedily followed by a relapse into the usual etymology and "fine learning." This magazine bids fair to surpass all previous collections of "Things not generally known."

The *Naturalist's World* is full of useful facts and pleasant narrative,

and may claim the unique merit, among publications of this character, of being at once intelligible and interesting to lay readers. We are particularly struck by articles on "Natural History among Schoolboys," and on "Rats." The "Notes and Queries" must constitute a valuable source of information for young Naturalists, and the prize competitions, a powerful incentive to study and research.

We also acknowledge with thanks the *Haileyburian*, for May, and the *Reptonian*. C. E. B.

OBITUARY.

In the late Dr. HESLOP, who died suddenly on Wednesday, June 17th, all connected with the College have lost a tried and trusted friend.

No one who knows anything of his splendid interest in our Library can fail to acknowledge that his loss will be greatly felt, though at the same time, in the volumes which now crowd the shelves, Dr. Heslop has raised a monument to himself more lasting than marble.

When one reflects that of the 17,000 volumes our Library now contains, 11,000 were given by Dr. Heslop, we may begin to realise what an effect his munificence has had on the progress of the College, especially when we consider that the Library is the focus where all the various departments meet.

Since the foundation of the College Dr. Heslop has been a prominent Trustee and Member of the Council, and has been President of the latter during the last two Sessions, in which capacity he has manifested an intense and continued interest in the extension of the endowments of the College, towards which object he has himself contributed £500.

More detailed sketches of the friend we have lost may be safely left to more ambitious journals; suffice it then that we here record our lasting regret for one second to none among friends of this College, save Sir Josiah Mason himself.

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OCTOBER, 1885.

CONTENTS.

Heinrich Heine.

Sophie Kowalewski.

Science & Culture : a Review.

Our Contemporaries.

The Union.

College Societies.

Tennis Tournament.

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CALENDAR.

- October 30.—FRIDAY—Union : Annual and Business Meeting.
November 3.—TUESDAY—French Debating Society.
,, 6.—FRIDAY—Union : Papers on " Folk Lore."
,, 7.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society.
,, 10.—TUESDAY—Poesy Club.
,, 12.—THURSDAY—Physical Society.
,, 13.—FRIDAY—Union : Debate, "That Jane Austen is a greater
Novelist than George Eliot."
,, 18.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.
,, 20.—FRIDAY—Union : Musical Evening.
,, 27.—FRIDAY—Union : Papers on " Foreign Governments."
-

HEINRICH HEINE.

Charles Kingsley once asked the question, "Who was Heinrich Heine?" and himself made answer, "a wicked man." Carlyle has defined him with characteristic force, "that blackguard Heine!" To George Eliot, Heine is the exponent or prototype of the German wit of the future. In Matthew Arnold's judgment, he is the German author upon whom incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle has fallen. According to another contemporary critic, a mocking voice calls from his pages, "I am a Jew, I am a Christian, I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one—a Greek, a Hebrew, an adorer of Despotism incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of Communism embodied in Proudhon, a Latin, a Teuton, a beast, a devil, a god!"

In short, Heine's character presents a problem which has baffled very superior psychology indeed. I shall therefore make no excuse for shirking its difficulties and confining myself to the endeavour to put my readers in possession of such facts as shall enable their more scientific minds to evolve the right solution. For reasons which will be obvious, it is my intention, as far as possible, to let Heine tell his own story. But when he and his biographers disagree, it has seemed to me prudent to give the benefit of the doubt to the latter, the poet having a not unnatural preference for *Dichtung* over *Wahrheit*, added to which he could never resist an opportunity of mystifying the "gentle reader."

To begin at the beginning, he tells us that "the last moonbeams of the Eighteenth and the first rosy rays of the Nineteenth Century played about his cradle:" in other words, he was born in December, 1799. He tells us further, that "he first saw the light of the world on the banks of that beautiful stream where Folly grows on the green hills, and, in Autumn is gathered, pressed, poured into vats, and sent into foreign lands;" in other words, his birthplace was Düsseldorf on the Rhine. There is no doubt, or even poetic ambiguity, about this fact, for elsewhere he has stated it explicitly with the philanthropic object of preventing posthumous contentions among seven cities—Schilda, Krähwinkel, Polkwitz, Bockum, Dülken, Göttingen, and Schöppenstedt—for the honour of being his birthplace. His father was an industrious steady-going Jew and merchant, whose imagination could not project a better destiny for his son than that which satisfied his own hereditary aspirations. His mother, on the other hand, was eminently German and intellectual, with an enthusiastic admiration for Rousseau and Goethe, Poetry and Art. Under her influence the chances of the future merchant were reduced to a minimum, and his failure and consequent disgrace became a foregone conclusion. But in twelve precious volumes of poetry and prose the mother has her justification; in two exquisite sonnets her reward. These are frequently cited, not merely as among the finest specimens of Heine's more serious muse, but especially as proofs that he could love with his heart as well as with his imagination. The following translation fails to convey any adequate idea of the original, but may serve to vindicate Heine from the reproach of an unmitigated frivolity:—

"TO MY MOTHER, B. HEINE."

Haughty of carriage I am wont to be,
As if the world crouched humbly at my feet,
And though a monarch's gaze mine eyes should meet,
I would not cast them down nor bend the knee.
Yet, dearest mother, I confess to thee,
Howe'er inflated by my own conceit,
Oft in thy presence so beloved and sweet,
I tremble with a deep humility.
Is it thy mind which sways me by its might,
Thy nobler mind which soars above earth's night,
And wings to highest Heaven its glorious flight?
Or am I grieved by thought of many a deed,
Wrought by these hands, that caused thy heart to bleed,
The heart whose love has met my utmost need?

At ten years of age Heine became a pupil at the Lyceum established by the French in Düsseldorf. We are told in the "Reisebilder" that his head is still dizzy from having to get by heart the Roman Emperors, chronology, the nouns in *im*, the irregular verbs, Greek, Hebrew, geography, the German language, and mental arithmetic. In his estimation of the dead languages, he is quite in accord with the highest scientific authorities of to-day, declaring that the Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had had to learn Latin first; but, he adds, feelingly, "that lucky people knew in their cradles what nouns have their accusative in *im*, which I have to learn by heart by the sweat of my brow." He tells us that he was in the habit of standing before a ghastly picture of the crucified Christ, which hung in the gangway of a neighbouring monastery, and uttering the devout prayer, "O, you poor, equally persecuted Christ, if you possibly can, do please keep me from forgetting my irregular verbs." His reminiscences of Greek are so painful that he does not trust himself to speak of that language at all, except to express his conviction that the monks of the middle ages were not altogether wrong when they declared it to be an invention of the devil. With Hebrew he got on better, though not so well as his watch, which had a very intimate acquaintance with pawnbrokers, and acquired many Jewish habits—for instance, it would never go on Saturdays. As for his arithmetical experiences, they seem to have been of the kind which are summed up in the immortal words of the poet, "Multiplication is vexation, &c.;" but he makes one exception to the rules in favour of subtraction, on account of the extreme practicability of its

fundamental principle—"Four from three wont go, so you must borrow one." In such cases, however, he advises everybody to borrow a few extra coins, "for one never knows what may happen!" But although Heine would probably not have subscribed to the parental dogma that one's schooldays are the happiest of one's life, he is careful to adorn his tale with many edifying proofs that the schoolboy does not suffer from vertigo and headache in vain. What, for instance, could be more convincing of the extreme utility of a knowledge of the Roman Emperors than his assertion that if he had never learnt them by heart it would subsequently have been quite indifferent to him whether Niebuhr had proved or had not proved that they never really existed. And not less obviously invaluable was his knowledge of dates, which enabled him to remember the numbers of his friends' houses in Berlin by associating them with historical events. Then, again, he tells us that the fact that he had the nouns in *im* at his finger ends if he should ever happen to want them suddenly, afforded him much inward repose and consolation in many troubled hours of life. After completing the course of study at the Lyceum, Heine became what he facetiously terms a "millionaire apprentice" in a merchant's office in Frankfurt, where his stay was short, because he found the life so uncongenial that he speedily took French leave and returned home. But though deeply chagrined, his father was not convinced, and gave the recalcitrant son into the keeping of his uncle, Solomon Heine, the future millionaire of Hamburg. Here, in the headquarters of Philistinism, where money made the man, and money-making was regarded as the practical synonym of life, Heine the merchant died a natural death, and the seeds of a mortal disease were developed, if not sown, in the heart of Heine the poet. To revenge himself upon circumstances, he had recourse to that ridicule, sarcasm, and irony which cover his later writings as with a "brilliant leprosy." He has said somewhere that the "latest phenomena are explained by the earliest beginnings." It is, therefore, by the light of this antagonism between the poet-nature and its environment during the impressionable adolescent period that we must judge such utterances as the following, wrung from him at the end of his career by the tortures of disease: * "Alas! God's satire weighs heavily upon me! The great author of the

* In this and one or two other instances, I have availed myself of George Eliot's translations.

universe—the Aristophanes of Heaven—is bent on demonstrating, with annihilative force, to me—the little German Aristophanes—how my wittiest sarcasms are but miserable attempts at jesting in comparison with his own, and how pitifully inferior I am to him in humour, in colossal mockery.” By the light also of an unhappy passion for one of his cousins, which put a climax to his youthful misfortunes and gave the first impulse to his lyrical muse, we must interpret a great deal of Heine’s poetry, in which the dominant note is one of morbid sentimentality. By this time—possibly by this means—the eyes of Solomon Heine were opened to his nephew’s incapacity for business, and he sent him to the University of Bonn to study law. The recently published memoirs of his youth give a very different account of this epoch in the poet’s life, and represent his mother as having sold her jewels, bracelets, and necklaces of great value to meet the expenses of his college career. But, unfortunately, a consensus of opinion on the part of Heine’s biographers compels us to reject this pretty example of maternal love. In Bonn he produced one of the two tragedies which always remained the pet children of his brain, perhaps because they were pronounced to be more or less of abortions by the rest of the world. At the end of twelve months he left Bonn for Göttingen, where, as George Eliot expresses it, “he pursued his omission of law studies.” In this he was so successful that, with the aid of rustication for a breach of the laws against duelling, and a consequent absence of three years in Berlin, it was not until 1825 that he was able to pass his doctor’s examination. In the same year he was baptised into the Lutheran Church—a step which was only one of conviction in regard of convenience—for, as the result of early initiation into the mysteries of freethought, Heine had what he calls the most “tolerant indifference” for religious forms. He tells us he would have preferred to remain unfettered by any ecclesiastical tie, but as the authorities would not permit him to reside in Berlin unless he embraced one of the established religions, and as, moreover, all professions, save those of a physician and money-lender, were closed to the Jews of that day, he thought he might with propriety adapt Henry IV.’s famous phrase to the circumstances of the case, and say, “Berlin is well worth a sermon.” Between the years 1825 and 1831 he led a somewhat nomadic life, sojourning in various Continental towns, visiting England—which country he would have liked better had it not been the home of fog and Englishmen—and writing the most popular of

his works, among which the "Pictures of Travel" are considered to bear the palm. His profession was not allowed to interfere with his literary pursuits; in fact, we have no evidence that he ever made the smallest use of that knowledge of the law which cost him, so he would have us believe, three of the fairest years of his life. He was content to be, as he has described himself, *nur Dichter*—only a poet! In 1831 Heine took the somewhat paradoxical step of voluntarily expatriating himself for the love of his country. The fires of the French Revolution, extinguished in 1815, had in July, 1830, burst anew into triumphant flame, and kindled in the heart of the poet an enthusiasm for Liberty which became one of the master passions of his life. The vision of the Rights of Man was rendered all the more alluring by contrast with the political bondage of Germany, where Heine, with his constitutional impatience of restraint, groaned under the additional yoke of an alien religion and a literary censorship, which cut out his best passages—an offence far less endurable to an author than bodily mutilation. But to do Heine justice, it was not his vanity which suffered most under the censorial scissors. They were directed at the very core of his inspiration; they stabbed to the heart, and let out the life-blood of his writings. To rouse his countrymen to complete that which the French had begun, and to outstrip the French in action, as they had already done in thought, was the grand motive and saving quality of his authorship. In Germany all effort in this direction was strangled at its birth. So Heine resolved to cross the German Rubicon and settle in Paris, in order that he might render those brilliant services in the Liberation War of Humanity which he, with reason, makes his chief claim upon the memory of posterity. From the following characteristic passage it would seem, also, that the poet had already given expression to so many dangerous convictions as to be menaced with conviction himself: "I had done much and suffered much, and as the sun of the Revolution of July arose in France, I became very weary and needed a little recreation. My native air, too, was growing every day more unhealthy for me, and I had to think seriously of a change of climate. I saw visions, the outlines of the clouds frightened me, and made all sorts of unpleasant grimaces at me. It seemed to me sometimes as if the sun were a Prussian cockade; at night I dreamt of an ugly black eagle, which gnawed my liver, and I became very melancholy. Moreover, I had made the acquaintance of an old Berlin Justizrat, who had spent several years at the

fortress of Spandau, and told me how very unpleasant it was to be obliged to wear irons in winter. I thought it really very unchristian that the irons were not warmed a trifle for the people. If the irons were warmed for us a little they would not make such an unpleasant impression, and even chilly natures might then bear them very well. It would only be proper consideration, too, if the fetters were perfumed with essence of roses and laurels, as is the case in this country (France). I asked my Justizrat whether he got oysters to eat at Spandau. He said, 'No, Spandau was too far from the sea.' Meat, too, he said, was very scarce, and there was no other sort of fowl but the flies, which fell into one's soup. Now, as I really needed recreation, and Spandau was too far from the sea for oysters to be got there, and I was not particularly attracted by the Spandauer fly-soup, and as, moreover, Prussian chains are very cold in winter, and would not be conducive to my health, I resolved to visit Paris." Here, Heine was in his true element, and for sixteen years led the brilliant, concentrated life of a lion of Parisian society. The intercourse with witty Frenchmen stimulated his intellectual powers, and poetry and prose flowed from his pen with the spontaneity of a mountain stream. But in 1847, Heine fell a victim to a terrible disease of the spine, which speedily extinguished the bright particular "social" star, though it took ten years to kill the author and the man. We can picture this proud, passionate Hebrew, this highly sensitive, beauty-worshipping Greek dragging his palsied limbs to the Louvre, and "almost sinking down as he enters the magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal." "At her feet," he tells us, "I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me." This occurred in May, 1848, the last time Heine ever went out of doors. In September, 1851, he writes, "Can it be that I still really exist? My body has wasted away until positively nothing remains but a voice, and my bed reminds me of the melodious grave of the magician Merlin, which lies in the wood Brozeliand, in Brittany, under tall oaks, whose peaks shoot up like green flames towards heaven. Alas! I envy thee those trees and their fresh waving, friend Merlin, for no green leaves rustle over my mattress grave in Paris, where early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, hammering, scolding, and piano strumming. A grave without repose, death without the privileges of the dead, who need not spend money, or write books, or even letters. What a

melancholy condition." Heine died on the 17th of February, 1856, and lies buried in the cemetery of "trim Montmartre, the faint murmur of Paris outside." He is a remarkable example of abuse of artistic power. Nature had endowed him with that ready apprehension of the incongruous, which is the soul of humour. He allowed it to become a ruling passion, blinding him to the fact that the bizarre threads in the woof of life are, after all, subordinate to a general harmonious plan or design. So, by the irony of fate, to put a Heine-like construction upon it, his writings present incongruities as great as those which they expose. Then, again, that same fine, radical quality of mind by which he held state ceremonies to be mere puppet shows, was allowed to become a determination to see nothing but emptiness and vanity in all human institutions. In like manner, the faculty of diagnosing his own mental and psychical conditions was carried to lengths which are incompatible with true dignity of character. He was constantly lifting the veil from his soul, and exhibiting it in what he terms its "beautiful nakedness;" in other words, he was constantly giving utterance to thoughts and feelings which the average man would instinctively repress, and he did this with an imperturbability verging upon impudence. The loss of self-respect—the very corner-stone of the mind—accounts for much of the intellectual *débris* in Heine's works; but it has seemed to me that his character only becomes intelligible on the hypothesis of a great natural deficiency of the moral sense. His mind recognised no higher law than its own impulses, and was, consequently, the very reverse of "well-regulated."

Heine was a prolific writer, and it has been said of him that he wrote scarcely anything which did not bear the stamp of his genius, even after disease had partially destroyed his sight and reduced his body to the proportions of a child.

The scraps of autobiography with which I have interspersed my account of his life must suffice as specimens of his prose style, absurdly inadequate as they are to convey any idea of the wide gamut of his powers. To do justice to his poetry, even with unlimited space at my disposal, would be still more difficult, for descriptions of poems are of all descriptions the least descriptive, and translations, according to George Eliot, worse than useless; in proof of which latter statement I shall supplement a few desultory remarks on this branch of my subject with English renderings of one or two lyrics.

Heine's muse was nourished on productions of the Romantic school; but he was always an eclectic, and retained only those elements which responded to his idiosyncrasy. Vague, dissatisfied yearnings, half-expressed thoughts, and adumbrations of mental states more or less intimately connected with derangements of the heart—or the liver—are characteristics of that school which we find accentuated in many of his poems; but, on the other hand, he has substituted for wearisome prolixity an almost epigrammatic conciseness, and for an artificial and superannuated style, the form and simplicity of the *Volkssied*. From the dead mould of mediæval courts he transplanted the root of German poetry into the living green fields where its efflorescence was, perforce, as natural as the sources of its growth. It is, therefore, not without reason that he claims a double significance in the history of German literature, being, at once, the founder of the modern lyric, and the survivor of the Romantic School, to which he had dealt a death blow. Heine loved sunshine, and flowers, and nightingales, and with every returning spring his imagination budded anew into tender passions and delicate fancies; but it must not be inferred that he was the poet of nature in the sense that Wordsworth was the poet of nature. He was far too egoistic—too intensely himself to be anything else. He did not go to nature for

“ The joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused.”

He went to her merely for images to express his own varying moods of loving and loathing. She was, as it were, the glass from which the artist painted his own portrait. It is this symbolical use of nature which constitutes one of the distinctive charms of his lyrics; another is their perfect simplicity; a third their incomparable rhythm. In Heine's hands, the “awful German language” seems to be the divinely predestinated instrument of poetry. He says somewhere that his life was devoted to two passions: the love of beautiful women, and the love of the French Revolution. It was, of course, the former which inspired his muse, and of fair ladies whom he has immortalised in verse, the name is legion; but the burden of nearly all his love songs is the same: “Dulcinea is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the unhappiest knight on the earth.”

The following poem, four lines of which form the motto of a volume of lyrics on spring, is illustrative of the romantico-natural character of Heine's muse :—

A northern pine stands lonely
Upon a barren height,
With ice and snow enshrouded,
It slumbers day and night.

It dreams about a palm tree,
Far east across the deep,
That mourns, alone and silent,
Upon a burning steep.

The prologue to the same volume seems to contain a note of regret that the poet was sometimes "nur Dichter" in the sense of not being "a soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity" :—

Oft in galleries of pictures,
Will the portrait meet your glance
Of a man equipped for battle,
Armed with mighty shield and lance.

But, alas ! small cupids tease him,
Take away his lance and shield,
Bind him fast with chains of flowers ;
Vain his struggles, he must yield !

So, in pleasant nets entangled,
Of each passing mood the prey,
I leave other men to struggle
In the great fight of the day.

The following "Album Verses," dedicated to his wife, were first published in the introductory chapter to Heine's "Memoirs of his Youth," which appeared in last year's *Gartenlaube* :—

Here upon cudgelled rubbish (typic),
Must I, in terms half grave, half droll,
With quill of goose and pains terrific,
Compose a rhythmic rigmarole.

My muse, all barren forms forsaking,
Was wont to utter her desire
Upon thy lips in kisses, breaking
From the heart's depths like flames of fire.

But now, if we are poets, even
Our wives torment us—such the rage !
Till we, like other bards, have given
A rhyme to grace their album's page.

The bitterness induced in Heine's mind by the severity of the German censorship finds expression in the *Lazarusgedichten* :—

When I die their knives will sever
From my corpse the tongue in twain,
Lest from Erebus, discoursing,
I come back to earth again.

In the tomb's eternal silence,
Dumb, the dead shall not away,
And their laughable abuses
I, their victim, ne'er betray.

Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and other German composers have given to Heine's lyrics wings of song, which have carried them into many lands and many hearts. The following are specimens, chiefly of the impossibilities of translation :—

Thou beautiful fisher maiden,
Row quick thy boat to land,
Come here and sit down beside me,
We'll chatter hand in hand.

Lay thy small head on my bosom,
And don't be afraid of me ;
Dost thou not trust thyself fearless,
Each day to the fierce sea ?

My heart is just like the ocean,
Hath storm, and ebb, and flow ;
And many a noble jewel
Lies hidden deep below.

— — —
Thou seemest like a flower,
So fair, and pure, and sweet,
I look at thee, and sadness
Causes my heart to beat.

I feel I must lay my hands
Upon thy sunny hair,
And pray God to preserve thee,
So sweet, and pure, and fair.

From the number of English versions of that poem in existence, all of which are parodies, more or less, it would seem that no translator was satisfied until, figuratively speaking, he had suffered shipwreck on the rock of the "Lorelei." My own

experience has been no exception to this rule, and its results will form a fitting, if melancholy, "in conclusion":—

I know not what it pre-sages,
That I am so full of dread ;
A story of by-gone ages,
Runs ever in my head.

The air grows chill as I listen,
While gently the Rhine flows by ;
The peaks of the mountains glisten
Against the evening sky.

Mid'st yonder glow is reclining,
A maiden wondrous fair ;
Her golden jewels are shining,
She combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she is combing
Her golden tresses long,
And sings a song in the gloaming,
A weird, entrancing song.

In his boat the fisherlad lonely
Is seized with a stormy grief,
And he looks at the syren only,
He sees not the cruel reef.

Methinks the death bells are ringing,
The boat has sunk with the sun ;
And this with her baleful singing,
The Lorelei has done.

C. E. B.

SOPHIE KOWALEWSKI.

(From a German Magazine, *Neuen Bahnen.*)

The 28th of June, 1884, the day on which Sophie Kowalewski was appointed ordinary professor at the University of Stockholm, will be a memorable date, not merely in the archives of our youngest University but also in the history of women.

Until now woman has only succeeded in making a name for herself in the domain of the Fine Arts. The heights of abstract thought have been reserved for man, and persons who otherwise hold woman's powers in great respect are frequently heard to express serious doubt as to whether her brain is adapted to pure analysis. It has long been Sophie Kowalewski's burning endeavour

to confute this doubt. She has, therefore, not contented herself with working as a private individual and authoress for the science which she loves so well, but, though she greatly shuns personal attention, has striven to win the most distinguished position possible in the scientific world. In the interests of her sex, she cherished the wish of becoming professor at an University. She was bent on acquiring the same sphere of action, the same authority, and the same influence over the students as would have been accorded her had she been a man. The University of Stockholm offered her the position which she coveted. Through the gifts of more than one generous Mæcenas, it had become possible to establish a new professorship in mathematics, and the authorities, with laudable freedom from prejudice, lost no time in instituting the only professorial chair which has been occupied by a woman in this century.

Sophie Corvin-Krukovski was born in 1853, on a large estate in Russia. She is descended through her father, a man of distinguished rank, from the Hungarian hero-king, Mathias Corvin, whose daughter married her ancestor, a Polish magnate; through her mother from Schubert, the celebrated German astronomer and academician of St. Petersburg. Hungarians, Poles, Russians, and Germans contend for the honour of calling her "countrywoman," but, personally, she is cosmopolitan, as little fettered by national limitations as are the two great interests of her life—science and the woman question.

We can form an idea of the grand scale of the life at the country seat, where her youth was spent, from the fact that her father had a theatre built to gratify his daughter's taste for acting. She received instruction from native French, German, and English teachers, read a great deal of poetry and literature, and also wrote verses herself, and dreamt of becoming a poetess.

But an event was soon to make clear to the child, absorbed in her vague day dreams, the channel into which she was to turn the vivid imagination that belongs to every highly-gifted mathematician. When Sonja (Russian name for Sophie), was twelve years old, one of her cousins, a boy of her own age, came with his tutor to spend some months on the estate. He was to study mathematics, in which he was backward, and it occurred to the tutor that his pupil's ambition might be stimulated if he had a girl for companion. He suggested to Sonja's parents that the experiment should be tried with her, and they agreed, regarding

the arrangement entirely as a joke. The joke, however, became serious earnest. Sonja manifested so lively an interest that her father grew uneasy, and the lessons came to an abrupt conclusion. But not until it was too late. Without books and without instruction the child continued to advance and solve by herself one mathematical problem after another. One day her father received a visit from a friend, who possessed a fair knowledge of mathematics and was particularly well versed in physics. Sonja at once began to talk to him about her pet science, and struck by the ready apprehension which she displayed, he gave her, on leaving, a text-book of physics, written by himself. Not long afterwards he met her in St. Petersburg, where she was visiting with her parents, and asked her if she had read his book. Her ingenuous confession that she knew it perfectly excited his suspicion, for a number of trigonometrical formulæ occurred in the work, and he was aware that her elementary studies had not been carried so far. He put her through an examination, and, to his astonishment, found that she had constructed by herself a trigonometry which, in its essential parts, was quite correct. This made so deep an impression upon him, that he used all his influence with her father to persuade him to let his daughter study mathematics. Sonja consequently received instruction from a very good teacher during her stay of a few weeks in St. Petersburg, and learnt the elements of analytical geometry, &c., with great rapidity.

On her return to the solitude of country life, she dreamt only of becoming a student at one of the Universities to which women are admitted. Her parents were, however, opposed to the idea. Young ladies who had studied at Universities in foreign countries were looked upon as adventuresses by the Russian aristocracy, and it would have been considered a great family disgrace if Sonja had left the parental roof with such an object in view. But the authority of the parents was soon to have an end. Sonja made the acquaintance of the talented Russian naturalist, Kowalewski, and married him at sixteen years of age. The young couple immediately set out for Germany, and in the same year (1869) Frau Kowalewski was entered as a student at the University of Heidelberg, which then opened its doors to women. After attending the lectures of Königsberger, Kirchhoff, and Helmholtz for two years, she wished to continue her studies under Weierstrass, the great master, in Berlin. This, however, was only possible in a private way, for women are excluded from the lecture theatres of

that city. But after some conversation with the young Russian lady, now eighteen years old, Weierstrass was so profoundly impressed by her talents that he offered to deliver a course of lectures for her alone. These lectures were continued for four years, and the young pupil followed her great master with astounding facility on a line of thought which is usually considered more difficult than any other for the human intellect. Weierstrass now wished that Frau Kowalewski should gain a certificate of her attainments before returning with her husband to her native country. Accordingly he sent three treatises, written by his pupil, who was at this time one-and-twenty, to the old Hanoverian University at Göttingen, which boasts as its chiefest honour that of having had the most eminent mathematician and naturalist of the nineteenth century, Carl Fr. Gauss, on its professorial staff. These treatises carried such weight that the degree of doctor was conferred upon Frau Kowalewski without the usual *viva voce* test. She was thus not only the first woman to be created doctor in Göttingen, but the first doctor to receive the degree without oral examination. Two of the treatises dealt with difficult and comprehensive questions in higher analysis, and the third, in mathematical physics, had reference to the form of the planet Saturn's ring.

Several years of eager work followed, now occupied with pure mathematical, now with mathematico-physical, and now with pure physical questions. The problems which Frau Kowalewski set herself to solve were of the most complex kind, and their answers not easily arrived at.

Meanwhile she accomplished several minor works, which any mathematician would have been glad to publish, but she was resolved not to come before the public again until she could announce a discovery that should always hold a definite place in the history of science.

Severe personal troubles fell upon her. Her husband, who was Professor of Palæontology at the University of Moscow, died suddenly, and she was obliged to commit her only child, a little girl of six years old, to the care of strangers. But solitary and sad, she still continued her studies with undiminished ardour, and their results are now at hand in the "Acta Mathematica," a work which has satisfied even Weierstrass, the most severe of her critics, because he had formed the highest expectations of her powers.

The "Acta Mathematica" contain the complete mathematical

solution of the optical problem of the movement of light in a crystalline medium—a problem which has exercised the minds of the greatest mathematicians during several decades.

*Last winter, at the invitation of Professor Mittag-Leffler, Frau Kowalewski went to Stockholm, where she delivered, during the spring term, a single course of lectures, in the German language, on the theory of partial differential equations. The success of these lectures was so great that she regarded it as a confirmation of her plans of devoting herself to the vocation of an University teacher.

The remarkable Russian lady was of course a frequent subject of conversation in Stockholm last winter. The first question one usually hears when her great scientific gifts are discussed is, "What sort of a woman is she in other respects?" People who are invited to meet Frau Kowalewski in society for the first time await her appearance in the drawing-room with a certain amount of uneasiness. "Of course she won't talk like ordinary mortals, but so learnedly that one will scarcely be able to follow her." "Of course her behaviour will be reserved and haughty, and she will show her contempt for common-place every-day people," and so forth. Whereupon there enters a young lady, in the simple white woollen dress of Russian mourning, with timid bearing, soft, short-sighted eyes, and very genial, but perfectly natural and unaffected, manners. She talks to the first person who comes in her way, and replies with great good humour to the inevitable question as to how she likes Stockholm. When some topic of general interest is started she enters readily into the conversation. She is able to express an opinion on the local theatre, speaks enthusiastically about music, and will be found to have lost none of her early love of poetry. She has read almost everything that is worth reading, and enjoyed personal intercourse with Turgenieff, Dostojewski, George Eliot,† and other famous men and women. Her unusual stores of information are to be explained in some measure by the wide range of her reading, but chiefly by the fact that she has her

* The original German article appeared in January, 1885.

† On Sunday an interesting Russian pair came to see us—M. and Mme. Kovilevsky. She is a pretty creature, with charming modest voice and speech, who is studying mathematics (by allowance through Kirchhoff) at Heidelberg; he, amiable and intelligent, studying the concrete sciences apparently, especially geology: and about to go to Vienna for six months for this purpose, leaving his wife at Heidelberg.—*George Eliot's Life*, iii, 101.

knowledge first hand, having lived in Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Berlin, and always associated with the most distinguished scholars and poets.

After spending an hour in her company it is impossible to regard her any longer as a mere mathematician. She is interested in all matters pertaining to human life, and has that wide catholicity of judgment which distinguishes only the most cultured intellects. The highest intelligence is to be found in her, combined with the warmest feeling. There is here no question of "womanly or unwomanly"—M^{de}me. Kowalewski is a true woman, and at the same time something more, viz., a citizen of the modern world, with every faculty of thought and emotion richly developed.

"CULTURE AND SCIENCE."

(A Review of Professor Sonnenschein's Address, delivered Oct. 1st, 1885.)

Our readers will be glad to know that the able and interesting address on "Culture and Science," delivered at the opening of the present session by the Chairman of the Academic Board, will appear in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. It deserves careful and thoughtful perusal by every student of literature and physical science.

Professor Sonnenschein begins by vindicating the right of Philology to rank as a science, both as regards its methods and its educative value. "Letters admit of a scientific treatment just as much as the phenomena of light or the circulation of the blood." Science is an important element in culture, forming habits of independent research and orderly conception; but culture, or "the complete spiritual development of the individual," cannot be fully attained by the analytic methods of science. The synthetic spirit of poetry or philosophy must weave the isolated parts into a living whole. The poet's aim is to build up again in his own soul the unity of things, which science is always breaking down." It is further suggested that "some of the highest generalisations of science are in a large degree of the nature of poetry—anticipations of nature, conceived and believed long before anything like adequate evidence was forthcoming."

We note with pleasure that Professor Sonnenschein says a kind word for our social life, as developed in "common rooms and Union." All will unite in the hope that the ideal University attractively pictured towards the close of the address may not long remain a Utopian dream.

C. C. W. N.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Girton Review* opens with a retrospect of the term, in which the dominant note is one of "meteorological depression." An article entitled "Educated women as technical workers," deals with the urgent need of a wider field of employment for the increasing numbers of gentlewomen dependent on their own exertions for a livelihood. It is proposed to establish a sort of "Dressmaking College," where all the "hands" shall share in the profits, live under the same roof, and be subject to a Lady Principal; and where the order of the day so far from being a mere weary iteration of "work, work, work," shall admit of "blessed leisure" for gymnastic exercises, lawn tennis, and even a certain amount of study. Walter Besant, in his "All sorts and conditions of men," has made us familiar with the idea; we shall watch with interest for its practical realisation at Cambridge.

The interest of the *Reptonian* is almost exclusively confined to members of the School. It contains little that is literary; much that is athletic. In fact, cricket even invades the Repton Parnassus, and is glorified at the expense of "the puny game lawn-tennis," which never (to the author's mind) the sport of "decent men is." We should like to quote some more poetry, but the dread of a sarcastic notice in "*their contemporaries*" restrains us.

Besides the above, we acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the *King Edward's School Chronicle* (2), the *Haileyburian* (2), *Laurel Leaves*, the *Marlburian* (2), and the *Eagle*.
C. E. B.

THE UNION.

October 9th.—"Holiday Notes" were read by various members.

Miss E. JORDAN treated chiefly of a visit of some months at Heidelberg. Having previously qualified her remarks by describing well the difficulties in the way of mutual appreciation between nations, she made some generalizations on the social side of German life, which elicited considerable amusement.

Mr. EHRHARDT's first day in Hamburg included a drive round the vast artificial lake, and the varied experiences of *Börse*, *Bierkeller*, and "Private Secretary."

Mr. STERN read notes on North Wales, Miss CHARLES on Kilcreggan, and Mr. HART on a Tricycling Tour of 300 miles in Ireland.

At this meeting Dr. Windle, Professor of Anatomy at Queen's College, was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Union. The following were elected ordinary members: Miss E. Lewis, Mrs. A. J. Cudworth, Messrs. G. F. Daniell, B. W. Housman, W. Gibson, and A. J. Wyatt.

October 16th.—Debate: "That the General Policy of the Liberal Government since 1880 has been worthy of support."

Mr. BARRATT, in opening the debate, made a few general observations.

Mr. JENKYN BROWN began by reviewing the actions of the late Government. He said that concerning domestic legislation he would say little, only remarking that the extension of the franchise was associated with Conservative influence. In Ireland, the Government had introduced a most stringent

Coercion Act, and had followed it up by giving away the property of others. In South Africa, where the Congo Settlements had been annexed by Germany, in Polynesia, where New Guinea had been occupied by the same Power, in Abyssinia, and most of all in Egypt, the Liberal policy was to be condemned. It was true that it would have been more expensive to have carried these undertakings through, but England was the civilising power of the world.

Miss LINDSEY would begin with the Foreign Policy, as of the less importance. Justice should come first, Patriotism afterwards. After touching on the withdrawal from unjust wars in Afghanistan and South Africa, Miss Lindsey reviewed the history of Egyptian affairs during the last ten years, in which she admitted that the Government had committed errors of judgment. With regard to Ireland, she pointed out that coercion was supported by the Conservatives, and that it was immediately followed by the remedial measure, the Land Act. In their domestic legislation the Government had acted in accord with justice, humanity and right, a proposition which was demonstrated by a long list of beneficial reforms.

Miss HOPKINS complained that the Government had had no definite end in view throughout, and that their policy, especially in Egypt, had been one of vacillation. Of the Franchise and Redistribution Acts, the effect had yet to be tried. Their expenditure was large, their administration bad, and it was a hand-to-mouth policy throughout.

Mr. LARNER gave a long list of various measures of reform passed during each session. The Boers had had justice done to them, the united action of European Powers was being secured, and the Afghan difficulty was satisfactorily settled.

Mr. LOVE pointed out that expenditure must necessarily be great where progress was great, and that consequently relative retrenchment might have taken place.

Mr. DELL remarked that we were not dealing with an abstract Government, and that though the Liberals had made mistakes they were nevertheless worthy of support. If we were not governed by Liberals, we should be ruled by Parnellites and Tory Democrats. Of the latter, Mr. Dell could form no conception, unless they were people who were Tories with Tories, and Democrats with Democrats. In Ireland, the recent outbursts of boycotting followed immediately on the reinstatement of Conservatives.

Miss NADEN said that it was easier to blame than to praise a Government. There was no means of measuring the absolute value of a policy, we could only form an idea of relative merit. There seemed to be two classes of Conservatives, the Old Conservatives, who favoured such a policy as Coercion, and the New, who were going to give federal government to Ireland. The New Conservative policy would be Liberalism + Water; it was to be feared that in course of time the Liberalism would disappear, and only water would remain.

Messrs. WILLIAMS, SMITHSON, and ANDREWS spoke for, and Mr. MOGG against the motion.

In replying, Mr. BARRATT remarked that it was late. The votes were then taken—ayes 31, noes 11.

At this meeting Mrs. Hawey, Mrs. Rabone, Misses A. B. Flint, Beale, N. Marris, Fallows, Goodman, E. Brooks, S. Summerfield, M. J. Lloyd, and Kirby, Messrs. C. Marston, E. J. Rainsford, G. F. Brindley, F. MacSwiney, T. Johnson, Lazzaridis, W. L. O. Ward, R. E. Dell, Milward, A. Browett, E. H. Simpson, Reynolds, W. Robinson, G. H. Hancock, and G. S. Hill were elected members of the Union.

W. C. W.

POESY CLUB.

October 15th.—Professor ARBER, President, in the chair. This was the first meeting of the session, and the President, after remarking that no similar institution existed in any other college, as far as he knew, and describing how the club came to be formed, proceeded to read the rules which had been framed for the guidance of the Society. Some discussion took place as to the authority necessary for their alteration. After the rules had been finally accepted, and Miss Ehrhardt, Miss Naden, and Mr. Ledsam had been elected committee members, the President went on to sketch out the aims of the Society, describing the nature of the various meetings and competitions which would from time to time be held.

The ballot in the Quotation Competition was then taken, and while this was going forward, Mr. MARTINEAU, B.A., was called upon for his paper on "Herrick." He delineated as far as possible the character of the poet from his poems, showing that though much of his poetry was very beautiful, there was often self-consciousness and superficiality about his verses. Summing up, the reader condemned Herrick's character as of a *dilettante* type—he wrote exquisite lyrics, as far as charm and sentiment went, but there was no strength or manliness in them.

Mr. W. R. JORDAN then read his paper. He regretted that Herrick included in his works so many epigrams, trivial couplets, &c., and also complained of his too frequent repetition of the same idea. He commended Herrick's amatory lyrics, especially those of his poems which treat of country life and manners. The reader praised Herrick's versification, and his powers of illustration and description, and thought that it was in the nature, not the treatment, of his subjects that he failed to be great.

Miss NADEN, in her paper, remarked as to Herrick's view of life, that he assumed the enjoyment of it, and only regretted it was so short. She criticised the sources of his inspiration, and questioned his earnestness. With regard to Herrick's style, while pointing out that some of his lyrics were made beautiful by obvious labour, the reader noted several defects and inelegances of versification in his works. It was especially by superficial details that Herrick's eye was caught, and he seemed incapable of looking below the surface.

The result of the ballot in the Quotation Competition was the final selection of the following, as the best of twenty quotations from Herrick, contributed by members of the club :

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.—*Seek and Find.*

A few suggestive observations from the President on one or two points ended the meeting.

Although the business occupied an undue proportion of the time, this opening meeting of the club proved a great success, the papers being thoughtful and admirably expressive of the general opinion of those who had conscientiously studied the subject.

W. C. W. AND W. R. J.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

October 8th.—Professor POYNTING in the chair. The vacancies in the Committee were filled up by the election of Miss Charles as Secretary, Miss France, Mr. James, and Mr. Williams. Mr. W. L. O. Ward and Mr. G. F. Daniell were elected members of the Society.

Mr. LOVE then delivered an address on "The Different Forms in which the Wave Theory of Light has been presented." This does not readily lend itself to the pen of the reporter, and may be seen in its entirety in the archives of the Society.

Mr. JAMES read a note on "The Boiling of Water in Glass Vessels." His experiments, performed in conjunction with Mr. Holcroft, showed that the high temperature of the steam produced was not due to radiation from the water or to conduction from the sides of the containing vessel, but was in some way connected with the irregular expulsion of dissolved air.

A short discussion followed each paper.

W. C. W.

STUDENTS' COMMON ROOM.

General Meeting, held October 12th, Mr. C. P. LARNER in the chair. The affairs of the Newspaper Club were taken over by the Common Room Committee.

A new Committee, consisting of Messrs. J. F. Jordan, A. L. Stern, T. J. Baker, H. Mason (Hon. Sec.), G. D. Freer, T. James, and W. Bennet was elected.

It was further decided to start a fund for the improvement of the Common Room.

A. L. S.

MASON COLLEGE TENNIS CLUB.

Encouraged by the success which had attended the meeting of this club throughout the season, the Committee determined to hold a Tennis Tournament in September. The date fixed for its commencement was Tuesday, September 15th, and the courts proved to be in good condition, though much anxiety had been previously felt. The events confined to members of the club were played off first, these being the Ladies' Doubles, the Mixed Doubles, and the Gentlemen's Singles. Several rounds of the Ladies' Doubles were played off, and Miss L. J. Charles and Miss Loreille were left in after the second round, in which they beat Miss France and Miss Dell. Of the Gentlemen's Singles, Professor Loreille beat Mr. Stern, Mr. Hart—Mr.

Dammann, Mr. J. F. Jordan—Mr. Clayton, and Mr. G. St. Johnston—Professor Sonnenschein. The next morning one of the most exciting matches of the Tournament was played between Mr. J. F. Jordan and Mr. G. St. Johnston, which ended in a victory for the latter (6—3) (6—4). At first both played the same style of game, but in the second set Mr. Jordan took to volleying; this was baffled by Mr. St. Johnston's well known style of play, which enabled him to win six games running after his opponent had won the first four.

On Thursday the open events, namely, the Gentlemen's Doubles and Ladies' Singles began, and sixteen matches were played, the two courts very kindly lent by the Waverley Club being used. The open events were very successful, the very able play of many of the competitors affording great interest to the on-lookers. Among the gentlemen may be mentioned Messrs. English and Nicol, who beat Messrs. Sturge and then Messrs. A. and J. Ehrhardt, and were finally beaten by Messrs. Clayton and St. Johnston. The match between Messrs. W. F. Carter and J. F. Jordan and Messrs. France was also very interesting, the play of the younger Mr. France being wonderfully good. Another good match, that between Messrs. B. F. Jordan and Malins and Messrs. Clayton and G. St. Johnston, resulted in a victory for the latter in spite of the excellent service of Mr. Malins. The brilliant play of Mr. Clayton at the net and the efficient back play of Mr. G. St. Johnston must also be noted. In the Ladies' Singles the play of Miss Saunders attracted great attention, her steady slogging enabling her to win her set love.

On Friday the Ladies' Doubles were finished, resulting in a victory for the Misses L. J. Charles and Loreille, after a very even contest with the Misses Albright and Charles. The Mixed Doubles were also finished, Mr. Smythe and Miss L. J. Charles beating Professor Sonnenschein and Miss W. France. On Saturday afternoon Messrs. Carter and Jordan beat Messrs. Smythe and C. St. Johnston, the play being very even, although it was evident that the former were the stronger team. They then played Messrs. Clayton and G. St. Johnston, the latter winning (6—4), (2—6), (6—3), after a most hardly contested game, throughout which the skill and agility of Mr. G. St. Johnston were such as to excite the admiration of all enthusiasts. The second prize in the Gentlemen's Singles was also played for, Mr. J. F. Jordan beating successively Mr. Hart and Professor Sonnenschein. The Ladies' Singles resulted in a victory for Miss Saunders, who beat Miss L. J. Charles (6—0) (6—2) and Miss Short (6—4) (6—0). The prizes were then distributed by Mrs. Sonnenschein, as follows:—

LADIES' DOUBLES—Miss L. J. Charles, Miss Loreille.

MIXED DOUBLES (presented by Mrs. Charles)—Miss L. J. Charles, Mr. Smythe.

GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES. 1st prize—Mr. G. St. Johnston

2nd prize (presented by Mrs. Charles)—Mr. J. F. Jordan.

GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES—Open—Mr. Clayton, Mr. G. St. Johnston.

LADIES' SINGLES—Open—Miss Saunders.

J. C.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Sir Josiah Mason on the first day of the Session (October 1st) attracted many Mason College students to the Council Chamber, where they listened with the greatest pleasure to the address of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. From individual and national, material and ideal standpoints he admirably demonstrated the supreme necessities of the future in the direction of increased scientific instruction in all our educational institutions. One characteristic of the address was the number of quotations from the sayings of famous men, both past and present, which it contained.

In the afternoon, according to the usual custom, the Mason College Prize Distribution took place. After the President of the Council, Mr. J. T. BUNCE, had made a few preliminary remarks, and had read the list of external honours gained during the past year, he requested Sir JOHN LUBBOCK to address the meeting and distribute the prizes. The remarks of the latter to non-prize winners were encouraging, and his advice on the distribution and utilisation of spare time was of a kind that few could despise.

Professor SONNENSCHNIGER then gave an admirable address on "Culture and Science," reviewed elsewhere in the present number. It is a great pity that these prize distributions of ours are so very lengthy, for it seems unfair both to the reader and to his audience that this part of the proceedings, perhaps the most important of the whole, should be commenced only after an hour's previous ceremony.

The evening saw the College again filled for the *Conversazione*. The most attractive features were the two concerts given in the Chemistry Theatre by Synner and Gilmer's Band and the Birmingham Glee Union. In each department of the College various exhibitions were on view, and appropriate experiments performed, to such an extent that it would be impossible with our limited space to give an account of them all. In the Mathematics Theatre a magnificent collection of coins and medals was exhibited by M. RIVOIR; in the Biological Museum—a focus of great interest—was, among other things, a most extensive collection of birds' eggs, while vortex rings and other amazing phenomena drew their fair share of attention in the Chemical Laboratory. The exhibits in the Geological class rooms suffered from inaccessibility, no one being allowed to go up lest they should "meet the stream." The Museum, with its Irish Elk, was, however, popular, judging from the mass of people continually surging to and fro on the stairs. A number of microscopes were exhibited by the Natural History Society, and the Physical Laboratory was resplendent with apparatus for physical measurements. In the basement was "machinery in motion," and the clay model for the bust of Dr. Heslop was on view in Professor Poynting's room. Unto the inner man it was ministered in the Examination Hall; this department was fairly well attended, perhaps better than when the room fulfils its normal purpose.

W. C. W.

RECENT UNIVERSITY AND OTHER HONOURS.

London.—Mr. L. J. POPE.....	B.A.	1st Division.
„ Mr. E. A. SADLER.....	Int. M.B.	„
„ Mr. E. H. SNELL	Int. M.B.	2nd Division.
„ Miss A. SHEPPARD.....	Prel. Sci.	1st Division.
„ Miss M. D. STURGE	Prel. Sci.	„
„ Mr. G. T. C. BARBER...	Prel. Sci.	„
„ Mr. S. NICKLIN	Prel. Sci.	2nd Division.
„ Miss J. CHARLES	Int. Sci.	1st Division.
„ Mr. A. L. STERN	Int. Sci.	„

Miss Charles obtained 2nd class honours in both Chemistry and Botany.

Mr. Stern 3rd class honours in Chemistry.

SCHOLARSHIPS. — Miss CHARLES, holding the highest place among women in the Intermediate Science Examination of July last, has been offered a studentship of £30 for two years at Bedford College, London. Mr. F. D. CHATTAWAY has taken a National Scholarship of £60 for three years at the Royal School of Mines, London. Mr. A. J. MARTIN has won a Scholarship of £10 for three years at University College, Aberystwith. Mr. A. L. STEEN has obtained at Mason College, the Scholarship of £30 for first-year students, Mr. F. J. BLATCH an extra Scholarship of £30, and Mr. C. J. LAY an extra Scholarship of £20, both at Mason College.

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- 3.—LOCAL GOVERNMENT. M. D. CHALGHEM.
- 4.—JUSTICE AND POLICE. F. W. MATTLAND.
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THE STUDENTS.

DECEMBER, 1885.

CONTENTS.

A Modern Mystic.
Birmingham Art Gallery.
Norway.
Oxford Letter.
Our Contemporaries.
The Union.

College Societies.
Poetry Club.
Students' Common Room.
Cyclists' Club.
Football.
Correspondence.

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CALENDAR.

- December 1.—TUESDAY—Meeting of French Debating Society.
,, 5.—SATURDAY—Botanical Society. "Symbiosis," Miss Mathews.
,, 10.—THURSDAY—Physical Society.
,, 11.—FRIDAY—Challenge Debate (7 o'clock): Mason College
Union v. Midland Institute.
,, 14.—MONDAY—Winter Term Examinations begin.
,, 16.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.
,, 18.—FRIDAY—Winter Term ends.
-

THE MODERN MYSTIC.

"Fancies that broke through language and escaped."—R. BROWNING.

The old mystics of the world were greatly aided in the belief of the ideas which they affected by the ignorance of physical-laws which then obtained. The phenomena of Nature were to them signs of the pleasure or anger of their gods, given as rewards to the faithful, or warnings to the disobedient. Nay more, in early Pantheism, every simple process was the especial care of a particular deity. The Naiad guided the course of the mountain stream, the Dryad watched the budding of the oak, the Oread clothed the hill-side with grass, while the whirlpool was the chosen instrument of an enraged Fury for the destruction of her victims. Again in the Middle Ages all ideas of Nature and its controlling forces were given to the people by the priests. To question the accuracy of the explanations of Aristotle would have been nothing short of flat heresy. Having thus a system, belief in which was accepted and enforced by the hierarchy, there was no great inclination to criticise its soundness, or to pursue further the ramifications of the workings of Natural Law. It is not neglect of truth that can be laid to the charge of these mediæval mystics; on the contrary they were

extremely anxious to discover truth. The avenues through which they thought to find her were not, however, the hard and dusty roads of Science, but the misty and ever-shifting bridges formed by the fleecy clouds of their own imaginations. Living in seclusion, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," with no idea of any of the great and comprehensive laws which govern the universe, and wrapped in self-contemplation, the results of these great laws were to them a vision of the Deity, or a soul-rapture. Saint Theresa, for instance, kneeling for hours and hours on the stony pavement of her cell, while the evening deepened into night, and night again gave way to morning, fatigued by her long watching for some sign that God would speak to her soul, wearied with hunger and exhaustion—what wonder if, when the physical nature rebelled and gave her pain, she imagined it was the looked-for message; and, as her thoughts ran on and her energies became more prostrate, the self-consciousness was interpreted as the voice of God, and the mystic arose with another vision to record for the encouragement of her fellow-saints.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. Galileo and Newton, Hobbes and Descartes have put another aspect on these matters; and we recognize nightmare now as the result of a good supper, not as a visitation of the Evil One. Nay, there are some who even grudge the Devil his due, and are inclined to doubt his very existence. The knowledge which we possess of Nature and of its ruling principles, the glimpses which we have obtained into the working of the endless chain of creation and change, of decay and renewing birth, have led us to question everything supernatural. We have gone on from year to year converting the supernatural into the natural, and have by a very simple process come to believe that what many now regard as miraculous and inexplicable may one day be seen to be only the natural result of a law yet to be found out. Devotion to the interests of the world at large, self-sacrifice for our neighbours, and the pursuit of truth as shewn by scientific methods, so absorb our thoughts and energies that the life of silent meditation and vacant watching is no longer possible; and our self-contemplation, instead of ascribing our thoughts to a divine influence, is ever directed towards the analysis of our ideas and the discovery of their origin and nature. And so the dreamy visions, the quaint fancies, the mediæval mysticism, all are dead and buried in the grave which has been dug for them by Modern Thought.

Is mysticism therefore dead ; or has it only changed its form along with our ideas of Nature and Science ? The heathen mystic, who heard the voice of his God in the rustling of the breeze, or saw his anger in the thunderstorm, became no less mystical when he gave up these beliefs and found the voice of God in the promptings of his heart ; nor did Rafael Aben Ezra, however different they were in other respects, own a less mysterious faith when he changed Neo-Platonism for Christianity—the force of a conception of beauty, for the force of the perception of a character. And can it be maintained that as Science reveals to us the laws which govern life and change, it at the same time destroys the mystery by which those laws and their workings are surrounded ? It is true that familiarity breeds contempt, but it by no means follows that the familiar object is contemptible—the fault is too often on the other side. Let us take for example the case of a flame. The mystery of fire was one of the earliest objects of veneration and worship in the history of the world. The peculiar property of the King of Heaven, whose existence upon earth could only be accounted for by supposing it to have been brought here by a God who loved mankind ; the recognized means to sanctify a sacrifice which without it was incomplete and unacceptable—it thus figures in the earliest mythology of two distinct nations. Among a third it was also regarded as a divine element, as possessing life in itself ; and a temple was erected in which special ministers, pure virgins, were appointed to tend it, so that it should never lack the means of life, but should by its perpetual presence be a constant sacrifice to the goddess of the shrine. And now that we know the constituents of a flame, the materials of which it is composed, and the processes they are undergoing ; now that the chemistry of combustion is studied in every board-school, is a flame a less mysterious thing than before, has the element of life departed from it, and do we wonder less at its curious existence ? We behold its wondrous birth, we watch it sometimes hovering betwixt earth and heaven as if uncertain whether to remain or no, we see it slowly winding around its prey, enshrouding its victim in the most beautiful of winding-sheets, and softly caressing that which it devours. This strange visitor, which seemed so loth to stay when it was but just created, possesses the germ of an awful energy and force : towering aloft in fiery pinnacles, wreathing itself into fantastic shapes, it defies the elements ; and, battling to the end, wreaking its utmost vengeance on that which it grips in its death-

like clutches, it ceases not until the work of destruction is complete, and then, with a scornful flicker, vanishes into the gloom from whence it came. Rather than cease to wonder at the flame, we should begin to marvel that we understand it, and can call it into life.

“ Fire is in the flint : true, once a spark escapes,
Fire forgets the kinship, soars till fancy shapes
Some befitting cradle where the babe had birth—
Wholly heaven's the product, unallied to earth.
Splendours recognized as perfect in the star !
In our flint their home was, housed as now they are.”

In olden times certain numbers had mystical properties, and were of constant occurrence in divine rites, and matters connected with the worship of the higher Powers. The Golden Candlestick with its seven branches was the prototype of the seven stars seen by the aged sage of Patmos ; the divinities of Olympus, the virgin priestesses of early Gaul, and the holy snakes of South India, were all nine in number ; while the Trinity of Godhead occurs among the Brahmins, the Persians, the Egyptians, and the Scandinavians. This mystery has to a very great extent disappeared ; and, with the general progress and use of mathematics, all numbers have come to be considered as on an equal footing. But have we done with the mystic element ? Have we not, in stripping certain numbers of a peculiar property and a mysterious existence, found others which have taken their place ? The Recurring Decimal, for instance, has a value which can never be exactly determined, and the final calculation of it is only to be made when we can grasp the idea of an infinity. And in nothing is there inherent more mysterious power and force than in that mighty but incomprehensible quantity, the square root of -1 . We cannot conceive it, we fail to imagine the possibility of its existence, it represents a process hitherto all but unknown ; and yet we use it with perfect confidence, knowing that it will not fail us, but will be a trusty agent whenever we employ it. The time may not be far distant when we shall see that it is perfectly natural and comprehensible, that it is the expression of a very simple process ; but at present it has carried mystery everywhere. It has shewn us that every number has an infinite number of logarithms, instead of only one as we used to believe ; it has enabled us to find factors of quantities which have hitherto defied all attempts at disintegration ; it has actually proved that an imaginary angle can have been a real cosine. It has intro-

duced methods which unclose the doors to vast treasures of knowledge, it is the "open sesame" with which we command the portals of the enchanted cavern to fly back. We use it with the greatest familiarity and nonchalance, forgetting that we are dealing with an incomprehensible, and, as we had been taught, non-existent quantity. Truly the Science of Numbers is no less mysterious than of yore !

Again, it used to be held that there were hidden and potent qualities for good or evil, in certain arrangements of lines. The sorcerer, when he wished to protect himself from the fury of the evil spirits whom he feared, sat in the centre of a magic circle ; the Pentalfa was the symbol of complete physical and spiritual wholeness ; circles, triangles, and other figures were of constant use in charms and religious observances. We have grown wiser now. We do not, as Pythagoras is said to have done on a certain occasion, offer a sacrifice to the Deity when we discover a new theorem, or property in Geometry. The circle and the triangle are to us but special forms of a larger class of figures ; and the properties of the former, which were a cause of so much wonder and awe to the ancients, are now only particular cases of more general rules. But even the circle has not yet escaped from the realms of darkness. All efforts to square it have hitherto failed ; and, although the value of π has been calculated to 707 places of decimals by some hard-headed materialist, yet "the interesting fact remains" that the final result, however near we may approximate, is quite unattainable. But while we have cleared away the mystery which hung around these elementary figures, we have brought to light other figures and curves whose mysterious properties are far more puzzling, and whose vagaries are beyond our imagination. The hyperbola touches its asymptote at an infinite distance from the centre of measurement, in one direction ; and it likewise touches the same straight line at an infinite distance from the same point, measured in the diametrically opposite direction. And, by methods entirely sound and trustworthy, we can prove that these two points are one and the same. Or, similarly, if we fix one point on a circle, we can get to the other end of the diameter by two paths along the circumference, the upper or the lower. If we make the radius of this circle infinite, the circle becomes a straight line, and we proceed from our fixed starting-place in two exactly opposite directions to find the same point. We can have impossible straight lines which intersect in a real point, just as we can have real

straight lines which intersect in an impossible point. We can find, sometimes, a curve which will consist of an oval in one part of a plane, while a stray point in another part will fulfil all the conditions, and thus demonstrate its claim to be considered as a portion of the curve. The air is thick with phantoms; impossible loci hover around us like weird and ghostly spectres, real points at which they meet start into existence and stand out like so many glaring eyes in the endless confusion of our dream; the equation will wind and wander through tortuous mazes, losing itself in the vast infinities, and ever turning up where it was least expected; while the head reels and the imagination is prostrate in contemplation of the awful unreality. Neither has Geometry yet freed itself from the presence of the mysterious!

It hardly needs to be said, but it may just be remarked in passing, that the most powerful functions, the most accurate measurements, are not infallible in their development. Taylor's Theorem, for instance, known as one of the most powerful methods of all modern analysis, entirely fails, and is completely useless, when it comes to deal with infinity; indeed, infinity, although it is spoken of with some familiarity, and is expressed by a sign just as if it were a quantity we could imagine and measure, yet has hitherto eluded all attempts to deal with it, and to subject it to the same laws and treatment as are applied to more plastic and less obstinate quantities. The development of functions, the theoretical machinery of our action, is powerless before this mighty conception; and the subjection of this mathematical Goliath within any measurable time is, to say the least, very problematical.

Thus while the early mystics were aided by their ignorance, we are in the same position. We have learnt something, but have come to see that there is something still unknown, and at present unknowable. The circle rounds itself. We work through knowledge to ignorance; the more we learn the more we are conscious of how little we know. Each object that appears to us unsurmountable is, when once we have scaled its heights, only the vantage-ground from which we see the further peaks, and tracts of hitherto untrodden snow; the seeming end of our journey is but the starting-point for a future goal. The increased power we gain gives us an increased perception of what is still to be done; the grasping an idea which has till now escaped us, shews us new fields in which our imaginations may rove. The more we see, and the more we find out, the larger is our perception of the analogy which runs

through all our results ; each new property or function is seen to hold the others in its grasp. The last includes the first, as the full moon is the realization of all the less perfect phases. As we contemplate this result we can never rest on our oars and say that here the stream stops flowing, here we have at last arrived at final truth. Truth, by all means, we obtain in larger portions day by day, and hour by hour ; but the final consummation is not yet. The fourth dimension looms in the distance ; we toy with it, we apply our equations, but the power to imagine has not yet arrived ; we must be content to go groping on by the light of our few faint candles, through the mazy passages, before we can come to the realms of Everlasting Day.

There was an old idea—I believe it was born of that mystic philosopher Plato—that everything on earth is but the realization, more or less imperfect, of the maker's conception, more or less misty, of an eternal and typical ideal which existed in the heavens. Rising on this thought we see that all laws, all properties, all imagination, are but the shadows cast by a great light on the obscurity of our vision—that all are but suggestions for the final perfection. Thus the Mystic finds the basis of his position. Surrounded on all sides by the incomprehensible, he is content to grant a limit to his understanding ; seeing mystery in everything—in the fall of a pebble or the rolling of the tide, just as much as in the circling of a world through space—he confesses himself always to be a humble learner ; but in his highest dreams he looks forward to the day when the paradox will be solved, when the shadows will flee away, when the rift in the clouds will expand in rainbow hues, and the glorious sun of Eternal Knowledge will shine upon us as we find ourselves surrounded by the clear æther and the infinite firmament of Everlasting Truth.

C. E. M.

BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY, NOVEMBER 28, 1885.

Forgotten is the workshop's toil and din,
The squalid home, the street's monotony,
The stifling air of sordid poverty :
Forgotten too the load of care and sin.

Here, in this world of art, new lives begin ;
No soul so dead but feels the sorcery
Of wondrous pictures of earth, sky, and sea.
No work-worn man but here new powers may win.

He looks at Nature through the artist's eyes,
And sees the spirit-grace of beauteous forms ;
Beholds strange, far-off lands, and takes his fill

Of all the pleasures of Italian skies.
Sees man in god-like lineaments, and warms
To noble deeds portrayed with noble skill.

*NORWAY:**A DAY AT THE SKJEGGEDAL FOSS.*

On Thursday, July 2nd, 1885, whilst travelling in Norway with a party of friends, I went to see the Skjeggedal Foss, supposed by many to be the grandest waterfall in Europe. Opinions are, however, very much divided between its claims to pre-eminence and those of the Vörings Foss. But although the latter falls from a greater height, the volume of water in the Skjeggedal Foss is much greater, and the surrounding scenery is grander.

Our party numbered six, and we were accompanied by two guides. We left our hotel at Odde (a little village at the Sogne-fiord, a branch of the Hardanger), about eight o'clock in the morning.

On reaching the quay we found only one leaky boat, in which we were rowed up the fiord. The sea here is very narrow, and the banks on both sides exceedingly steep and lofty ; on the left is the Folgefond Glacier, which shows its white edge at intervals between the crevices of the cliffs. The overhanging ledges of ice are very beautiful, displaying that marvellous sapphire colour with

which every glacier student is familiar. The right bank is more precipitous than the left; huge masses of rock being piled one upon the other. The water of the Hardanger Fiord has a dark green tint, and is upwards of 1,000 feet in depth—a particularly interesting fact to us, because the wind was rather fresh, and our boat filled with water so rapidly that one guide was continually employed in baling it out. After two hours' rowing through splendid scenery, we came to a wild gorge on the right bank, through which flow the foaming waters of the Skjeggedal. Here two or three cottages are situated, constituting the hamlet of Tyssedal. Our course at first lay through a fine wood of firs, the path becoming gradually steeper and less defined. In some places it consisted only of the trunk of a tree fixed along the sloping side of a granite rock by means of an iron bolt, and on this precarious footing we successfully practised a series of tight-rope performances.

We next had to crawl over a kind of plateau of bare rock, which was quite smooth, and terminated abruptly in a precipice. The path then led along the brink of another precipice, but its dangers were concealed by bushes and trees. Here we nearly had a terrible accident. A gentleman, who was walking in front of me, suddenly lost his footing and slipped over the edge. Even in the horror of that moment, Ruskin's words flashed through my brain: "*Only fools and madmen risk their lives in climbing dangerous mountains.*"

Our unfortunate friend fell a distance of about 30 feet, and there clung to a tiny bush, until a tall Norwegian scrambled down to his help, and succeeded in bringing him to the path again. The guides said they had never seen such a narrow escape, and insisted upon our taking brandy all round "to steady our nerves." After resting half-an-hour we proceeded on our way, and soon reached the highest point of the ascent, when we congratulated ourselves that all danger was passed. But we soon came to a stair-case that surpassed all structures of the kind I have ever seen. It consisted of rough irregular steps projecting an inch or two beyond each other. On the one side was a lofty wall of rock, dripping wet, and covered with moss, affording no hold; and on the other a rough and rickety handrail, by no means secure. Below these steps was a precipice 1,200 feet deep, at the bottom of which raged a mighty torrent. We crawled down the stair-case, clinging to every projection, and then had a rapid descent over rugged ground.

Suddenly we came upon a little oasis in the wilderness, a little bit of cultivated land, on which stood a solitary farm-house, where we hired the services of a very remarkable specimen of humanity. He was a man about sixty years old, blind, dumb, and idiotic; he had no chin, his face being the exact fac-simile of a bird, and yet this strange creature would walk over places where no one else would dare to go.

About a hundred yards from the farm is a little vand or lake, across which we were speedily ferried; then clambering up the side of a craggy knoll we came to the edge of another lake, four miles in length and about half a mile in width called the Ringedals Vand. It is upwards of 1000 feet above the level of the Hardanger Fiord, and is surrounded on every side (except where it discharges itself in a cataract) by lofty mountains which rise perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of about 3000 feet. We next took a boat and were rowed to the Skjeggedal Foss. The water is so icy cold that no fish can live in it, and is between two and three hundred fathoms deep; its varied tints are very beautiful—gleams of emerald vanishing in transparent aqua-marine, and strangely mingled with the dark blue hues of the deeper parts.

Several waterfalls pour down the cliffs, the finest of which is the Tyssestrengene. About half a mile further up the lake, the rocks coming together, have closed up the entrance, so that we found ourselves surrounded on every side by vertical precipices through which there seemed no outlet. We pictured the ghostly crew of Charon sailing over the Stygian lake, and our friend with the bird-like face seemed to me a fitting representative of Charon himself. There was something awful in the scenery, the overhanging rocks making the light appear dim and feeble. We were almost chilled to death by the cold air, and realised then how impossible it is to live in Norway without being superstitious, for the powers of nature are so terrible and grand that they cannot fail to be invested with a dread control over humanity.

Turning the corner of a projecting rock we at last saw the Skjeggedal Foss. The body of water is enormous, and upwards of 580 feet in height. It falls sheer down from the edge of a precipice without touching the rock, and with a noise that is deafening. We landed on a bank at the foot of the rocks, and, wrapped in our waterproofs, proceeded to inspect the fall more closely. There, through a dense mist of spray, we saw snow lining the sides of the cauldron into which the cataract rushes. We watched it with a

fearful interest until reminded that time was flying, and that we still had a long and dangerous walk before us.

We reached Odde about ten o'clock at night, having spent a most memorable day.

N. S.

OXFORD LETTER.

The most important event of the term has been the legislation with regard to Pass Moderations for Science and Mathematical men. Hitherto they have had to take this classical examination at the end of their first year, their special work being thus much hampered. Henceforth for such men there will be an extra subject of a literary or philosophical nature added to Responsions, and this examination having been taken before they come up, they will be able at once to proceed with their own line of work. Pass Mods. has been the great hindrance to men reading Science here, and now it has been removed, no doubt their numbers will greatly increase. There are also to be Special Mods. for men reading Law or History for their final schools.

The reproach that the Oxford Science School does not produce men who do original work now no longer holds good. Zoologists will recognise the great value of work which has recently been done in various lines of animal morphology by Messrs. Poulton, Spencer, and Fowler, while Mr. Bourne has gone out exploring to the Pacific, and Mr. Sclatter to British Guiana. On the other hand, Mr. H. B. Baker has received a Government grant from the Royal Society to enable him to continue his important researches on combustion in dried gases.

"Town and Gown" was much more lively this year than usual. Last year the weather was so wet that no one ventured out of doors if he could help, and consequently there was no disturbance. The Vice-Chancellor alluded to this in his speech at the beginning of term, and congratulated the University and Town that "*anilis illa sive puerilis rixa*" had ceased. This year, however, the weather was fine, and there was a great row. A good many men were "run in" by the police, who of course aided the Town, and finally were released by the Proctors, only to be censured and fined.

We have had several addresses from Professor Drummond, the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, who was invited to come down by the Warden of All Souls, the President of Trinity, and others. His well-known name attracted many, so many indeed that the hall of Trinity, in which the first meeting was held, was far too small to contain all who went. Some bold spirits, unable to get in through the doors, managed to climb in by a window. The sight of first a mortar board, followed by a pair of shoulders, coming in through the window, was not a little ridiculous and rather incongruous with the solemn nature of the address. While all agreed in admiring the fluency of the Professor, not a few were dissatisfied either with the theology or the biology.

Signs of the coming election everywhere meet the eye. Not only do blue or red bills in windows indicate committee rooms, but the politically-minded town-youth expresses his sympathies or antipathies on the mouldering walls of ancient colleges, which are bechalked with exhortations to vote for Hall or Fyffe.

The election is to take place on November 26th, and on the same day the University chooses a Professor of Poetry. We had hoped Mr. Matthew Arnold would again have filled the chair, but he has refused to become a candidate on the ground that he had already expressed his good wishes for Mr. F. T. Palgrave's success. The other candidates are Mr. W. J. Courthope and the Rev. R. W. Dixon, the author of a *History of the English Church*, and a poem, *Mano*, recently published.

A subject that has been exciting great discussion is the desirability or undesirability of the removal of Iffley Lock. This is only part of a complex scheme of drainage which involves the general lowering of the summer level of the Isis and Cherwell. It is claimed that this scheme, when carried out, will prevent the occurrence of summer floods and the consequent destruction of crops; while on the other hand, the malarious exhalations arising from the sodden fields lining the banks will cease, and the sanitary condition of Oxford be proportionately improved. Those who know Iffley will besorry, from an artistic point of view, that the picturesque old lock is to be removed, though the boating men will have a clear course of nearly five miles.

A. B. B.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The *Reptonian*, as usual, devotes most of its space to athletic news. We are glad to hear that the Debating Society is increasing in favour. An animated discussion on Vivisection, which lasted two evenings, extorted from one member of the school the startling confession that he was an adept in the art, having frequently practised on his brother. We hope this aspirant to medical fame will continue to devote his attentions to members of his own family. The most interesting of the three poems in this number is the panegyric ode on "Obstinacy," an abstract idea, concerning which the author avers that

"What it conveys to me is simply this,
A primal yearning after earthly bliss,
Ah! Obstinacy."

The *Haileyburian* is graced this month by a capital photograph of the Cloisters and Chapel. This is probably designed to serve as an illustration to the first article, which gives an authentic account of the visit of Herodotus to Haileybury. A suggestive, though somewhat Philistine article on "Co-operation in Music," and a dreamy poem inspired by the rising moon over the Bay of Spezia, are perhaps the most striking contributions to an interesting number.

Laurel Leaves affords much matter for contemplation and thought. Miss Gittins' second lecture on "Symbolism in Art" is accompanied by a

sheet of illustrative diagrams. There is also a full account of Schubert's life, and a contribution to the much vexed question of Hamlet's madness. The paper on "Some Shakesperian Characters" is especially interesting and thoughtful, but one's pleasure in reading it is somewhat marred by the mistakes of the printer. What, for instance, are we to make of this description of Lady Macbeth: "— with an almost superhuman strength of will she stifles all womanly compluctions, and with her own hands the faces of the groans with the blood that it may seem their guilt." Might we suggest that the proofs be a little more carefully corrected?

The chief point of interest in the *Institute Magazine* is the prize essay of Miss Dalton, on "The Value of Literature as a means of Historical Study," which deals exhaustively with a fascinating subject.

We also acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *The Naturalist's World* and *Our Magazine*.

THE UNION.

October 30th.—Annual and Business Meeting.

The following amendment to Rule 3, recommended by the Committee, was proposed by the Chairman, Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON, and seconded by Mr. C. P. LARNER:—That candidates for the Union shall be students of the College at the time of their election.

The motion was supported by Miss STURGE, opposed by Messrs. B. F. JORDAN and W. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS, B.Sc. and rejected by a majority of the meeting.

The house then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Mr. C. P. LARNER was elected Chairman, Mr. J. F. JORDAN, Treasurer; Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT and Mr. ERNEST F. EHRHARDT were elected Honorary Secretaries, and Miss CLAIRE E. BRIERLEY was elected Editor, without opposition.

Subsequently Mr. K. DAMMANN was re-elected Treasurer, and Mr. A. L. STERN elected Honorary Secretary of the Editorial Board without opposition.

The election of ordinary members of the Editorial Board and Union Committee was then conducted by ballot. Miss EHRHARDT and Mr. B. F. JORDAN acted as scrutineers, and while the votes were being counted the reports of the Committee, Treasurer, and Editorial Board were read and adopted. Mr. W. R. JORDAN then earned the hearty thanks of the meeting by giving a recitation to beguile the tedium of waiting, and afterwards Mr. BARRATT, B.Sc. proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. GREENE for his energy in promoting the erection of a stage for the use of the Union. Mr. MURSELL seconded the vote which was carried with acclamation.

The results of the ballot were then declared as follows:—

EDITORIAL BOARD.—Miss M. D. Albright, Messrs. W. R. Jordan, C. E. Martineau, B.A. and W. Collingwood Williams, B.Sc.

UNION COMMITTEE:—Misses Charles, Edwards, E. Jordan, and Sturge,

Messrs. T. Hazelwood Clayton, E. J. Dalby, C. E. Martineau, B.A. and G. St. Johnston.

At this meeting Mrs. Moyles, Misses Besemeres, R. Cohen, L. J. Gaul, Johnson, A. Keep, S. Kenrick, A. Langham, A. Levetus, M. Rundle, and Rotherham, and Messrs. S. H. Perry, G. L. Hill, E. A. Warmington, Sproat, Wheatley, F. D. Harris, C. J. Lay, B. R. K. Tarte, M. P. Phelps, Piers Hatton, J. A. Hope, Blatch, Coreh, S. W. C. Warnford, W. E. Stiff, G. J. Yates, S. W. Amplett, G. Moorhead, Norris, Rogers and Quirke were elected members of the Union.

November 6th.—Papers on "Folk Lore."

Miss PERRY read an account of Irish Folk Lore, describing its different phases, and instancing the various superstitions, popular customs, legends and stories current in Ireland. Many of the latter were poetically rendered. The doings of St. Patrick and St. Kevin were related at some length, and the paper ended with an allusion to the power of the Blarney Stone.

Mr. F. D. CHATTAWAY being unavoidably absent, his paper entitled "A Legend of Warwick," was read by Mr Andrews, B.A.:—

Guy, a poor page, is violently in love with Falice, his lord's daughter, to all appearances hopelessly. He endeavours to render himself worthy of her by prodigious exploits of arms, but on returning home with renown is told by his lady to go and defend the cause of the weak and suffering. This he does and Falice consents to his suit. Soon after marriage, however, a longing to withdraw himself from worldly affairs seizes him and he accordingly goes to the Holy Land as a pilgrim, and on his return successfully contends, still maintaining his disguise, with a Danish giant, thus delivering England. He then retires to a hermitage, where he spends the remainder of his days.

It is an interesting fact that the ideas of this legend are found in many mythologies. The stories of Ulysses, Ariadne and Hercules are essentially similar, and in a more symbolic manner the myth may be applied to the daily course of the sun in the heavens.

Miss JORDAN explained that her paper was not purely on Folk Lore. It consisted chiefly of holiday notes with special reference to the Crofters, their dwellings, mode of life, customs and superstitions, and gave a brief account of the present struggle against landlordism. Some legends belonging to Sutherlandshire were also introduced.

Miss SMITHSON, in her paper on the Folk Lore of Lancashire, dealt chiefly with the traditions and beliefs still current in that country, the omens and dreams presaging death and other events, and the ceremonies connected with special days such as pasch-eggs for Easter, fires on Hallowe'en. She alluded also to the famous Lancashire witches of the past, and to the still prevailing belief in the power of charms to counteract witchcraft, and also in ghosts and boggarts, as they are called in the north, a name given to all kinds of ghostly appearances.

New Members:—Misses Clarkson, Dora White, Rankin, Clark, and Mathews, and Mr. Hill.

November 13th.—Debate:—"That Jane Austen is a greater novelist than George Eliot."

In opening the debate Miss BRIERLEY expressed great admiration for George Eliot as a writer in the broadest sense, but claimed for Jane Austen that her works more nearly fulfil the function of the novel. They better exhibit "the operation of the passions, particularly of love," and yield more intellectual recreation and practical instruction in the fine art of life. In George Eliot's novels the chief character is always George Eliot in *propria persona* constantly endeavouring to describe other consciousness than her own. Jane Austen allows herself to be entirely merged in her creatures, and keeps rigidly within the bounds of personal experience. The key note to the latter is Nature or Realism—to the former Fatalism. Jane Austen's novels are perfect pictures of the past, while it is improbable that George Eliot's will possess the same value for posterity. In conclusion, the speaker asked her hearers not to approach the subject in the spirit of "Pride and Prejudice," but to bring with them the "Sense and Sensibility" of minds open to "Persuasion."

Miss BETTNEY said that the difficulty of comparison proved how greatly George Eliot's delineation of character surpassed Jane Austen's. The latter drew ordinary persons with much fidelity, but nothing more. George Eliot never ridiculed her characters as Jane Austen did. The general fault of sameness is obvious in "Pride and Prejudice," which describes three girls, very similar, always dwelling on flirtations, parties, and bonnets. Even when George Eliot's men are of the same profession, no two are alike; nor are her women alike; Dinah and Romola are different as Light and Darkness. Miss Brierley's speech had one fault, it was all on the wrong side.

Miss J. R. LLOYD thought the two novelists were not more easily compared than a brook and a great river. Jane Austen comes from the dawn of novel writing, whilst George Eliot inherited the wisdom of subsequent times. George H. Lewes recommended Charlotte Brontë to read Jane Austen. George Eliot's description of the meeting between Daniel Deronda and his mother shocks by its improbability and is a strain on high art.

Mr. ANDREWS considered that Miss Brierley's definition of a novel was contrived to include Jane Austen and exclude George Eliot. Jane Austen's novels have no plot. Life is more often a tragedy than she seemed aware of. The authors of *Romola* and *Elizabeth Bennett* may be compared respectively to painters of a madonna and a potato. Jane Austen's characters are people of her own class concerned in parties and match-making. With her limitations of experience, education, and intellect it was impossible for her to conceive characters such as George Eliot depicted. In Jane Austen there is no development of character and no enthusiasm.

Mr. EHRHARDT thought a brook might be more ennobling than some states of a river.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN complained that the worn-out authority of Macaulay should be quoted, and said that Jane Austen never elevated a single soul whilst there are no moral natures so low as not to be improved by George Eliot.

Mr. STERN (affirmative) and Miss HADLEY (negative) contributed to the discussion, and then Miss BRIERLEY in replying said that the decision to be

made was between the subjective and objective methods of novel-writing, she defended Jane Austen's "exquisitely contrived" plots, and since the ability to appreciate Jane Austen was considered a test of culture, called upon the students to disprove, by their votes, the existence of any antagonism between culture and science. The voting resulted in 8, affirmative, 34, negative, 147 present.

November 20th.—The Union was entertained by a paper on *Schubert*, with musical illustrations. Miss BENNETT was the presiding genius, and with great tact opened her subject by inviting Miss WALKER to play "Rosamund." Having thus brought her audience *en rapport* with the composer, she proceeded to sketch, in witty and sympathetic terms, the origin, development, struggles, and successes of the great master.

In the course of her paper Miss BENNETT remarked that it was possible to understand Schubert from his works, and proved this statement to her hearers by the appropriateness of her illustrations.

Miss WALKER was the exponent of Schubert's orchestral compositions, and her interpretation of the "Ballet" music met with well-deserved applause. It is no easy task to render a well-known band piece, on a single instrument, so that it shall be appreciated, but Miss WALKER surmounted this difficulty, and received an enthusiastic recall.

The assignment of "Hark, hark, the Lark!" to Miss F. HADLEY was most happy. She succeeded in dispelling November fogs, and replacing them with June sunshine. In response to an encore, she sang "Wiegenlied."

Miss K. ALBRIGHT kindly gave the lovely "Frühlings Glaube." The services of Messrs. BENNETT and BREWERTON were much appreciated, and Miss BENNETT and Miss HADLEY proved themselves proficient accompanists.

The usual, but at the same time an enthusiastic vote of thanks was passed to Miss BENNETT and her helpers, great regret being expressed that the former had not contributed a solo herself.

We have since learnt that the piano was generously provided by Professor HAYCRAFT.

150 members and friends were present.

November 27th.—Papers on *Foreign Governments*.

Miss HADLEY gave an interesting account of the manner in which government is carried on in Russia, prefacing it by a sketch of the history of the Russian people. She laid special emphasis on the fact that legislation under the Russian Bureaucratic Autocracy was theoretically good but practically bad, because not the product of the national mind, and, therefore, not adapted to the national needs. It was an ideal legislation, but the Russians were far from being the ideal people, for whom alone it was suitable. Hence the general discontent, culminating in nihilism, &c.

Mr. MAC SWINEY gave an epitome of the history of the French government, beginning with the *états généraux* with their divisions into clergy, nobles, and the *tiers état* or commons. The real power, except under a strong king, was in the hands of the first two, who not being subject to taxation and being generally irresponsible, failed to legislate for the benefit of the

people at large, while the *tiers état* was so seldom called together that the very mode of convening it became forgotten. The outcome of the oppression produced by this state of things was the French Revolution, preparing the way for the comparative liberty of the Empire, followed by the real liberty of the present Republic.

Miss M. C. ALBRIGHT gave a clear and succinct account of the government of Norway. She described the relations existing between that country and the King of Sweden, and the remarkable provision of the constitution that any measure passed three times by the *Storting* should become law, notwithstanding the king's veto. She noted also the simplicity of land tenure, and the fact that a copy of the laws of the country was in every household, and pointed out that in some respects the Norwegians were more independent of their sovereign than ourselves.

At the conclusion of Miss Albright's paper Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU moved the following resolution :—*That this house having heard the papers on Foreign Governments considers the gradual tendency to a democratic form of government a sign of the progress of the nation, and welcomes it as an approximation to the ideal state.* An animated discussion followed, in which Messrs. LOVE, JENKYN-BROWN and EHRHARDT, and Misses BRIERLEY and HADLEY took part. The motion was carried by a majority of 23,—ayes 29, noes 6.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Botanical Society.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at the house of the President, on Saturday, November 17th.

It was resolved that, in future, the papers read before the Society should be preserved, so that now all our scientific societies will keep a full record of their proceedings. The election of officers was then proceeded with, Miss CHARLES being re-elected Vice-President and Mr. A. L. STERN receiving the office of Secretary.

The President then read a paper on *Carnivorous Plants* which was admirably illustrated with specimens and models. The mechanism by means of which the insects are captured was first described in several cases, and then it was proved that the meat so obtained is actually digested, by the aid of a peptic ferment, similar to that found in animals. The paper concluded with a complete account of the experiments which have shown incontestably that this food benefits the plants.

Chemical Society.—Wednesday, October 28. Dr. TILDEN in the chair. Miss CHARLES read a paper on "Pigments." The history and nature of the pigments of every colour were dealt with, and the subject was illustrated by numerous specimens.

Dr. TILDEN and Professor HILLHOUSE discussed the paper.

Mr. WILLIAMS then read a paper on the "Chemistry of Plant Odours." The chemical relations of the various species of compounds occurring in these

were first referred to, and subsequently the composition of the principal essential oils was discussed. Specimens of many of these bodies were exhibited.

In the discussion Dr. TILDEN gave an interesting account of the various methods of extracting essential oils, remarking that the most costly and valuable product was obtained by a process which seemed at first sight very crude—viz., the method of "simple expression." He also pointed out the remarkable identity of composition among essential oils.

Professor HILLHOUSE gave a brief sketch of the troubles of botanists with regard to this matter and remarked that they relegated them to the province of the chemist.

Wednesday, November 18.—Dr. TILDEN in the chair. The PRESIDENT first exhibited a pitch-like solid which had been flowing after the manner of a liquid. It was very brittle, but plastic withal.

A paper was then read by Mr. STERN on "The Existence of Gaseous Nitrogen Trioxide." Since the spectrum of the vapour from the so-called liquid trioxide is coincident with that of nitrogen peroxide, and from experiments on the vapour density of the gas, as well as from the fact that no contraction takes place on mixing nitric oxide and nitric peroxide, he deduced the non-existence of the trioxide in the gaseous state.

Dr. TILDEN thought that the case was now quite proved, and deemed it probable that the blue liquid, hitherto considered to be liquid trioxide, was only a kind of complex solution, possibly analogous to the deep brown or black solution of nitric oxide in ferrous sulphate.

He suggested that the vapour density might have been taken in an atmosphere of nitric oxide to prevent dissociation.

The exhibition of the spectra ended the meeting.

Physical Society.—Professor POYNTING in the chair. It was announced that Mr. JAMES had been elected Treasurer in the place of Mr. Joseph, resigned.

Mrs. Moyles, Miss Lewis, Messrs. Padmore, Dalby, Perry, and Harris were elected members of the Society.

Mr. HOUSMAN read a paper on "Spectrum Analysis." Commencing with a general outline of the theory of the spectroscope, he first dealt with the different methods of obtaining spectra, and suggested a theory for reconciling the luminosity of the vacuum tube discharge with its low temperature; then he spoke of the different spectra of the same element under varying circumstances of temperature and pressure, and in different states of aggregation and molecular structure; and lastly, dealt with the relation of the spectra of similar substances and the ratios of the wave lengths of the lines of certain spectra.

Professor POYNTING considered the passage of an electric discharge through an inductive tube analogous to the decomposition of liquids by electrolysis.

Professor HAYCRAFT, Mr. LOVE, and Mr. STERN also discussed the paper.

POESY CLUB.

November 10th.—Professor ARBER, President, in the chair. On the motion of Mr. JENKYN BROWN, seconded by Miss NADEN, it was unanimously resolved "That all ex-officio Vice-Presidents, elected in accordance with Rule VI, be elected honorary members of the Club." Since the last meeting Mr. Martineau had been added to the committee as an extra member, and Misses Fallows, Hadley, Lewis, Perry, Southall and Smithson, and Mr. Walcot Gibson elected members of the Club.

The subject of the papers was "*The Conditions of the Drama before 1592.*"

Mr. PARRY gave an account of "*The Mysteries and Moralities.*"

Mr. JENKYN BROWN described (1) the players, and (2) the places where they played. The earliest players were the monks who performed in the miracles and mysteries; then the choir boys of St. Paul's and children of the Chapel Royal, and after them schoolboys and men at college. About 1268 the town guilds began to perform plays on movable stages in the open spaces of the towns, and next we have itinerant performers, acting as retainers of the nobility.

The earliest "theatres" were the churches, and subsequently the halls of noblemen's houses. Blackfriars Theatre, The Theatre and The Curtain were built in 1576, and the Globe Theatre was built for Shakespeare in 1599.

Miss EHRHARDT gave a series of biographical sketches of the first actors, beginning with the famous clown, Richard Tarlton, who, by virtue of a fine wit and an ugly person, rose from a swineherd to the threefold dignity of court fool, stage fool, and people's fool. He died in 1588, and was succeeded by his pupil William Kempe, the original representative of Dogberry in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," and Peter in "*Romeo and Juliet*." Another famous Shakespearian actor was James Burbadge, whose name heads the list of the Earl of Leicester's players, and who founded Blackfriars Theatre. Interesting details were also given of the lives of Edward Alleyn, John Heminge, Philips and Field.

A short discussion followed.

STUDENTS' COMMON ROOM.

A social evening was held on November 4th; Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON in the chair. The contributions to the entertainment were as follows:—

Mr. W. R. JORDAN recited "*The Lay of the Love Lorn*," "*Beer*," and "*Misadventures at Margate*."

Mr. E. F. J. LOVE read "*A Criticism of a Pastoral Symphony*," and "*An American Flirtation*," from the novel "*Democracy*."

Mr. A. JENKYN-BROWN recited "*Sad Memories*," "*Tobacco*," and "*Cherry-stones*."

Professor HAYCRAFT sang "When Britain really Ruled the Waves" (Iolanthe).

Mr. DAMMANN sang "The Midshipmite," Mr. MURSELL read "I remember, I remember" (Ingoldsby), and in conclusion Mr. COPE sang "Too Late."

The recitations, especially, were very enthusiastically received, but the songs suffered from the non-appearance of an accompanist.

The meeting terminated with the usual votes of thanks.

CYCLISTS' CLUB.

Two years ago a Mason College Cyclists' Club was founded, and a few runs were held under its auspices. It has, however, ceased to exist, though why, it is difficult to say. The College grew, and cycling became more popular, but our Cyclists' Club passed into a state of suspended animation; it stopped because it did not go on; it left no debts, nor any assets save a bundle of most gorgeous programmes. We are pleased to be able to report to our readers that this club has been re-constituted, and from the manner of its second formation we glean great satisfaction. It is mainly through the energy of members of the Engineering Department, assisted to a large extent by that of the Hon. Sec. of the Provisional Committee, that the re-formation has been brought about. There have often been whispers in the air that the engineers had no public spirit, and did nothing for the College societies; we will not say that these whispers were libellous, but we will say that we are glad to see the engineers proving that they had no foundation in fact.

We have called attention to the previous existence of the Club, and we have done so to remind those, who have re-formed it, that they are responsible for its future welfare. They must see that it does not collapse again, and that at the end of one session there are officers to start it at the beginning of the next.

The meeting re-constituting the Club was held on Wednesday, November 11th, in the Physics Lecture Theatre, Professor POYNTING taking the chair. Professor SONNENSCHNEIN, Mr. HAMILTON, Mr. LOVE and twenty-four students were present.

Mr. EHRHARDT read the notice convening the meeting.

Messrs. NEAL and PIERCY moved and seconded the first resolution:—"That the Mason College Cyclists' Club be re-constituted." Mr. NEAL gave an account of the movement to obtain accommodation for students' machines, which had led to the present meeting, and pointed out the means by which the desired end might be attained. The resolution was carried unanimously, all who voted for it signing a promise to join.

Having thus re-constituted the Club, the meeting elected Professor POYNTING President for the ensuing year, and appointed a provisional

committee, consisting of the following members, with the President, to arrange the affairs of the Club and to report to a future meeting :—Miss Edwards, Messrs. Hamilton, Ehrhardt, Neal, Piercy and Simpson.

The committee have elected Mr. Neal their Secretary, have revised the rules, and arranged that subscriptions (2s.) paid now shall be available till December 31st, 1886. Machines can be put up at the Woodman Inn. For particulars apply to the Secretary.

FOOTBALL.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE v. MASON COLLEGE.—This match was played on the Old Edwardian's ground, Bristol Road, on Thursday, November 12th, the weather being fine, but the ground rather slippery. Of the two teams the Queen's College were the heavier, and, owing to this, the greater part of the game took place near the Mason College goal line. The match ended, however, in a win for the Mason College, due chiefly to the superior pace of their backs. In the first half of the game neither side scored, though, through the passing of their half-back, the Queen's three-quarters were able to keep the game well in the Mason twenty-five. Just before half-time the Mason College forwards dribbled the ball up the field and almost scored, and after half-time, although feeling the weight of their opponents, they played up well, while good runs were made by Charles and Simpson, who were well fed by their half-backs. Charles, following up a kick, scored the first try, which J. F. Jordan, by a splendid kick, converted into a goal. A few minutes after, G. L. Hill made a second try, Jordan again kicking a goal. Mason College thus won by two goals and a touch to nil. For the winners Sadler played exceedingly well at full-back, Hill, Charles, and Simpson also playing very well behind the scrummage. Among the forwards Clayton, J. Jordan, and Ehrhardt were most prominent. For Queen's, Goodwin, Vermaak, and Hall, outside, and Cook, W. R. Jordan, and Robotham, forward, played best.

MASON COLLEGE :—*Back* : F. C. Sadler. *Three-quarter backs* : Simpson, Charles, R. H. Housman. *Half-backs* : Hill, Phelps. *Forward* : Professor Haycraft, Dammann, Clayton, Ehrhardt, Freer, J. Jordan, Everitt, Daniell, Warneford.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE :—*Back* : Roach. *Three-quarter backs* : Vermaak, Hall, Fellows, Best. *Half-backs* : H. W. Thomas, Goodwin. *Forward* : Cook, Moorhead, W. R. Jordan, Milward, Prosser, Hall-Wright, Robotham, Homer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—*All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be fully signed: names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.*

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Madam,—The grievance that I wish to bring before the notice of your readers is, I assure you, a real one; it stirs my feelings to so great an extent, that possibly my language will appear extravagant, and the apathetic majority be inclined to take the whole thing as a joke—hence this introduction.

Frugality may be, and is no doubt, a virtue, but it does not justify anyone in an attempt to convert the meetings of our Union into a kind of Dorcas meeting. While recognizing the higher objects of the Union, the average member regards the meetings chiefly as a means of intellectual intercourse, and relaxation from the more serious work of the Lecture Theatre and Laboratory. But it seriously impairs the possibility of obtaining this relaxation, if the

pauses in Schubert's music are filled up with the click-click, click-click of knitting needles. May I beg any lady member who "though on pleasure bent still has a frugal mind," to consider our feelings a little; what would she think if some gentleman at the Union began to smoke? Smoking, we are told by an eminent authority, is the male substitute for the equally useful fancy needlework of the ladies.

In conclusion, may I point out to the Committee that the programme is very obviously not so much, to the taste of the men as to that of the ladies. This is shown by the fact that at a recent meeting about 140 members and friends were present, but only 40 of them were men. This is a serious danger and should be met at once.

In conclusion, allow me to assure the frugal ladies that every little helps, and that if they do not confine their frugal habits to their proper sphere, the Union will soon become a purely ladies' society, or rather there will be two independent Unions, one for ladies, the other for gentlemen.

I am, Madam,

Yours very sincerely,

JOINT-COMPOSITION.

NOTICE.

During 1886 the MAGAZINE will appear, as usual, twice during each Term.

It will be published at Messrs. CORNISH BROTHERS, 37, New Street, and at the MASON COLLEGE, where Copies can be obtained.

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Articles on subjects of general or College interest are earnestly solicited, and contributions, intended for the next number, must reach the Editor before February 1st, 1886. All communications to be addressed to the Editor, at Mason College.

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INDEX.

B.

	PAGE
BOTANICAL SOCIETY	19
BRITISH ASSOCIATION, Meeting of the	91
BUSINESS MEETING, The, A metrical fragment	102

C.

'CHARACTERS OF LA BRUYÈRE, The, by E. P.	23
CHARLES V., a poem by C. L. J.	27
CHRISTMAS, a sonnet.....	113
CHEMICAL SOCIETY	19, 42, 62, 84, 85, 109, 127
CLUBS, College Athletic (see Cyclists' and Tennis Clubs).....	21, 22, 44, 46, 66, 106, 107
COLLEGE NOTES AND INTELLIGENCE.....	22, 46, 67, 89, 111, 131
COMMON ROOM, Students	22, 45, 67
CONTEMPORARIES, Our	17, 44, 58, 89, 109, 130
CORRESPONDENCE :—	
Non-Contributor	68
H. S.	89
X. Y. Z.	90
B.	112
Oswald Sunderland.....	112
A. J. Wyatt	132
A. E.	132
CYCLISTS' CLUB.....	22, 44, 66, 107

D.

DEUTSCHER ABEND	66
DISCUSSION, Freedom of, by B. F. Jordan	114
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE	9, 45

F.

FAIR TRADE AND FREE TRADE, by L. L.	6
FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION, by B. F. Jordan.....	114
FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY	42, 88, 129

G.

GEORGE ELIOT AND THE HUNDRED FAVOURITE BOOKS	53
--	----

H.

HESLOP MEMORIAL	35
HUNDRED FAVOURITE BOOKS OF MASON COLLEGE STUDENTS, The ...	29

J.

	PAGE
JULIUS CÆSAR, Remarks on, by E. P.	96

L.

LA BRUYÈRE, The "Characters" of, by E. P.	23
LIFE AT THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATORIUM	73

M.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION, The.....	91
MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DR. HESLOP	35
MODERN APOSTLE, A.....	47

P.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY	20, 21, 42, 43, 63, 85, 108, 127
PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY	64, 86
POESY CLUB	18, 41, 65, 87, 106, 128
PROPOSED QUEEN'S AND MASON COLLEGES' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, The	129

R.

REMARKS ON SHAKESPEARE'S JULIUS CÆSAR, by E. P.	96
--	----

S.

SHELLEY'S PLACE IN POETRY, by A. O. V.	1
SOCIETIES, College Literary (see French Debating Society and Poesy Club).....	18, 41, 42, 65, 87, 88, 106, 128, 129
SOCIETIES, College Scientific (see Botanical, Chemical, Physical, and Physiological Societies)	19, 20, 21, 42, 43, 62, 63, 64, 84, 85, 86, 108, 109, 127
SOCRATES ON HOME RULE	69

T.

TENEБROSA IN TARTARA	122
TENNIS CLUB	21, 46, 106
TENNYSON EVENING	61

U.

UNION, The Mason College Students'	14, 36, 60, 61, 78, 104, 124
--	------------------------------

VOL. IV.

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CONTENTS.

Shelley's Place in Poetry.
Fair Trade and Free Trade.
Dramatic Performance.
The Union.
Our Contemporaries.

Poesy Club.
College Societies.
Tennis Club.
Cyclists' Club.
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CALENDAR.

February 17.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.

" 19.—FRIDAY—Union : Debate, "That the present system of Free Trade is not in accordance with the best interests of the Empire."

March 4.—THURSDAY—French Debating Society.

" 5.—FRIDAY—Union : Paper on the " Bayeux Tapestry."

" 9.—TUESDAY—Poesy Club.

" 11.—THURSDAY—Physical Society.

" 17.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.

" 19.—FRIDAY—Union : Business Meeting.

SHELLEY'S PLACE IN POETRY.

THE remark has been made concerning the works of a great painter, "They are very grand and very beautiful, but there is something peculiarly irritating about them." Such appears to be a not uncommon attitude of Shelley's critics; though, in his case, they—and *their* critics—have the advantage of knowing wherein the peculiarity complained of consists. They assert that Shelley is too subtle, too transcendental, to be a really great poet; that, in his straining after the ideal, he has so far lost touch of the real as to attain only the unintelligible. This point of view is very definitely expressed by Moir—*

"The finest poetry is that which is most patent to the general understanding, and hence to the approval or disapproval of the common sense of mankind. . . . Verse that will not stand being read aloud to a jury of common-sense men is . . . wanting in some great essential quality. It is here that the bulk of the poetry of Shelley, and his followers, is when weighed in the balance found wanting. And why? Because these writers have left the highways of truth and nature, and seeking the bye-lanes have there, mistaking the uncommon for the valuable, bowed down to the idols of affectation and false taste."

And again, speaking of the "Prometheus"—

† "It is for the most part unsubstantial and wire-drawn, and to me as unintelligible as the superlatively metaphysical reveries of Plato, Kant, and Coleridge We have little that is real or tangible. . . . Nothing to touch our hearts or awaken our sympathies."

* Lectures on Poetical Literature, p. 231.

† Id., p. 227.

We should scarcely have written a paper in reply to a critique published thirty years ago, did it not appear that the opinions there expressed were still held by many, even of those who are considered judges. And the point of view is certainly important ; for the issue involved is whether Shelley, in virtue of conception and execution, is to be considered one of our very greatest poets, or to take a secondary place as a versifier—the most harmonious and musical we possess indeed, yet one who failed through attempting themes entirely beyond his reach. To try as some do to defend him by saying that he only failed where none else could have succeeded, is to yield the position at once.

Holding, then, that Shelley's place is in the front rank, we are bound to meet these criticisms, and willingly admit that Shelley's poetry by no means comes under the denomination of "light reading." But surely this in itself is no fault, and to call it such seems to us to be opposed alike to experience and introspection. To take an instance from the sister art, Music : anyone who ventured to deny Beethoven's or Weber's claims to præminence would certainly be scouted, though more than one jury of common-sense men, even if selected wholly from the scouters, would probably find many of their greatest works incomprehensible. But in this case men have learnt that the highest form of art may possibly be beyond their ken ; then why should they still prefer "Lucy Grey," or the "Young Grey-head," to the "Sensitive Plant," or "Julian and Maddalo" ? Or, granted that they must like best what appeals most clearly to them, does this necessity confer the right to assert that the author of the latter poems is inferior, because they do not fully understand him ? Is it not rather to be accepted as a principle that the work which appeals most strongly to the man of culture is superior to that which less powerfully affects him, however highly the uncultured may admire it ; or, to speak in the language of the Philistines, however "popular" it may be ? Measured by this standard Shelley's lofty position is quite safe.

But the objection may be urged, "You are trying to show that Shelley's unintelligibility is artistically meritorious." Not so, for we cannot for a moment admit that Shelley's poetry is unintelligible. Difficult it is, but to anyone who takes the trouble to read it carefully it is intelligible enough, and this applies quite as much to the "Prometheus Unbound" as to the "Cloud."

Thus far as regards the first criticism. We come next to the assertion that Shelley has, "*mistaking the uncommon for the valuable, bowed down to the idols of affectation and false taste.*"

This is a very serious charge, for it amounts to denying him the possession of that "insight" which is synonymous with genius, and, if true, would destroy his title to be called a poet at all. But are the uncommon turns in his writing valueless? Have they not rather, as Mr. Sidgwick * puts it, "been fetched from within by the poet's deeper sensibility?" Take these two examples, the first from the "Bridal Song," the second from "Adonais":—

"The golden gates of Sleep unbar;
Where Strength and Beauty, met together,
Kindle their image like a star
In a sea of glassy weather."

and—

"Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments."

Certainly here are two similes that no one ever dreamed of before; but can we deny their perfection, or their applicability? And they afford a fair illustration of Shelley's originality. Or take this passage, from the "Triumph of Life":—

"Swift as a Spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask
Of darkness fell from the awakened earth.
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth
Of light the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds temper'd their matin lay."

These lines well exemplify Shelley's command of metaphor, and they occur in a poem not usually quoted as one of his best; yet there does not exist, save in the noble orchestral passage in the "Creation," a finer portrayal of sunrise.

The last criticism is that "*there is nothing to touch our hearts or awaken our sympathies*" in the "Prometheus Unbound," Shelley's main work. This allegation must be met with a direct negative, for nothing can be more opposed to the fact. Hard-hearted indeed must he be who is not touched by

"the sigh
Of one who gave an enemy
His plank, then plung'd aside to die."

And the brief, almost bald, simplicity with which the tale is told, without any of the gorgeous setting which precedes and follows, enhances its pathos. And are not our sympathies awakened by the patient endurance of the Titan, suffering for the mankind he loved so well? who, careless of physical pain, is wrung with

* Edition of Virgil's Aeneid. Preface.

anguish at the sight of "what man has made of man;" whose deepest torture comes from the words of the Fury—

"In each human heart terror survives
The ravin it has gorged. The loftiest fear
All that they would disdain to think were true.
They dare not devise good for man's estate,
And yet they know not that they do not dare."

And is the final triumph of Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance so far off and incomprehensible a thing that a poem attempting to depict it should be condemned as unsubstantial and false?

A question which is often asked, and which, at any rate from the educational point of view, requires an answer, is "Would Shelley be *nice* reading?" To this it may safely be replied that though there are some things which we may wish he had never written, yet, in respect of both the number and nature of these objectionable passages, his works will compare favourably with those of many poets whom no one would hesitate to study.

Turning from the somewhat thankless task of criticising the critics, let us briefly examine a few of Shelley's most conspicuous merits. We have already seen something of his bold originality in simile and metaphor, but a greater merit is the exquisite music of his verse. Of this it is difficult to speak too highly; suffice it to say that in this respect he of all our poets has most nearly attained perfection; and so uniform is his work (here) that it is difficult to select any particular passage, though the "Skylark," "Arethusa," and the "Chorus of Hours and Spirits" in the last Act of the "Prometheus," may be taken as fair illustrations. From the last-named we may quote a few stanzas:—

"Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze;
Pierce with song heaven's silent light;
Enchant the Day, that too quickly flees,
To check its flight 'ere the cave of Night.

"Once the hungry Hours were hounds
Which chased the Day like a bleeding deer,
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds
Through the nightly dells of the present year.

"But now,—O weave the mystic measure.
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth
Come, swift Spirits of might and pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,—
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
To an ocean of splendour and harmony."

In his power of word-painting, too, Shelley is unrivalled; though Leigh Hunt comes very near him in this respect. We will only quote the description of Demogorgon enthroned:—

“ A mighty Darkness
 Filling the seat of Power ; and rays of gloom
 Dart round, as light from a meridian sun,
 Ungazed-upon and shapeless. Neither limb,
 Nor form, nor outline ; yet we feel it is
 A living Spirit.”

Shelley's repute as a dramatist rests on one work, "The Cenci," and this suffices to secure him the next place on the roll to Shakspeare. The plot is probably the most painful ever attempted by an English author of repute ; yet the delicacy and truthfulness to nature of the handling could scarcely be excelled. "Hellas" and "Prometheus Unbound" belong to a different category, as being professedly modelled on the old Greek tragedy, and thus departing from the English drama ; in this line, however, he approaches nearest to the ancients ; indeed we may well hesitate to declare the "Prometheus Bound" of Æschylus superior to his modern successor's completion of the great Promethean Trilogy.

That Shelley, of all our poets, has dived deepest into the secrets of the Universe is a truism ; yet, withal, none can depict more faithfully the softer emotions of human nature. Nowhere in poetry can we find a more loving passionate elegy than "Adonais" ; or a more profound view of nature and the mind than in "Mont Blanc" : —

“ The everlasting Universe of Things
 Flows through the Mind, and rolls its rapid waves—
 Now dark—now glittering—now reflecting gloom—
 Now lending splendour, where from secret springs
 The source of human thought its tribute brings
 Of waters,—with a sound but half its own,
 Such as a feeble brook will oft assume
 In the wild woods, among the mountains lone,
 Where waterfalls around it leap for ever,
 Where woods and winds contend, and a vast river
 Over its rocks ceaselessly bursts and raves.”

To discuss the beauties of conception and execution contained in that child of three days' fancy, the "Witch of Atlas," would require more space than the limits of this article render fitting. One quotation must suffice, though a brick can scarcely be reckoned an aid to the comprehension of a perfect temple : —

“ Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is !
 Each flame of it is as a precious stone
 Dissolv'd in ever-moving light, and *this*
 Belongs to each and all who gaze thereon.”

In conclusion : To be appreciated Shelley's poetry demands careful study, but the study will be more than repaid by the revelations of sweetness and light contained in his pages ; and if

any bring to the perusal spirits willing to yield to the witchery of his verse, they will soon exclaim, with his own glorious creation, "Asia":—

"My soul is an enchanted boat,
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
And thine doth like an angel sit
Beside the helm, conducting it,
While all the winds with melody are ringing.
It seems to float for ever, for ever,
Upon that many-winding river,
Between mountains, woods, abysses,—
A paradise of wildernesses!—
Till, like one in slumber bound
Borne to the ocean, I float down, around
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound."

A. O. V.

FAIR TRADE AND FREE TRADE.

In the recent electoral struggle we heard a good deal in some quarters of the desirability of what is known as "Fair Trade"—namely, the imposition of custom-duties on the produce of such countries as do not admit our goods free of duty. Now, it is a well-known fact that, in spite of our calling ourselves, as a nation, free-traders, we do not in reality allow all foreign goods to enter England free of duty—for example, wine and tobacco; but we impose our duties for the sake of revenue, and not to prohibit or discourage the sale of the taxed article. When we think of the distress which prevails so largely in our populous towns, and of the distress among our farmers and agricultural labourers, it is but right and natural that we should cast about in our minds to find the causes and remedies of this distress, and it is not surprising that the scheme of a tariff which shall partially, or wholly, exclude from the English market the goods of countries which do not permit us free trade as regards themselves should find favour with many people, especially when the scheme, by its designation "*Fair Trade*," appeals to an Englishman's love of fair play. Those who cry out for Fair Trade make two assumptions in doing so—first, that we can thus retaliate upon, or injure, the foreign country; secondly, that we can thereby benefit ourselves. It may be useful to enquire whether these assumptions are well founded; and in order to make the matter less complicated, and to treat it in as passionless a manner as possible, let us take a supposititious case.

Let us then, suppose, that country A manufactures iron, and employs a certain amount of labour and capital; and that B manufactures cotton, and likewise employs a certain amount of

labour and capital. They exchange—A's surplus iron against B's surplus cotton. After a while D, who hitherto has been self-sufficing only, is able to supply iron to B more cheaply than A has been in the habit of doing; naturally B buys of D instead of A; and it even becomes more advantageous for A to buy than to manufacture iron. The result for A is so much labour and capital thrown out of employment, which is another way of saying terrible distress for the labourers and capitalists engaged in the iron trade. We will suppose further that B has a custom-duty on iron, while A has *no* custom-duty on B's cotton. For the present, however, we must assume that B treats D the same as A, and taxes the iron of both. It is therefore evident that D undersells A in iron, because through natural advantages, greater efficiency of labour, or some other cause, the cost of production to D is less than to A. A cries out for a duty to be imposed on B's cotton, but its imposition could not extend A's market for iron; since B will buy of D as long as D undersells A. What, then, would be the effect to A of a duty on cotton? All consumers (*i.e.*, A) would pay more than need be for cotton; if A buys the same amount of cotton as before, A must suffer deprivation in something else in order to meet the increased cost; if he does not buy so much as before B may suffer in the cotton trade, but A suffers doubly in the deprivation of what he requires in the way of cotton, and also in his iron trade, which he by no means benefits by this act of retaliation. A's only alternative courses are to employ his capital and labour to produce something he himself wants and cannot buy more cheaply from B, D, or others, or else to produce something which he can induce them to buy from him by underselling present productions. Be it observed, however, that it is a work of time and difficulty to start a new industry; that a man who has learnt one trade has not generally opportunity and ability to learn another when that fails; that the man who starts a new industry is not, as a rule, the same man whose capital and effort have been embarked in a failing enterprise, and that therefore to "divert labour and capital into fresh channels" implies much suffering, temporary in a nation's life, but lasting, it may be, a man's whole life.

Let us now vary the conditions of our problem so far as to assume that B *agrees to admit D's iron at less duty than A's*, treating A unfairly in this matter. We will also drop the assumption that D's cost of production is less than A's. (1) Suppose first, then, that it is greater than A's; then the price of his iron may still be more than A's, and B's subjects will still import A's in

preference ; the reciprocal treaty will neither injure A nor benefit D. (2) If D's *cost of production* is only so much in excess of A's as to make the *price* equal to A's, the trade will be divided between A and D, and A will have a certain amount of labour and capital thrown out of employment. (3) If D's cost of production is equal to or less than A's, D's iron will be cheaper, and A will lose all B's custom, and more labour and capital will be thrown out of employment than on the second supposition.

Suppose, again, that A retaliates on B by imposing a duty on cotton ; now A (as before) pays more than the real cost of cotton, and will suffer deprivation, gaining nothing as far as that goes.

Is it not conceivable, however, that B may find no other market for his cotton, and that his distress may make him lower his duty on iron, so as to treat A and D alike ; in which case the market would be divided, and A would only suffer partially ?

On the other hand, B may find D a sufficiently good customer for cotton to prevent his suffering by A's cotton-duty ; and in that case A injures himself by his duty, and does no harm to anyone else.

It appears, then, to come to this : that in the case of a country being *unfairly treated as compared with other countries*, if she can, by retaliatory duties, injure the offender, she may force equal treatment from her ; but, so long as the duties on all things of the same description are the same, a country can neither harm her neighbour, nor benefit herself by retaliatory custom duty—will, in fact, harm herself and not her neighbour.

Suppose, then, that England re-imposes a duty on foreign corn, with this two-fold object—firstly, as a retaliatory measure for the American duty on iron ; and, secondly, as a means of reviving the depressed agricultural interests. Will such a duty cause the desired effect ? It must result in a rise in the price of food, and the first to suffer must be those whom we most want to benefit—those already distressed. America will probably maintain her duty on iron, since she imposes it, not to exclude English iron, but to encourage native production ; and she does it already at the cost of having to pay more for iron than its market value. She will, however, export less corn, and the question is whether that will injure a country rapidly consuming more and more food internally, to such a degree as to cause her to repeal her iron duty. Such a result seems extremely doubtful, and, if it does not follow, England will not improve her iron trade, but will add to the already

existing distress. It is possible to foster a particular trade by protective duties, but this can only be done at the expense of the whole community, and why should any class be maintained unless it is of service to the community? It seems only too probable that Ruskin is right when he says that we English accepted Free Trade because we thought it meant "all the trade for ourselves," and now, when we find that other people can sell something too—wretches that we are!—we cry out for Protection.

L. L.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

The performance of "Ion," on January 8th and 9th, may be said to mark an epoch in the history of the Mason College Union. Until last year, when the Spring Session was inaugurated with a drawing-room comedy on a very modest scale, the members had attempted nothing more ambitious than a dramatic reading; they had been satisfied to give one of Shakespere's plays without scenery, costume, or action. But, by degrees, that Discontent, which is as assuredly the mother of Progress as Necessity is of Invention, began to mingle with the enjoyment of these occasions, and gave rise to an opinion that the Union's resources would not be complete until it boasted the means of performing plays in true dramatic fashion. Thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Charles Greene, this opinion soon found expression in a long and liberal subscription list; and we have now to congratulate the Union on the possession of a stage which is calculated to afford both scope and incentive to the histrionic talent of the College. It is adequate in point of size, and admirable as regards decoration, the sides of the proscenium being artistically painted with floral designs by Miss Ehrhardt. Perhaps only the initiated can form any idea of the trouble and hard work involved in "staging" a play like "Ion," even with the least possible spectacular pomp. We, who have been behind the scenes, or, more correctly, who have witnessed the creation of the very scenes themselves, are able to bear witness to the indefatigable energy and patience with which members of the Dramatic Section have met the heavy demands of their undertaking. We allude, not only to the performers, whose labours were of a sufficiently obvious kind, but also to those, who, by their exertions as "scene-painters," "stage-carpenters," "property-makers," &c., contributed not less essentially to the success of the play. In our

opinion, the interest of the performance was much enhanced by the fact that almost all the accessories were "College"-made. The choice of a classical five-act tragedy for a first attempt was regarded by many as an error of judgment, and called forth not a few gloomy prognostications; but the results have only proved the truth of Schiller's words—*Es wächst der Mensch mit seinen grössern Zwecken*. The actors and actresses rose to the greatness of the occasion; and we venture to express the hope that the Mason College Stage may be consecrated to dramas of a similarly high class character.

In the Editorial Introduction to "Ion," we are informed that the title was borrowed from the tragedy of Euripides, which suggested the primary situation: that of a foundling youth, educated in a temple and assisting in its services. The author modestly deprecates any further resemblance between "this imperfect sketch and that most exquisite picture." Originally published privately, "Ion" was first produced at Covent Garden, in 1836; but although a fair measure of success attended this and subsequent performances, both in England and America, it was too much of a poem, and too little of a drama, to appeal very strongly to the popular taste, and, therefore, never became a stock piece.

The scene of the tragedy is laid in Argos, during the reign of the despotic and dissolute monarch, Adrastus. The miseries of his down-trodden people are consummated by a desolating plague; and, at the urgent entreaty of Medon, High Priest of the temple of Apollo, he has despatched Phocion (Medon's son) to Delphi, to learn the cause of their sorrow. But impatient at his messenger's delay, and incensed by the renewed importunities of the priests, he now decrees death to the next who shall intrude upon him unbidden.

Ion (Medon's foster-son) determines to brave this threat, and in spite of the entreaties of Clemanthe (Medon's daughter) and the resulting revelation of their mutual love, presents himself before the King to plead the cause of the people. He is told to prepare for immediate death, but Adrastus yields to the fascination of a face, and form, and voice which recall sweet memories of the past, and not only gives Ion life and liberty, but promises him to confer with the sages. When the interview takes place, however, he is once more the iron despot, and the arrival of Phocion with Apollo's answer, that—

Argos ne'er shall find release
Till her monarch's reign shall cease,

rouses him to fierce anger. He would doom the bold, impulsive son of Medon to instant death but for Ion's interposition; and, deaf to all entreaties on behalf of his suffering people, retires furious to his palace. Ion has a vision of the King weltering in his blood, and believes himself divinely predestined to deal Adrastus his death-blow. He, therefore, joins in a conspiracy with other Argive youths, to execute the judgment of the gods, and is chosen by lot to "strike the tyrant dead;" whereupon he solemnly dedicates the knife, given to him for that purpose, to the destruction, not only of the King, but of his whole race. Meanwhile, Medon has received information that Ion is a son of Adrastus, who was torn from his father, and supposed to have perished in infancy. He joyfully communicates this news to Clemanthe, and learns from her horror-stricken lips that her lover is in the very act of committing parricide. Availing himself of a secret passage to the palace, Medon gains the royal chamber in time to avert this calamity, but while father and son are rejoicing in each other's arms, Clesiphon, Ion's accomplice, enters, and mortally stabs the King. Having promised Adrastus to succeed him in the throne, Ion at once claims his ancestral honours, and Phocion, "urged by remembrance of yesterday's great vow," makes an abortive attempt to assassinate him on the eve of his coronation; but scarcely is that ceremony at an end than Ion advances to an altar and stabs himself with the knife, which he dedicated to the extermination of his race. As he lies dying in Clemanthe's arms, the news comes that the pestilence is abated, and he knows that his sacrifice has been accepted, and the curse of the gods dispelled.

It will be seen from this slight sketch that, although characterised by great simplicity of plot, the tragedy of "Ion" affords abundant scope to dramatic power, and makes heavy demands on individual actors. We approach with considerable reluctance the task of criticising the performance at the Mason College. Our inclination is for eulogy *pur et simple*. The general effect was so good; the particular parts were played so much better than we could have done them ourselves; and the pleasure we derived from the performance is still so fresh in our memory, that to find fault seems the basest hypercriticism, presumption, and ingratitude! Nevertheless, we cannot honestly pronounce the first attempt of our dramatic section a finished piece of acting. The performers,

almost without exception, acquitted themselves remarkably well, but we believe there is still much latent talent amongst them to be developed, and we look forward to witnessing still greater histrionic triumphs in the future.

Mr. W. R. Jordan gave a careful and consistent representation of Ion. His physique was well adapted to the part, and both in manner and appearance he approached more nearly than anyone else the ideal of classic dignity and calm. His elocution was unusually good, and he displayed considerable power of expressing emotion without raising the pitch of his voice, or having recourse to gesticulation or grimace. This was especially noticeable in Act II., where his subdued, intense, denunciatory manner in confronting King Adrastus was more effective than any amount of hysterical oratory would have been. We have said that his conception of the character was consistent; but we question whether it would not have permitted of an occasional modification of the severely tragic mood which Mr. Jordan sedulously maintained throughout, even at the risk of becoming monotonous. It was certainly a relief when, in Act IV., Scene I., Ion puts aside his own sorrow to comfort the foster-brother, who has just attempted his life, and Mr. Jordan's voice had, for a moment, a ring that was positively cheerful. In the love passages, he more than justified Ion's description of himself as a "sad companion," and allowed the burden of courtship to fall very heavily on Clemanthe's shoulders.

Miss I. C. Evans, swathed in clinging sapphire robes, after the most approved classical models, was, in other respects, rather the ideal of an English maiden than of the Argive Clemanthe. Her impulsive, vivacious manners were in striking contrast with her lover's somewhat exaggerated gloom, and she displayed all the magic of woman's wit and affection in her efforts to charm away the clouds from his brow. In Act I., Scene II., where Clemanthe sinks every personal consideration, and rouses all the heroism of her nature to bid Ion "god-speed" on his fateful mission to the palace, Miss Evans developed considerable power; and, again, at the close of Act V., when the lovers hold a last sweet, sad colloquy, she did full justice to the tragic beauty of the situation. Perhaps her tendency was to slightly over-act the part, and her performance would have been improved by the addition of just that amount of classic calm which was excessive in Mr. Jordan's.

Miss Kate Dixon as Abra, Clemanthe's attendant, seemed to have lived and moved and had her being in the temple of Apollo;

and Miss Bettney was equally natural in her personation of Irus, Agenor's slave. In fact, these minor parts were played so well as to acquire considerably more than a subordinate interest.

Were they not an essential feature of the plot, we should certainly have failed to invest Mr. Solly's Adrastus with his due attributes of terror. He looked extremely mild and inoffensive, and even his language had only a verbal ferocity. In Act II., Scene I., we felt comfortably sure that the gallant traitor would *not* perish when "Yon dial casts its thin shadow on the approaching hour," and therefore failed to be duly impressed by Ion's temerity in denouncing the awful tyrant to his face. Again, in the eminently poetic and pathetic narrative parts of the same scene, Mr. Solly appeared to be describing some one else's misfortunes rather than his own, and that without a great deal of sympathy. Mr. Dell's Medon, in white flowing garments, and a hoary splendour of hair and beard, was sufficiently awe-striking, in spite of a rather defective elocution. Mr. Ehrhardt's somewhat boisterous tones and manner were scarcely compatible with the age and dignity of Cleon, and Mr. Gibson, in delivering himself of the rather prolonged periods which are put into the mouth of Agenor, showed a tendency to monotony; in fact, neither of the Sages succeeded in inspiring us with *all* the respect that is due to classic grey hairs and wisdom. Mr. Irvine's personation of Ctesiphon was fairly good, though the recollection of his father's murder at the tyrant's hands, occasionally led him to forget the etiquette of the classical stage. Mr. Mursell, on the other hand, succeeded, as Phocion, in displaying violent emotion without doing outrage to our sense of the eternal fitness of things. Mr. Hall-Wright's representation of Crythes (Captain of the Guard) struck us as rather lacking in deference and dignity; and Messrs. Clayton (Cassander), and Freer (a Soldier), played their small parts only fairly well. The dresses were not merely effective and pretty, but had the superlative merit of being in accordance with classical authority. The scenery was remarkable for an amateur stage, and reflected great credit on Miss Jennie Charles and her fellow artists. We especially noted the perspective of the interior of the Temple, and the picturesque beauty of the Glade in the Wood. Mr. Charles Greene made a very efficient stage-manager, and, at the conclusion of Saturday's performance was called before the curtain, together with Miss Charles, "Ion," and "Clemanthe," to receive the acknowledgments of the audience. We append the cast of performers—

ION (a Foundling)	Mr. W. R. Jordan.
ADRASTUS (King of Argos)	Mr. Solly.
MEDON (High Priest)	Mr. Dell.
CTESIPHON } Argive Youths	{ Mr. Irvine.
CASSANDER }	{ Mr. Clayton.
AGENOR } Sages	{ Mr. Gibson.
CLEON }	{ Mr. E. F. Ehrhardt.
PHOCION (Son of Medon)	Mr. Mursell.
CRYTHES (Captain of the Guard)	Mr. Hall-Wright.
SOLDIER	Mr. Freer.
IRUS (Agenor's Slave)	Miss Bettney.
CLEMANTHE (Medon's Daughter)	Miss I. C. EVANS.
ABRA (her Attendant)	Miss Kate Dixon.

The intervals between the acts were pleasantly beguiled with selections of pianoforte music, performed on Friday by Miss Loreille, and on Saturday by Miss Edwards and Mr. J. Dammann.

THE UNION.

December 11th, 1835.—Debate: “That Free Education should be provided in schools regulated by representatives of the people.”

MR. B. F. JORDAN, in opening the debate, said that the scheme he advocated was the logical completion of the Act of 1870 ; the present system was merely a compromise between educationists and those who disapproved of education altogether. Anything enforced by the State for the public good should be paid for out of the public purse, as is the case with vaccination. Free education would not pauperise the people more than the percentage now paid for them by the State. The additional expense would not be great, because it now cost Government one million to collect the one-and-half millions paid by the poor. Free education could be obtained under existing conditions, but only at the price of the parent's degradation. There was great inequality of fees, owing to the system of Government grants. These depended on results, results on attendance, and attendance on the ability to pay fees ; so that poor districts were handicapped by their poverty. The real reason why the fees were kept up was that denominational schools might compete. Some of the denominationalists complained that it was unjust they should be called to pay upon for secular education. Supposing, however, pure water were supplied for all out of the public funds, those who preferred champagne would have to buy it for themselves, but the State would not, therefore, remit their share in the cost of the universal beverage.

DR. WINDLE said he would join issue with Mr. JORDAN in the statement that the establishment of free schools meant the extinction of voluntary schools. The sense of the country was distinctly for religious endowment. In Birmingham the experiment of “no Bible in the schools” had been already tried and abandoned ; and a scheme for the increase of religious instruction was even now before the “Two Thousand.” Voluntary schools provided education for upwards of three million children, while the Board schools educated only about one million, and had already incurred an

enormous debt. This debt would assume alarming proportions under a system of free education, involving the cessation of voluntary effort, the loss of school fees, and the maintenance of nearly treble the number of children. The cost per head at voluntary schools was £1; at Board schools £3 per annum. Which was the pure water and which the champagne here? "Free education" was calculated rather to increase than diminish the evil of irregular attendance. The argument that whatever was made compulsory by the State must be paid for out of the public funds would not hold water. We did not expect the State to pay our tailor's bills, or to provide food for our families.

Miss NADEN, in combating a statement of the previous speaker, cited the opinions of Dr. Plumptre, Mr. Mundella, Dr. Dale, Dr. Langford, and Mr. Dixon, to the effect that the system of payment militated against good attendance. If the establishment of free schools resulted in the closing of voluntary schools, it would be a case of suicide, not murder. The separation of the religious and secular elements would promote more efficient teaching, because secular teachers could then be selected without reference to religious qualifications. Free education was the one thing which would not pauperise, because its recipients would be left free to exert themselves in other ways. In days gone by, an odious impost was levied on the light of heaven in the shape of a window tax; let us not impose, in these days, a similar tax on the light of knowledge.

Miss STURGE said free education would involve illegitimate interference with the liberty of the individual, and would tend to diminish personal responsibility. All fees were now remitted for children of families where there was less than 3s. per head, and no degradation attached to this remittance. The term "*free schools*" was a misnomer, and that of "*rate schools*" should be substituted. Rates were already so high that they could not be increased without great hardship to small shopkeepers, &c. It was a natural law that children should look to their parents for everything, and this relation helped the latter to lead unselfish lives.

A gentleman, whose name we have been unable to ascertain, said that it was undoubtedly the parent's duty to educate his child, but since this duty was neglected, the State must step in.

Mr. MARTINEAU said the Education Act was a disgrace to civilisation, because it implied, on the part of English people, so little sense, either of parental responsibility or of the value of education. The present Act, however, vindicated two great principles—(1) That the nation was interested in the education of every child; (2) that every father was responsible for the education of his child. "Free education" would destroy the second of these principles, and be an advance towards Socialism, which the speaker strongly deprecated.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN was in favour of free education, because it would give equal chances of development to talent in all classes of society. "Household suffrage" made the education of the masses an essential condition of good government.

Mr. MARSDEN quoted statistics to show that, in Wolverhampton alone, the cost of free education would amount to £15,207. He thought the expense could only be met by disestablishing the Church and appropriating the plunder—measures for which the country was not yet ripe.

Mr. E. F. J. LOVE denied that "free education" would mean the extinction of voluntary schools, because people, who attached importance to doctrinal teaching, would continue to support them.

The discussion was continued by Messrs. IRVINE, EHRHARDT, REYNOLDS, WARD, WILLIAMS and MISS LINDSAY.

In his reply Mr. JORDAN said that denominationalists were perfectly well able to support their own views; they could, if they chose, enter the Board schools for this purpose. Were those who complained of the unequal incidence of the burden prepared to support a scheme of graduated taxation? Ignorance was a great disease, consequently free education would be a valuable State investment, in which everyone would share directly or indirectly. Our present system could be characterised only as a harsh tax on poverty.—The motion was carried by the casting vote of the chairman; ayes 32, noes 31. We are pleased to note that four maiden speeches were made on this occasion.

January 15th, 1886.—Debate: "*That the Miser does more harm than the Spendthrift.*"

Owing to the shortness of the notice, there was an unusually small attendance, and no report of the speeches has reached us. The motion was supported by Messrs. E. F. EHRHARDT and SLATER, and opposed by Misses EARL and M. D. STURGE, and Messrs. A. L. STERN, W. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS, and G. ST. JOHNSTON. Votes:—Affirmative, 9; Negative, 21.

January 29th.—Paper on *Henry Grattan*, by Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT.

After remarking on the difficulty of learning the truth about Irishmen and Irish affairs, owing to the prejudices which distort all Irish history, Mr. EHRHARDT proceeded to give an interesting sketch of the life and times of the great Irish orator and politician. He was born in Dublin in 1746, and was the son of a Tory M.P., of somewhat narrow and bigoted views. After completing his studies at the Dublin University, he entered the Middle Temple, London, and was in due course called to the bar. His friendship with Henry Flood gave the first impetus to his political energies, which, originally Tory, soon became Nationalist. In 1775 he was returned to the Irish Parliament as the representative of Charlemont, and between 1778 and 1782 succeeded in relieving Ireland of many of the restrictions imposed upon her trade, in establishing her Judges and Parliament on a securer footing, in restoring the Irish House of Lords and Queen's Bench to their original place and power, in placing the army under parliamentary control, and, to crown all, in obtaining for his country the *summum bonum*, "Home Rule." In 1791, owing to the failure of his bill for complete Catholic Emancipation, Grattan gave up office; but in 1800 was returned for Wicklow to oppose the Union, for which the Rebellion of '98 had furnished a pretext, and which was purchased at last with "blood, corruption, and fraud." His efforts proving fruitless, Grattan once more retired into private life. At the end of a few years, however, he entered the English Parliament to advocate Catholic Emancipation, but the triumph of effecting this measure was reserved for Daniel O'Connell. Mr. EHRHARDT also described the methods by which Grattan cultivated his gifts of oratory, and instanced the speeches which have made his name so justly famous.

At the conclusion of the paper, Dr. WINDLE moved the following resolution:—"That in the opinion of this House a comprehensive measure of Home Rule should be granted to Ireland." He was supported by Mr. Arnold Jenkyn-Brown, and opposed by Messrs. B. F. Jordan and C. E. Martineau. After a long and animated discussion, the resolution was carried by a majority of ten, in a meeting of about forty.

The SECRETARY announced that it was proposed to unveil the bust of the late Dr. Heslop on February 23rd, and that subscriptions to the amount of £40 were still required to defray the cost.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Girton Review gives us, by its Inter-Collegiate Letters, an insight into the doings of most of the University Colleges consecrated to the fair sex. Newnham has such an influx of students that it is again thinking of building; and this time intends to connect the North and South Halls by a new Hall, built right across the private road, which will make the College a very fine building. Somerville Hall, Oxford, seems to be extremely flourishing: Hockey is the favourite game, and a grand match, arranged between the advocates and opponents of Women's Suffrage, was so evenly contested that no goal was scored on either side. There is an interesting article on the performance of the "Eumenides" at Cambridge last autumn, while another contribution appeals to the students to support the Debating Society by speaking. Who could withstand this piteous invocation?—"Can it be that among three or four score members of the voluble sex there are so many who neglect so clear a chance of monopolising the conversation for a quarter of an hour? Truly, the world is right! Girton hath unseized us!"

The Marlburian opens with an article on Charles Kingsley's Novels, which shows considerable appreciation of the subject. We cannot, however, agree with the writer when he says that "Yeast" is "an almost unreadable book." On the contrary, we found it extremely fascinating, despite the "long discussions on secession to Catholicism and on Art," which, he complains, "are dragged in without any rhyme or reason." A correspondent suggests a novel and excellent idea. "Why," cries he, "Why not have two dinners per diem!" If this suggestion be adopted at Marlborough, we are afraid all other public schools will rapidly become unpopular, and eventually be obliged to close.

The Owens College Magazine gives us some excellent reading, and is full of material for thought. The "Origin and Sources of Falstaff" are enquired into and dealt with in great detail. Another article introduces us to "A Spanish Heine," one Gustavo Becquer, who flourished during the middle of the present century. The writer has translated one of Becquer's lyrics, and without venturing to criticise it as a translation, we consider it a very fair example of musical English. There is also a poem in blank verse on the death of John Wyclif, which is interesting, apart from the fact that it gained the Owens College Prize.

We have to acknowledge with thanks *The Reptonian*, *The Marlburian* (2), *The Haileyburian*, *The Eagle*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Clewer House Magazine* (2), and *The Institute Magazine* (3).

POESY CLUB.

December 8th.—Professor ARBER in the chair. The CHARACTER COMPETITION elicited five papers on favourite characters in English poetry of the present reign.

By one contributor the palm was given to George Eliot's ARMGART for her noble vindication of the principle that an artist must bear the burden of her rank. She not only denied that all avenues of greatness were closed to women, save those of the domestic life, but saw "in the added rarer gift" of the artist, "supreme vocation."

In another paper, Tennyson's PRINCESS was extolled as the pioneer of the higher education of women—her lofty mind and large heart working together for the advancement of her sex. We never found her untrue to herself, or swerving by one petty action or one small motive from her passionate adherence to what she believed to be highest and best.

A third contributor gave the preference to SIR LANCELOT, and described, in enthusiastic terms, his valour, modesty, courtesy, chivalry, fidelity in love, and possession of every quality which could inspire admiration or disarm resentment.

Another contributor considered PRINCE SIDDARTHA (Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*), the finest character in English poetry of the present reign. No single act or word marred the perfect purity of the Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the devotion of a martyr and the intellect of a philosopher, compared with whose teaching the profoundest wisdom of many of our western systems was but as folly.

The "favourite character" described in the fifth and last paper was "the good physician MELAMPUS" (*Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, by George Meredith). He attained to that knowledge of the dialect of bird and beast and insect of which we have all dreamed, and from a simple lover of nature developed into the sage who holds the key to the universe. This wisdom Melampus did not bury in the "mystical woods," but devoted to the service of men.

A discussion followed, in which Professor ARBER, Misses BRIERLEY and NADEN, and Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN and E. F. J. LOVE took part. The characters of PRINCE SIDDARTHA and MELAMPUS excited special interest; and the former may be said to have carried the day.

January 19th.—Professor ARBER in the chair. In the absence of any fresh nominations, the retiring officers and committee were collectively re-elected to serve for the ensuing year. After the adoption of the Secretaries' and Treasurer's reports, Miss TARLETON gave a biographical sketch of MATTHEW ARNOLD. He was born December 24th, 1822, at Latham, in Middlesex, and educated at Rugby and at Balliol College, Oxford. In 1845 he was elected Fellow of Oriel College, and in 1847 was appointed Private Secretary to the late Lord Lansdowne. Four years later he married Miss Wrightman, and became Lay Inspector of Schools. From 1857 till 1868 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and on his retirement from that post received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh. He still takes an active interest in the cause of education, and has recently returned from an inspection of foreign schools.

Miss BRIERLEY applied to Matthew Arnold the test of his own definitions, and contended that, so far as it went, his poetry was a conscientious, sound and noble "criticism of life." The gist of his teaching was contained in the words of Isaiah: "*In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.*" He laid great stress on nature's restful, healing influences, and the example of her "quiet work," yet insisted that the "aids to noble life are all within." Attention was also called to the value of Mr. Arnold's poetry as the exposition of 19th century thought, to his "consummate management of words," and to the perfection of his pictures of nature.

As the result of the ballot in the "Matthew Arnold" Quotation Competition, the following lines were declared to be the best of twenty-eight quotations, contributed by members of the Club:—

"Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*
Sits there no judge in heaven our sins to see?
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? *Ah, let us try*
If we then, too, can be such men as he!

In the discussion which followed, Professor HILLHOUSE, Misses NADEN and BRIERLEY, and Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, MARTINEAU, and E. F. J. LOVE took part.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES.

Botanical Society.—Saturday, December 5. The Meeting was held at the residence of Professor HILLHOUSE. A paper was read by Miss MATHEWS on "Symbiosis." The term was used by De Barry to express the association or living together of different organisms. The two extremes of such association are the antagonistic (*Parasitism*) and the mutualistic (*Symbiosis*). Examples were given of Symbiosis (1) between two animal forms, (2) between an animal and a plant, and (3) between two vegetable forms—*i.e.*, the lichens. Miss MATHEWS also sketched the course of the discussion on the Lichen-gomalia question, from Schwedener's theory, propounded in 1868, and demonstrated by Stahl in 1877, down to the theories of the immediate present.

A general discussion followed the paper.

Chemical Society.—Annual Meeting, Wednesday, January 20. Dr. TILDEN, President, in the chair. The following were elected members of the Society:—Messrs. Hancock, C. F. M. Ward, E. F. J. Love, B.A., S. H. Perry, Barnsley, F. D. Harris, and G. F. Daniell. The report of the Committee and the Treasurer's balance sheet were submitted and adopted, and the following new rule was carried:—"That all members elected during the Winter Term pay no subscription for the current year." A new Committee was elected, as follows:—Mr. W. C. Williams (chairman), Mr. T. J. Baker (secretary), Miss Sturge, Messrs. E. F. Ehrhardt, A. E. Jordan, S. H. Perry, A. L. Stern, and C. F. M. Ward.

The PRESIDENT then gave an interesting address, entitled *Speculations on the Molecular Weights of Solids and Liquids*. From the general fact of the dependence of physical properties (such as specific heat, refractive energy, and magneto-optic rotation) on chemical composition, such properties varying as each successive atom is added or withdrawn, the PRESIDENT drew the

conclusion that in solids and liquids the atom, and not the molecule, is the physical unit. The molecule is probably composed of the greatest number of atoms in solids, this number diminishing as change of state is induced. Dissociation is thus seen to be continuous with evaporation. Chemical combination is probably very like cohesion; indeed, some such force as this is usually assumed to exist in "molecular compounds." There is no reason, however, why we should regard the attraction in the case of these bodies as in any way different from chemical attraction in general, mere weakness of union being no criterion of chemical combination. Our great stumbling-block is the doctrine of limited valency. Once let us admit the idea of varying valency, and but few difficulties remain. The fixed valency of elements is probably true only for the gaseous state.

At the conclusion of the address, Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT showed a "Centrifugal Crystal Drainer," with which apparatus Demerara sugar was washed and dried in less than five minutes.

Mr. C. F. M. WARD then demonstrated the incombustibility of carbon monoxide in dry air. A flame of carbon monoxide was instantly extinguished when plunged into a bottle of air in which strong sulphuric acid had been placed a few days previously.

Mr. A. L. STERN showed the luminous incomplete combustion of ether. Ether was placed underneath an iron ball heated nearly to redness, when a faint blue lambent flame was perceived on the room being darkened. The temperature of this flame is so low that the hand may be held in it, and the ordinary products of combustion are not formed.

Mr. LOVE then proposed, and Mr. WILLIAMS seconded, a vote of thanks to the President for his address, and Dr. TILDEN having responded, the meeting terminated.

Physical Society.—Thursday, December 10th. Mr. LOVE in the chair. Professor POYNTING, after making a few remarks on the theories of Foucault's Pendulum, read a note on *The Residual Charge of Electrical Condensers*, pointing out a possible cause of the phenomenon. Miss CHARLES then read a short paper on *The Relation of Physics and Philosophy*. The early philosophers regarded the universe as a means of proving their speculations and laid no stress on pure physics. The fire-principle of Heraclitus was a kind of foreshadowing of the modern notions of matter and motion, and of the conservation of energy. The foundations of the atomic theory were laid by Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, the latter recognising clearly the principle of the indestructibility of matter.

In the discussion, Mr. EHRHARDT pointed out the symbolic sense of the four elements of ancient philosophy. Mr. LOVE remarked on the connection attempted to be worked out by Trendelenberg between psychology and motion, and pointed out that the older philosophers regarded motion as a substance and not as a method. He concluded by noticing the contempt of the so-called "English" School of philosophers for metaphysical questions.

Mr. STERN then read a note on *Separation by Capillary Action*, showing several experiments in connection with it. Mixed solutions were separated by means of strips of filter paper immersed in the liquid. In the discussion, more than one theory to account for the separation was suggested, Professor POYNTING, Mr. LOVE, Mr. HOUSMAN, and Mr. EHRHARDT speaking.

Physical Society.—Annual Meeting, Thursday, January 28th. Professor POYNTING, President, in the chair. Mr. LANGFORD was elected a member of the Society. The reports of the Committee and Treasurer's balance-sheet were then read and adopted, and the following Committee was elected:—Miss CHARLES (Secretary), Mr. JAMES (Treasurer), Miss FRANCE, Miss PERRY, Messrs. DANIELL, EHRHARDT, HOUSMAN, LANGFORD, and STERN.

Professor HAYCRAFT then gave an address on *Consciousness and Matter*. He commenced by observing that he was not an idealist, and that he should take for granted the Nebular Theory and the Theory of Evolution; and also certain psychological ideas—such as that nervous action consists essentially in motion, and that permanence of sensation is correlative with permanence of effect, and that two sensations may amalgamate or link together.

Our intellectual processes consist only in the seeing of a difference, or of a similarity. The mind is a bundle of sensations. Each simple sensation is connected with some particular cell in which motion is set up; in this sense, then, motion may be said to be the cause of consciousness. Now a lower animal, such as a dog, is subject to the same general facts of sensation and consciousness, and since we can admit no break in descending, we must allow that consciousness in an elementary form is inherent in matter.

Professor HAYCRAFT then reviewed the opinions of Democritus, Lucretius, Kant, Fichte, and Clifford on this subject. If consciousness, then, be present in matter around, there must either be nothing but matter, or else matter and mindstuff. But if we suppose one molecule to be affected by another, we express this fundamental property for matter alone. Spencer's contention is that feeling and matter are distinct, because, he says, the element of consciousness is so much more complex than the element of matter; but this is due to the complexity of our perceptive organ.

After briefly reviewing the progress of thought and discovery in their bearings on this question, the Professor concluded by remarking on the wondrous power of the unit matter, this being, in the words of Bruno, the "universal mother."

Miss NADEN, in moving a vote of thanks, expressed her great pleasure in listening to the address, but doubted whether existences in themselves resembled our perceptions. She thought that motion, which is to us merely a passive picture, could hardly be said to be the cause of sensation.

Mr. H. JOHNSTON seconded the resolution, which was supported by Mr. LOVE, who hoped that the address might appear in the Magazine, and by Professor SMITH, who remarked on our ignorance of the essence of matter and mind, and suggested that sensation might be related to matter as energy is.

The motion was carried by acclamation; and Professor Haycraft having replied to the various criticisms, the meeting dispersed.

MASON COLLEGE TENNIS CLUB.

The members of the Tennis Club will be glad to learn that the club meetings, which, it is hoped, will recommence in May, will again be held at the ground situated at the corner of Somerset and Pritchatt's Roads, and used by the club since its formation in 1882. It would be difficult to find another

ground combining so many advantages, and, with the remembrance of the pleasant hours spent there in the past year, and the prospect of renewed enjoyment in the coming season, the Committee are glad to avail themselves of this opportunity of giving public expression to their gratitude to Mr. Walker for his repeated generosity. This is the fifth year that Mr. Walker has granted the use of the ground, and when the members reflect how greatly the success, and even existence of the club has been owing to his kindness, the Committee feel sure they will fully endorse the hearty vote of thanks which they here desire to tender him.

CYCLISTS' CLUB.

The first meeting of the reconstituted club was held on Monday, December 7. Professor POYNTING in the chair.

The rules framed by the Provisional Committee were read and accepted with one amendment. The following were then elected officers and committee for the ensuing year:—President, Professor POYNTING; Captain, Mr. J. NEAL; Sub-captain, Mr. G. F. PIERCY; Honorary Secretary, Mr. H. T. MURSELL; Committee, Miss J. EDWARDS, Professor SONNENSCHN, and Mr. G. H. SIMSON.

COMMON ROOM.

General meeting of the Male Students, held in the Committee Room, January 20th, 1886. Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT in the chair. The following were elected to form the Common Room Committee for the ensuing year:—Messrs. G. F. DANIELL, A. G. IRVINE, H. MASON, S. H. PERRY, ROGERS, C. F. M. WARD, and W. L. O. WARD. Mr. G. F. DANIELL was subsequently elected Honorary Secretary. A vote of thanks having been accorded to the Chairman for presiding, the meeting terminated.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Our readers will be interested to hear that Dr. TILDEN is bringing out a new edition of Fownes' Chemistry; and they will learn with pleasure that Professor BRIDGE has been appointed Examiner in Zoology to the Victoria University. We are informed that Drs. OLIVER PEMBERTON and LAWSON TAIT have been appointed Trustees of the College, in place of Dr. HESLOP (deceased) and Mr. M. SMITH (resigned).

We are delighted to hear that it is proposed to hold a German Social Evening during the present term. The date is not yet definitely fixed, but an attractive programme is already ensured. A rumour has also reached us that a "Social" in connection with the recently resuscitated Cyclists' Club is "on the cards," and, we learn, that "meets" will take place as soon as the weather permits.

We are happy to announce that Miss CHAMBERS obtained honours at the recent B.Sc. Examination; that Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT has been elected Tangye Scholar in Chemistry; and that Miss H. PERRY and Messrs. C. P. LARNER, MACSWINEY, H. S. MASON, and R. M. SMYTH were placed in the First Division of the London Matriculation Examination, held last January.

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Healey Memorial.
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College Scientific Societies.
Our Contemporaries.
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CALENDAR

March 29.—MONDAY—Spring Term Examinations begin.

April 3.—SATURDAY—Spring Term ends.

" 30.—FRIDAY—Union : Tennyson Evening.

May 8.—MONDAY—Summer Term begins.

THE "CHARACTERS" OF LA BRUYÈRE.

AMONG the many brilliant names that grace the annals of French literature in the reign of Louis XIV., the sober La Bruyère occupies a somewhat modest place ; but, though a star of lesser magnitude, he shines with clear and steady lustre, and exercises a healthful influence on those who turn their attention to him. His fame rests on a single work, the "Characters," but a work which contains the germ of many others ; so condensed is the thought, so ample the materials it affords to the moralist and philosopher, to the satirist and comic author. The idea of the work is not original ; it is based on a similar work of Theophrastus. This La Bruyère first translated, and then appended to it, as an after-thought, the "Characters of our Century." Thus we see the modest author, who had reached the age of forty-three without publishing anything, appearing before the public even then only under the shadow, as it were, of the venerable name of Theophrastus. But La Bruyère's work bears sufficient marks of individual genius to lay claim, at least, to originality of treatment, if not of thought. As La Bruyère himself remarks, Theophrastus studies human nature more from its outer side, leaving us to judge of the inward causes from the outward effects. La Bruyère shows us the secret springs of the outward actions and conduct ; Theophrastus is (to judge at least by the French translation) more synthetical, La Bruyère more analytical.

La Bruyère's work is divided into sixteen chapters, each of which is devoted to the consideration of some particular class, or

classes, of human beings (for the author treats humanity as a whole, and considers the various classes and conditions in their bearing one on another), or to the discussion of some attribute or quality of the human nature. The chapters are subdivided into paragraphs, some of considerable length, others consisting of a single pithy remark. As examples of the latter, taken at random, we may read the following :—

“Most men employ the best part of their life in rendering the other part miserable.”—“There is a certain feeling of shame at being happy in the presence of some miseries.”—“A great soul is above injury, injustice, pain, and mockery; it would be invulnerable if it did not suffer by compassion.”—“The man who says he was not born happy might at least become so through the happiness of his friends or relations; envy robs him of this last resource.”

In the last three we must admire the nobleness of the philosophy even more than the neatness and conciseness of the style. But the longer paragraphs too are rich in clear, penetrative thoughts, and sparkling flashes of wit, whilst the force of the whole paragraph is often summed up and concentrated in one vigorous stroke of satire at the end, as when, for example, after describing the false devotee, or hypocrite, he defines the character thus :—“A devotee is one who, under an atheist king, would be an atheist.”

In the chapter on the “Works of the Mind” he examines the literary productions of his renowned contemporaries, and shows himself not inferior in critical discernment and severity of taste to Boileau, whom he also approaches in the keenness of his satiric vein.

But it is in the profound knowledge of human nature, in the penetrative power of the mind, in the peculiarly happy talent for giving form and colour and life to vague thoughts of our own; and, we may add, in the integrity of his intentions, and the soundness of his moral principles, that we must seek La Bruyère's strength and the secret of the fascination he exercises over us. His deep insight into human nature is sometimes almost startling. Not a corner of the heart, not a turn of the mind but he has investigated and is well acquainted with. If you have any weak spot in your character, any pet vanity cherished in your inmost heart, however skilful you may think yourself in concealing it, he drags it out and holds it up to the light, so that you are compelled to blush or smile. Merciless in exposing to ridicule vanity and affectation, folly and vice, he yet recognises the bounds of satire

and the claims of justice and good taste—far from the vanity of those who know no other aim of satire than to show off their own wit, and are ready to exercise this weapon indifferently against the deserving and undeserving. On this subject he remarks: "One must not attach ridicule where it is not: to do so is to spoil one's taste, to corrupt one's own judgment and that of others; but the ridiculous which exists everywhere, one must see it, draw it out with grace, and in a manner that pleases and instructs." In this spirit of discernment, moderation, and equity, without passion and without prejudice, La Bruyère, a true philosopher, wrote his "Characters;" asking of men (to use his own words), "a greater and more rare success than praises, and even than rewards—namely, to make them better."

In the expression of political and religious opinions, La Bruyère was cautious and guarded. All that appears on the surface is orthodox, catholic, and conservative. As such he expresses in the strongest terms his horror at the English Revolution, and the enforced abdication and flight of James II. Yet, in the indignation with which he views the abuse of power, the tyranny and oppression of the great, the sufferings and degradation of the poor, whom he regards as robbed of the very rights of humanity. In such passages as the following, for example, we almost fancy we hear something of the distant rumbling of that terrible storm which was to burst over France in the next century. Thus he compares the condition of noble and peasant:—"Put authority, pleasure, ease, on the one side; dependence, cares, misery, on the other: either these things are displaced by the malice of men, or God is not God. A certain inequality in the conditions which maintain order and subordination is the work of God, or supposes a divine law; a too great disproportion, and such as is seen among men, is their work, or the law of the strongest."

Again, what a picture of peasant life does he give us in the following:—"One sees certain wild animals, males and females, spread over the country, black, livid, and quite scorched by the sun, bound to the earth which they grub and turn up with an invincible pertinacity; they have, as it were, an articulate voice, and when they rise on their feet they show a human face, and, indeed, they are men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots; they save other men the trouble of sowing, ploughing, and reaping, and thus deserve not to lack that bread they have sown."

But nowhere does the lash of La Bruyère's satire fall more heavily than on the profanation of sacred things, on the voluptuousness and corruption of the clergy, the hypocrisy of individuals, and the open irreverence of congregations. Here he rises to a graver style of eloquence, and exclaims in the stern tones of righteous indignation—"Is it for me to cry out that the zeal of the House of the Lord consumes me, and to draw the light veil which hides the mysteries, witnesses of such indecency? What! because they do not yet dance at the Théatins (a religious order), shall I be forced to call this spectacle a service of the church?"

The serious mind of La Bruyère was without doubt deeply impressed with the idea of God. This leading thought appears from time to time, not only in the chapter specially devoted to these higher speculations, but throughout the work, to which indeed it forms a sort of back-ground; for the author's intention was not merely to amuse men by the vivid pictures of their vanity, folly, and vice, but, by the contemplation of their own weakness, to call their thoughts to God. The addition of the chapters against "free-thinkers" was not, therefore, merely a wise and politic step, well calculated to meet the attacks of those who were ready to accuse of impiety an author who had so boldly rebuked hypocrisy and false religion. The serious tone in which he argues the existence of God, his powerful reasoning, which often rises to the sublime, combines with the gravity and sincerity of his own personal character to persuade us that he is expressing his own deep convictions and giving his book its natural completion.

Such then was La Bruyère, such his work; than which a more pleasing, and at the same time a more instructive one could scarcely be found. If "the proper study of mankind is man," nowhere, except in the living models themselves, can one better prosecute that study than in the "Characters;" especially as La Bruyère is, without malice and bitterness, letting his satire fall only where it is well deserved, and showing himself no enemy of man, but of his vices. Never did he sacrifice his heart to his wit, or appear wanting in human sympathy. What was noble in man he admired, what was ridiculous he laughed at, what was vicious he chastised. In art as in moral virtue he ever had in view a certain point of ideal perfection to which all his efforts tended.

This severity of thought led to the severity of style which has been made a reproach against him. There is, indeed, in the laconic

brevity which carefully avoids every word not absolutely necessary, in the anxiety with which the writer seeks everywhere striking and original turns of thought, and the neatest, and most elegant form of expression, something studied and artificial which conveys to the mind the idea of painful effort, and somewhat mars the reader's pleasure. Yet the maxim which guided La Bruyère is a useful one, and one that cannot be too much studied by writers who, under the impression that form is nothing, write carelessly and in a diffuse, incoherent, and consequently obscure style. "Among all the expressions," he says, "which are capable of rendering any one of our thoughts, there is but one which is the right one;" and continuing, he remarks that the characteristic of this expression, which one often seeks in vain, is that, "when one has found it one feels that it is precisely the one which was the simplest, the most natural, and which ought to have occurred to the mind at once and without effort." La Bruyère strove continuously to put his own maxims into practice; and if he erred sometimes through over-scrupulousness, yet the excessive polish of style does not injure the solidity of thought, the accuracy of observation, the soundness of his moral principles. Only when it is used to hide the absence of these qualities is such polish unpardonable.

E. P.

CHARLES V.

From battle-field's heart-rending strains,
From heavy roll of martial thunder,
That peals along the glittering plains,
Seeming the very clouds to sunder,
The Emperor sought some still retreat,
And in Saint Juste's lone convent found
The refuge that he pined to meet,
Estremadura's heights around.

Black was the night and dark the room,
A single lanthorn shed its gleam;
The Emperor's spirit matched the gloom,
No power his sadness could redeem.
Late was the hour, the wind was high,
And swept the monastery o'er;
Its harsh notes, as it hurried by,
Sounded like ocean's angry roar!

Drear was the reverie of Charles,
His thoughts were of the monarch Death;
Inex'orable to kings or carls,
Exacting fief of human breath!
Then rose a vision of the Past,
Illumined by the Present's light;
Fearful and menacing, it cast
A fiery glance of fierce despite!
And as it vanished into space,
In anguish of his soul, Charles cried,—
"O heav'nly messengers of grace
Will peace for ever be denied?
What will the pregnant future bring,
Conceive its fertile womb, what hope?
My spirit will Hell's torments wring,
In darkness ever blindly grope?"
"Or, will my wingèd soul take flight,
Unto that high ethereal world,
Where God's own glory sheds soft light,
And peace her banner has unfurled?"
In vain he mournful thoughts repelled,
Triumphant as the river's flood;
Rampant his faculties rebelled,
And horror curdled all his blood!
Haggard and pale, he cried aloud,
"My burial service I will hear;
My hand shall place the ghostly shroud,
Scorning the angel death to fear!"
He summoned from their easy slumber
The brethren of Saint Juste, and said,
"The chapel drape, the candles number,
As though this life in truth were sped!"
Awestricken went the monks away,
The awful pageant to prepare;
Trembling they watched the breaking day,
And gave their terror speech in prayer.
The chapel was with mourning dressed,
Sombre and gloomy palls were hung;
The monks their patron saint addressed,
The convent bells were slowly rung.

At last the sad procession came,
The Emperor led the funeral throng;
And calling on Jehovah's name,
They raised a wailing, mournful song.
The tapers flickered round the bier,
Lighting the weird unholy scene;
And, blanched with sudden deadly fear,
Charles raised his hands his sight to screen.

The shudder of a deadly chill
Passed like a spasm through his frame;
His blood ran cold as icy rill,
Whose source the snow-girt mountains claim.
"Merciful God"! he cried, "I feel
The clasp of Death upon my brow;
Why do the mourners staggering reel?
And why, pale spectres, haunt ye now?"

His eyes seemed starting from his head,
His limbs convulsive movements strained;
Soon consciousness for ever fled,
And Death a royal victim gained.
Once more the wailing cry ascended,
But less the chorus now by one,
Whose life thus tragically ended,
With brilliant conquest was begun.

C. L. J.

THE HUNDRED FAVOURITE BOOKS OF MASON COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Of making lists of books there is no end since Sir John Lubbock set the fashion in his Inaugural Address to the Working Men's College last January. From the Prince of Wales down to Mr. Wilkie Collins, all the most notable men and women in this country have been laid under contribution for an answer to the question "What to read?" Theoretically, no one denies the importance of a wise choice of books in an age of superfluous print and habitual reading; but, practically, the common attitude towards this question is one of extreme *laissez faire*. We read the volumes which chance to come in our way, without much reference to their absolute value as literature, or to their relative value as pabulum for our own individual minds. Or, perhaps, we

regulate our reading on Dr. Johnson's principle that a man "ought to read as inclination leads him, for what he reads as a task will do him little good." But Dr. Johnson's inclination was doubtless of an enlightened and superior kind, and led him only in the way of the "best" books: besides, he was not beset on every side by the temptations of circulating libraries and "shilling sensationals." Now-a-days we had far better lay to heart these words of Frederic Harrison's:—"When will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift; at least, not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life."

Of course, our minds, like our bodies, will thrive best on the food that is pleasantest and most congenial to them; but the palate may be corrupted by indulgence; and the digestion, whether mental or physical, is liable to get out of order. So, when we find we are losing appetite for *true* literature, when we reject with distaste "the best that is known and thought in the world," and can only find pleasure in new novels or pick daintily at "Tit-Bits," let us frankly confess that we are suffering from mental dyspepsia, and be very careful in our diet for a time. It is a pity that there does not exist a "Sir Andrew Clarke" for such disorders of the intellect, who would say to us in authoritative tones, "My dear Sir (or Madam), your mind is in a dreadfully enfeebled condition; you are fast losing all faculty of literary criticism and appreciation, and unless you do what I tell you, will soon become a confirmed Philistine!" We should then realise the gravity of our case, and gladly adhere to any list of a hundred plain, wholesome books which he should think fit to prescribe for us. Sir John's list is useful and suggestive, but it will not supply the place of such a specific prescription. Rather, it reminds us of those old-world itinerant quacks, who had separate and distinct remedies for every ill that flesh is heir to, but were wont to blend them all into a single lozenge which they sold as an omnipotent panacea. So, we could imagine this list was compiled that whosoever swallowed it might be cured of his ignorance in every department of thought, and became forthwith Theologian and Scientist, Devotee and Philosopher, Oriental Scholar and Universal Historian. But we willingly acquit the author of any supernatural intention, and claim for him that, while many have spoken with surpassing wisdom on the "Choice of Books," few have succeeded in bringing the subject with greater force or attractiveness before the public mind. It is conceivable, also, that his selection will give a much needed impetus

to the reading of those ancient masterpieces of genius, which the torrent of modern talent threatens to sweep off the face of the earth.

The "*Best Hundred Books*" suggested to us a comparison between Sir John Lubbock's judgment and our own personal tastes, and we trust the list of the "*Hundred Favourite Books of Mason College Students*" will be found not wholly uninteresting or unprofitable. It, of course, represents only a fraction of the students, and only a phase in the development of minds more or less immature. Several contributors have impressed upon us that their "*favourite*" books are simply those which they have recently read or are still reading. This accounts, perhaps, for the extraordinary appreciation shown for a poet whose works have been pronounced impossibly difficult by many great and ripe intellects. Just now, we are all more or less fired with the ambition to *master* Browning! On the whole, we venture to think our list indicates a satisfactory degree of intellectual health and vigour. Our tastes do not lie much in the direction of theology or classics, but we read a good many poets, standard authors, and historians. Among the last mentioned, Hume and Gibbon are rather conspicuous by their absence. It may interest some of our readers to learn that the "*Decline and Fall*" was a very "*favourite*" book of the late Dr. Heslop, who is said to have read it through once every twelve months. We are privately of opinion that life is not long enough for even a single perusal of this colossal work, though we once heard of someone who, for a wager, accomplished the task in a week.

The vice of novel-reading is evidently very rampant amongst us, and we shudder to think of the appearance our list would present if submitted to the censorial pen of Mr. Ruskin. What degree of "*blottesqueness*" would he think necessary to mark his displeasure at our preference for the "*rubbish or poison*" of George Eliot, and the "*false sentiment*" and "*frightful tragedy*" of Charles Kingsley? "*Hypatia*," which is one of our very favourite books, he declares should for ever have been left in silence as the most ghastly story in Christian tradition. Perhaps, however, he would be mollified to find that we thoroughly appreciate Hans Andersen, of whom he writes:—"Nobody names him of the omnilegent judges, but a pure edition of him would be a treasure anywhere." The favourite book which concludes our hundred, is a remarkable instance of the proverbial fact that "*great minds stoop to little things.*" We think we may state,

without violating confidence, that a distinguished and cultured student finds relief from the strain of scientific thought and study in the "grateful, soothing, and refreshing" pages of the *Family Herald*. We have been somewhat surprised that no one has mentioned the *Mason College Magazine*, but presume that its peculiar hold upon our affections is considered to place it quite above and beyond the purposes of this list.

In compiling our "Hundred Books," we have followed, as closely as possible, the lines laid down by Sir John Lubbock, but our arrangement is necessarily more complex, because it deals with a plurality of tastes. Thus, we have been obliged to indicate in brackets the number of times it has occurred that the same author or work was chosen by different contributors, and, in some cases, the fact that the author was selected by one contributor and the work by another; or, again, the fact that each of two or more works by the same author was chosen by a different contributor. We have availed ourselves to the utmost of the elasticity of the term "book," and counted any number of kindred works by the same author as *one*, so that our "Hundred" would represent a very well-stocked library. In conclusion, we heartily thank those members of the Union to whom we are indebted for the materials of which the appended list is composed, and invite them to favour us with their opinions on the relative merits of the Favourite Books:—

The Bible (3) *	{ "The Book of Job" (1). † "The Epistles to the Corinthians (1).
<i>Theology and Devotion.</i>	
Thomas à Kempis	"Imitation."
Bunyan	"Pilgrim's Progress."
Francis Newman.....	"Hebrew Theism."
T. H. Green.....	"Witness of God and Faith."
<i>Greek Dramatist.</i>	
Sophocles	"Ajax."
<i>Classics.</i>	
Plato	{ "Phaedo" (3). "Republic" (2).
Horace	"Odes" (2).
Plutarch	
<i>Epic Poem.</i>	
Virgil.....	"Æneid."
<i>History.</i>	
Carlyle	"French Revolution" (3).
Bagehot.....	"English Constitution."
Buckle	"History of Civilisation in England."
Froude	"History of England."
Lamartine.....	"French Revolution."
J. McCarthy.....	"History of our own Times."
Prescott.....	"Conquest of Mexico."
Stanley	"History of the Jews."
Stubbs	"Constitutional History of England."

* Indicates that the entire Bible was chosen by three different contributors.

† Indicates that "Job" was chosen by one contributor and the Epistles by another.

Philosophy.

Mill	{ "Essays on Religion."
	{ "Logic."
	{ "Liberty."
Darwin	{ "Origin of Species."
	{ "Social Statics."
Herbert Spencer (1)	{ "Study of Sociology."
Spinoza	{ "Ethics."

Science.

Lyell	"Elements of Geology."
Huxley	"Manual of Zoology."
Roscoe and Schorlemmer	"Chemistry."
Tilden	"Chemical Philosophy."

Poetry.

Shakespeare (4)	{ "Hamlet" (3).
	{ "Macbeth" (1).
Browning (3)	{ "Xmas Eve and Easter Day" (2).
	{ "Selection" (1).
	{ "In Memoriam" (4).
Tennyson (2)	{ "Idylls" (2).
	{ "Princess" (1).
	{ "Selected Poems" (1).
Matthew Arnold (3)	{ "Merope." (1).
Wordsworth (1)	
E. B. Browning (1)	{ "Aurora Leigh" (1).
	{ "Shorter Poems" (1).
Shelley (3)	"Prometheus Unbound."
Byron	"Childe Harold" (2).
Edwin Arnold	"Light of Asia" (2).
Heine (2)	
Schiller (2)	
A. H. Clough (2)	
J. R. Lowell (2)	
Milton	"Lycidas."
Burns	
Swinburne... ..	"Songs before Sunrise."
George Eliot.....	"Spanish Gipsy."
Lewis Morris	"Epic of Hades."
Longfellow	
"Poems of the Inner Life."	
Hogg	"Queen's Wake."
Calverley	"Fly Leaves."
Austin Dobson	

General Literature.

	{ "Sesame and Lilies" (6).
	{ "Modern Painters" (2).
Ruskin	{ "Ethics of the Dust" (1).
	{ "Frondes Agrestes" (1).
	{ "Munera Pulveris" (1).
	{ "Heroes" (4).
Carlyle	{ "Sartor Resartus" (3).
	{ "Past and Present" (1).
	{ "Essays in Criticism" (2).
Matthew Arnold	
J. R. Lowell	
Macaulay	"Essays" (2).
Emerson	"Essays" (2).
Haweis	"Music and Morals" (2).

General Literature—(continued).

Dr. Johnson.....	"Rasselas."
Boswell.....	"Life of Johnson."
Steele and Addison	"The Spectator."
Burke.....	"Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful."
Landor.....	
Vauvenargues	"Maxims."
Goethe.....	
Lessing	
Sismondi	"Literature of Southern Europe."
Helps.....	"Realma."
Max Müller.....	"Science of Language."
Washington Irving.....	{ "Sketch Book" (1).
	{ "Tales of a Traveller" (1).
Mark Twain.....	"Huckleberry Finn."
Bret Harte.....	
J. Morley	{ "Critical Miscellanies."
	{ "On Compromise."
J. Hinton.....	"Art of Thinking."
G. H. Lewes	"Problems of Life and Mind."
O. W. Holmes	{ "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
	{ "Professor at the Breakfast Table."
De Quincey	"Confessions of an English Opium Eater."
"Letters from Palmyra."	
C. L. Stevenson	

Fiction.

George Eliot (3)	{ "Mill on the Floss" (8).
	{ "Romola" (6).
	{ "Silas Marner" (3).
	{ "Adam Bede" (2).
	{ "Middlemarch" (2).
	{ "Felix Holt" (1).
	{ "Daniel Deronda" (1).
	{ "Scenes of Clerical Life" (1).
Dickens.....	{ "Pickwick Papers" (3).
	{ "Tale of Two Cities" (3).
	{ "David Copperfield" (3).
	{ "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1).
	{ "Nicholas Nickleby" (1).
	{ "Dombey and Son" (1).
Kingsley	{ "Hypatia" (5).
	{ "Westward Ho" (2).
	{ "Hereward the Wake" (2).
	{ "Two Years Ago" (3).
Thackeray.....	{ "Esmond" (4).
	{ "Vanity Fair" (2).
	{ "The Newcomes" (1).
	{ "Pendennis" (1).
	{ "Ivanhoe" (3).
Scott	{ "Woodstock" (2).
	{ "The Heart of Midlothian" (2).
	{ "Old Mortality."
Charlotte Brontë.....	{ "Jane Eyre" (2).
	{ "Villette" (2).
Shorthouse	{ "John Inglesant" (4).
	{ "Transformation" (1).
Hawthorne	{ "Scarlet Letter" (1).
	{ "Harold" (2).
Bulwer Lytton.....	{ "Zanoni" (1).

Fiction—(continued).

Austen	"Pride and Prejudice" (3).
Hans Andersen	"Fairy Tales" (3).
Besant and Rice	{ "The Golden Butterfly" (1).
	{ "The Seamy Side" (1).
Ebers	"Homo Sum" (2).
G. Meredith	{ "Diana of the Crossways" (1).
	{ "Evan Harrington" (1).
Ralph Iron	"Story of an African Farm" (2).
Mulloch	"John Halifax" (2).
Beaconsfield	"Lothair."
G. MacDonald	"St. George and St. Michael."
Lewis Carrol (Dodgson)	"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."
W. Black	"Sunrise."
H. Kingsley	"Tales of Old Travel."
"Family Herald."	

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DR. HESLOP.

Founder's Day was marked, this year, by a ceremony of peculiar interest. The marble portrait bust of the late Dr. Heslop, placed in the Library by the professors and students, was unveiled by Miss M. D. Sturge, and formally handed over to the trustees by Dr. Tilden. The latter, addressing the Bailiff (Mr. J. T. Bunce) said that he had been deputed by his colleagues and the students to ask him to accept that memorial on behalf of the College; and further to request that it might be preserved where it stood, amid the books which they owed chiefly to Dr. Heslop's wisdom and liberality, that it might remind them all, especially future generations of students, of the noble work he did among them. Mr. C. P. Larner (representing the students) supported this request, and referred to the spontaneity of the movement for the memorial. He thought every department of the Library would furnish evidence that Dr. Heslop's sympathies were as broad and catholic as his generosity was deep and sincere.

The Bailiff said that, on behalf of the Trustees, it gave him peculiar pleasure to receive that memorial of one who had done so much for the College, and who deserved to be held in perpetual remembrance within its walls. It remained for the professors and students and for the trustees to carry on the great work which Dr. Heslop had begun, and to realise his hopes of a brilliant future. In the endeavour to do so all of them, professors and students and governors alike, would not fail to derive encouragement and stimulus from seeing before them the memorial of a man who combined in himself their various characteristics; who was an ardent and distinguished student, an accomplished and laborious professor, a wise administrator; and who to these distinctions

added one that lent grace and harmony to the whole—that of being a true, a steadfast, and a tender friend.

On the motion of Professor Sonnenschein, seconded by Dr. Tilden, a cordial vote of thanks was then passed to Mr. Williamson, the sculptor, for the admirable manner in which he had executed the bust, which was pronounced, on all hands, wonderfully true to life, both in feature and effect.

The proceedings vividly recalled to the minds of many present the scene on Founder's Day two years ago, when Dr. Heslop opened the Common Room, and the students presented him with an address in recognition of his active and unwearying interest in the College. Then the hope was expressed that his life might long be spared to carry on his beneficent work; now the dominant feeling of regret was uttered by Dr. Tilden when he spoke of the "grievousness of the loss they had sustained in Dr. Heslop's death," and said that "they missed his wisdom, his generosity, and his enthusiasm."

THE UNION.

February 5th, 1886.—Symposium :—" *That the evidence in favour of the Darwinian Theory does not justify its acceptance as scientific truth.*"

Mr. BARWISE, in opening the discussion, reminded his audience that the boasted Darwinian Theory was propounded by Lucretius among the Epicureans 2000 years ago, and that, therefore, the alchemists of the 19th century had simply dished up as new and startling what was in reality old and common-place. The first question he would ask was—Where did the primordial germ come from to which all existences were attributed? The thorough-going Darwinist asserted that it arose *de novo*; but he refused to believe that a living organism was ever evolved from lifeless inert matter. The conditions which attended the cooling of the earth were strongly against this hypothesis, and it not only did not explain the origin of the primordial germ, but failed to account for the immense variety of germs. Still less tenable was the chemico-physical *conceit* which postulated that thought and energy were simply the result of oxidation of matter. If Mr. Gladstone and a fat butcher were burnt, heat and energy would be the results in each case, and the balance would be in favour of the butcher. He would ask—What made the difference between Mr. Gladstone and the butcher, and between living and dead matter? "Natural selection" equally failed to account for variety of species. The theory of heredity was not borne out by facts. Intellectual men often had imbecile children, and the blacksmith's child did not possess bigger biceps than the artist's. Further, in asserting that the development of a frog from a tadpole represented the development of man, and that the tail disappeared and the gills of the tadpole atrophied because they ceased to be used, Darwin had confounded cause and effect. The tail and gills ceased to be used because they disappeared. As to "community of descent," and the stress laid on

similarities like that existing between the arms of men and monkeys, he would remind his hearers of the similarity between the arm and leg of a man. This, he supposed, Darwinites would explain on the ground that life must have sprung, not from one primordial germ, but from two stuck together. He preferred to regard the great question of the origin of life from the point of view of Sir Isaac Newton, who, when he saw the apple fall to the ground, said "It was the hand of God."

Miss ALICE JORDAN, in reply, said that the Darwinian theory had nothing to do with the question of the origin of life, but simply dealt with the development of plants and animals. The cell had been discovered which was the starting point of both, and biologists did not despair of showing how this primordial germ was constituted. After contrasting the theories of "special creation," and "evolution," she impressed on her hearers that the great original, fundamental, and vivifying idea of Darwin's philosophy was "natural selection," paraphrased by Herbert Spencer into "the survival of the fittest." She then gave a logical and exhaustive exposition of the entire theory. From the fact that variation was much more marked in plants and animals under domestication than in individuals in the wild state, Darwin inferred that structure was modified by circumstance, and that where the conditions varied most varieties would be most numerous. Another force at work was "selection." The different existing varieties of cultivated plants and domestic animals showed special adaptation to man's tastes and wants, and were the results of his arbitrary choice. What man did deliberately, Nature did unconsciously, and the "survival of the fittest" was the key to the whole problem. Starvation or competition kept down the production of offspring to the level of the food supply; and the struggle for existence was fiercest between members of the same species. Miss Jordan then dealt with the application of this theory to man. Darwin did not trace man's descent to an ape, but said that the similarity between all the tissues, especially between the brains, of men and apes, pointed to a common ancestor. The embryonic stages of man closely resembled those of lower animals, and it was a biological truism that the development of the individual was the history of the species. The absence of intermediate forms was due to the fact that natural selection and extinction went hand in hand, and thus the less perfect—*i.e.*, the intermediate—forms died out. The idea of an absolute difference between Instinct and Mind was fast vanishing before the recognition of the fact that both came within the operation of the law of natural selection. Miss Jordan then brought forward much scientific evidence in support of particular points of Darwin's theory, and claimed for it that it was in harmony with the great law that Nature makes no leaps.

Miss NADEN concurred with what Miss Jordan had said, but wished, nevertheless, to point out a defect in Darwin's theory. "Natural selection" by itself was not sufficient to explain the phenomena of evolution, but the "internal factor," of Spencer must be taken into account. Darwin partially recognised this in what he called "correlation of growth"—*i.e.*, a tendency in the individual, not only to vary, but to vary in a definite direction. Mr. Barwise's analogy of the butcher and Mr. Gladstone was false. Would he expect to get the same performance from a badly constructed engine as from a well constructed one by the consumption of an equal amount of fuel?

Mr. J. F. JORDAN said that in the experiments of Pasteur and others the fluids were boiled, and all conditions favourable to life destroyed. Hence, the non-appearance of any germ was explained. He also drew evidence for the negative from the existence of useless organs in man, from embryology, and from the intellectual development of animals.—Mr. W. C. WILLIAMS said, that though he accepted Darwin's theory in full, he would protest against its use as a bulwark of the Malthusian doctrine, to which it did not apply, and which was only true under present social conditions.—Mr. LOVE and Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT also contributed to the discussion.

In replying, Mr. BARWISE said, that in the boiled fluids of Pasteur, the conditions were the same as in nature, for the earth had cooled from incandescence, and nevertheless the germ appeared. Miss Jordan had ignored the difficulty of the primordial germ, and he considered his objections were unanswered.

Miss JORDAN replied briefly, and the motion was then put. Votes:—Ayes, 12; Noes, 29.

February 19th.—Debate: "*That our present system of Free Trade is not in accordance with the best interests of this Empire.*"

Mr. C. MARSTON, in opening the debate, compared the Anti-Corn Law agitation to the Irish National League, and maintained that the term "Free Trade" was a misnomer, except in the sense of freeing the pockets of English labourers from the encumbrance of money, and putting it into the pockets of foreigners. He then quoted statistics to show that Great Britain had only a small share of foreign trade, that her exports were diminishing, and her imports increasing; and that America, on the other hand, had made rapid strides in commerce since adopting Protection. The present commercial depression was due to Free Trade; and the Cobden Club might be described as a society for the reduction of wages. A large percentage of the population was unemployed because the cheapness of untaxed foreign goods militated against home manufacture. Thus Free Trade benefited only foreign workmen, and English capitalists with money invested abroad. Mr. Marston then proceeded to advocate moderate Protection, and said that a small duty on corn would hurt no one, and greatly help the farmers. He drew a graphic picture of the destitute homes and starving thousands in this country, and concluded by urging his hearers to protest against a system of trade which was undermining the strength and prosperity of England.

Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU said that there was no doubt that the country was now suffering from an acute commercial depression, and Fair Trade was one of the many specifics proposed for its removal. The first result of a protective policy was to increase rents, and the second, but almost immediate one, to raise the price of all manufactures within the country adopting it. Whilst this might be good for home trade, it was fatal to a country's foreign trade, to which especial attention should be directed. A country that was self-sufficient and independent by reason of such a policy violated the economic law that everything should be produced in the place most suited for its production, and it was to every nation's interest that this law should be observed. The speaker quoted statistics of the commerce of Victoria and New South Wales to show that the latter, with a policy of Free Trade, was far more prosperous than the former, which was Protectionist. With regard to Reciprocity, was it not madness for a nation, if injured by another country's

tariffs, to retaliate, thus raising the price of all its manufactures and handicapping itself in all the markets of the world? The only ground on which the abandonment of Free Trade could be defended was that it might cause other nations to abolish their duties. The speaker doubted if this would be the case, and if not we should only involve ourselves in a war of tariffs, and go on imposing duty upon duty until we were over head and ears in the bog of Protection.

Mr. MOGG said he was not an extreme Protectionist, but a Fair Trader. He ascribed the present depression in trade to foreign competition, and maintained that retaliatory import duties should be levied on manufactured goods. English labour was superseded by the importation and reselling of German wares, while English manufactures had no market in Germany in consequence of the heavy import duties. Thus, we gave advantages to foreigners which were denied to us.

Miss RUNDLE complained that no one had touched on the real root of the evil—*i.e.*, that England was overcrowded. She had heard that in Canada there was only one person to every square mile. That could not be the case here, or we should not hear so much of "the three acres and a cow." If we levied taxes on imported goods the prices would go up in exact proportion to them. An increase of population necessitated an increase of imports, and a duty on corn would inevitably result in bread riots. Miss Rundle then gave examples of the depravity of the unemployed, for whom the Fair Trade movement had been set on foot, and concluded by reiterating that the key to the present difficulty was excess of population, combined with the intemperate habits of the people.—Mr. LAWRENCE supported Fair Trade because it taxed foreigners and ourselves equally, or not at all, while Protection involved injustice to foreigners, and Free Trade injustice to ourselves. One-sided Free Trade could not possibly be a success, and though we had set the example for thirty-five years, no other nation seemed inclined to follow it.—Mr. B. F. JORDAN said that the Anti-Corn Law League was so successful because it had justice and right on its side. In comparing England with the United States, it must be remembered that the latter was a country of vast natural resources, and was not cursed with an odious system of land laws. Therefore, even with Protection it could "worry along," and without Protection would be able to manufacture so cheaply that it could undersell England in foreign markets.—Mr. E. F. J. LOVE attributed the depression (1) to the failure of foreign investments—the majority of speculations throughout the world were carried on with British capital, and when they failed we suffered; (2) to the fact that our so-called skilled labour was *not* skilled labour—better work was done for less wages in France, Germany, and America. Technical education, not Fair Trade, was thus the remedy.—Mr. EHRHARDT, after commenting on the fact that among all the countries of the world England and one of her colonies alone had Free Trade, made a few criticisms on the insertion of an article on the subject in the *Magazine*, and also dealt with the article itself.—Miss BRIERLEY explained that the article in question had been inserted in accordance with the express purpose of the *Magazine*, which was to afford the students a means of giving expression to their thoughts and opinions. The Editorial Board was not responsible for the political leanings of contributors; and for herself, she shared Mr. Ehrhardt's objections to Free

Trade.—Mr. TURNER and Misses MARRIS, LINDSAY, and LEVETUS continued the discussion on the negative.

In his reply, Mr. MARSTON contended that no argument of weight had been adduced in favour of Free Trade, and that (although under the ideal conditions of political economy, it would be superfluous), under existing conditions, Protection was absolutely necessary. Canada, in 1879, gave up Free Trade, and had since enjoyed an almost doubled prosperity. England annually imported nearly eighty millions of manufactured goods. Was this amount too insignificant to warrant taxation?—The motion was lost by a majority of 22. Votes:—Affirmative, 31; Negative, 53. There were 162 members and visitors present.

March 5th.—Paper on *The Bayeux Tapestry*, by Mr. H. WYNNE THOMAS.

After introducing his subject as one of the most remarkable relics of past days which the world contains, Mr. Wynne Thomas said, that the Bayeux Tapestry was popularly believed to have been worked by Matilda (wife of William, Duke of Normandy) and her maids; but Professor Freeman and other eminent historians were of opinion that it was made by order of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and given by him to the Cathedral in that town. The design was attributed to a dwarf-artist named Tuold, who had cunningly introduced his own effigy and name; and it was probably executed by English women, at that time celebrated all over Europe for dexterity in this work. The tapestry was, in reality, a kind of embroidery, and occupied a strip of linen, 20 inches wide and 227 feet in length. The figures exhibited a regular line of events, beginning with Edward the Confessor's charge to Harold, and including the Norman Conquest and the death of Harold. The drawing was rude and barbarous, and the colouring extremely fanciful. There was an ornamental border at the top and bottom of the field, where the artist had indulged in considerable play of fancy, and depicted birds and beasts which certainly never came out of Noah's ark. The whole was divided (usually by trees) into 72 compartments, and contained 623 persons, 202 horses and mules, 55 dogs, 505 various other animals, 37 buildings, 41 ships and boats, and 49 trees, making a total of 1,512 objects. The artist, modestly mistrusting his powers, had usually affixed an explanatory Latin inscription to each subject. Mr. Wynne Thomas next gave an account of the various adventures and misadventures which have befallen the Tapestry, and then described it in detail with the aid of a reduced fac-simile. He concluded by expressing the hope that he had been able to interest his hearers in a remarkable record, the sight of which induced Lord Tennyson to write his charming drama of "Harold."

The meeting terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to Mr. Wynne Thomas for his interesting paper. About 100 members and friends were present.

March 12th.—Business Meeting. Mr. LARNER in the chair. 59 members were present.

The CHAIRMAN announced that Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT had resigned office as Honorary Secretary, and that Mr. J. F. JORDAN had been elected in his place, the post of Treasurer being now filled by Mr. J. NEAL. Messrs. T. A. JENKYN BROWN and G. L. HILL had been elected extraordinary members of Committee.

Miss HAYCRAFT was elected a member of the Union.

Mr. W. C. WILLIAMS then moved "That evening students be admitted to membership of the Mason College Union on the same terms as day students." Mr. TURNER seconded the motion, which was supported by Mr. JENKYN BROWN, Mr. B. F. JORDAN, Mr. MILWARD, Miss LEVETUS, Mr. J. F. JORDAN, Miss BRIERLEY, Miss JORDAN, Miss MARRIS, Miss LINDSAY, and Mr. C. F. M. WARD, and opposed by Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT, Mr. G. St. JOHNSTON, Miss STURGE, Miss NADEN, Miss FRANCE, and Mr. NEAL.

The main considerations adduced were these :—

For the motion it was urged that the admission of evening students would tend to remove all class distinction, and a feeling that this was the cause of their exclusion prevailed to some extent among evening students. Evening students were just as much members of the College as day students, and there was no real difference between them, except as regarded the amount of their fees. Those who were graduates were allowed to join, and this was an artificial distinction. The number of evening students was small, and that of those who would be able to join smaller still; they would have to be introduced by present members, and the use of the ballot was open on all occasions. Though the Union was formed by and for day students, it was a natural development that the evening students should, in course of time, be admitted to equal privileges.

Against the motion it was urged that many people would join evening classes merely for the sake of entering the Union, and the Union was even now too large. Many evening students could not possibly come at five, besides which they did not ask to be admitted. The Union was formed by day students, and its constitution would have to be remodelled if evening students were admitted. It was further denied that class distinction was in any way the cause of the opposition, and the graduate qualification was objected to as being inconsistent.

After a long discussion the House divided, the voting being—ayes 29, noes 27; but on the motion being put as a rule the requisite majority of three-fourths of the members voting was not obtained.

Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT then moved as an amendment, "That in future no evening students, except those who also attend as day students, be admitted as members of the Union."

Mr. G. St. JOHNSTON seconded the motion, which was lost by a majority of 18—ayes 13, noes 31.

Miss BRIERLEY, on behalf of the Editorial Board, then moved, "That the Magazine year coincide with the College year."—This was seconded by Mr. WILLIAMS, but before discussion took place Mr. LOVE moved the adjournment of the House, a motion which was seconded by Mr. JENKYN BROWN, and carried. The House accordingly adjourned.

COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Poesy Club.—February 9th. Professor ARBER in the chair. The three papers read at this meeting dealt with the life and works of Ben Jonson. Mr. WALCOT GIBSON, after pointing out the causes which produced the rich harvest of Elizabethan Literature, gave a biographical sketch of the great dramatist.

Miss FALLOWS gave a concise account of his numerous comedies, and traced the gradual degeneration of his power of hitting off idiosyncrasies into broad caricature.

Miss M. KEEP described Ben Jonson's two great tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," and spoke of his Court Masques, Songs, Epigrams, and Epitaphs. A discussion followed.

March 9th.—The PRESIDENT in the chair.

Miss E. JORDAN, in a very interesting and thoughtful paper on "Milton," described his character and life, vindicated his change of politics, and dealt with his pamphlets and poems. A discussion followed. Miss HADLEY being unable to give her promised "Notes on Dramatic Art," Professor ARBER kindly contributed an account of Sir Philip Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella" sonnets.

French Debating Society.—Thursday, February 18th. Professor LOREILLE in the chair. The following programme was performed:—Professor LOREILLE and Miss MARGARET KEEP read Horace, Act I., Scene I.; Mr. REYNOLDS read a paper on Mirabeau, Mr. LAY a paper on Madame de Staël, and Miss COHEN a paper on Madame Roland. Mr. SOLLY recited "L' alouettes et ses petits, et le maître d'un champ;" and Miss PRICE "Les catacombes de Rome."

COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

Chemical Society.—Wednesday, February 17th, 1886. Dr. TILDEN in the chair. An interesting paper on "India-rubber," illustrated by specimens and diagrams, was read by Mr. PRICE. This substance is yielded by a great variety of trees, principally of three natural orders. These grow in the tropical regions, both of the old and New Worlds. The milk, which, when coagulated, constitutes india-rubber, occurs in connected cells throughout the tree, and is collected by incision of the trunk. In some cases the milk is solidified by simple exposure to air; more generally, however, by the aid of heat. It is exported in large balls, called negro-heads, inside which a considerable quantity of clay and such like material is frequently placed when the exporters have attained to a certain degree of intelligence. This is never visible on the outside of the ball.

The paper concluded with a reference to "rubber-substitute," composed of castor oil and chloride of sulphur, which is extensively used for purposes of adulteration. Goods containing "substitute" are indistinguishable from genuine india-rubber goods while new, but they very soon lose their elasticity.

The PRESIDENT remarked that isoprene, a hydrocarbon obtained by the dry distillation of india-rubber, was capable of being polymerised under the action of certain reagents, india-rubber being regenerated. India-rubber had the same empirical composition as the terpenes, which were unsaturated compounds. There was therefore nothing surprising in the fact that india-rubber should combine so readily with sulphur, and it would be interesting to know to what extent such combination took place, and whether definite compounds were found.

The remainder of the discussion was of a conversational character, considerable interest being manifested in the alleged reversion to the juicy form under the influence of ammonia. It was determined to try the experiment.

Physical Society.—Thursday, February 11th. Mr. LOVE, having to leave early, in the absence of Professor POYNTING, vacated the chair in favour of Miss PERRY.

Mr. LOVE read a note on Magnetic Induction, giving diagrams of the lines of force and equipotential surfaces in the case of a magnetised iron ring, the ring being divided into semicircular pieces by a thin plate of copper.

Miss NADEN then read a paper on the "Lake Dwellings of Switzerland." The remains of prehistoric lake villages were first discovered in Lake Zurich during a season of drought, and other villages were subsequently discovered in other lakes and in morasses that had once been lakes. The village, connected with the shore by a narrow bridge, was erected on a platform, which in turn was supported by piles driven into the bed of the lake. The inhabitants were peaceful, and lived by hunting, fishing, agriculture, and live-stock farming. They were by no means uncivilised, and division of labour was practised amongst them to a considerable extent. The villages were frequently destroyed by fire, there being proofs in one spot of no less than three successive conflagrations. Of the stone age (Neolithic) no tombs have been discovered, nor do the people of this time appear to have had any religion. At a later time, ancestor-worship seems to have begun, and in the tombs, which were three-chambered, bones and ornaments have been found. The skulls are of a type ("dolichocephalous") still often seen in Switzerland. The race was of Aryan origin, and different authorities place the date of their existence in Switzerland at from 2,000 B.C. to 5,000 B.C. These people seem to have had considerable trade with the Mediterranean countries, but art among them was very crude. Bronze was, in all probability, introduced by settlers, the manufacture of bronze implements increasing *pari passu* with the decline of that of stone. Many implements and industrial products were described in the paper, which concluded with an extract from Herodotus, describing a similar people who dwelt in Asia Minor at his time.—In the discussion, Miss PERRY remarked that the method of determining the habits and customs of such a race resembled to some extent that of the modern detective. The head-rests described by Miss Naden were similar to those now in use in Japan for keeping the *coiffure* in order.

Miss CHARLES enquired as to the ultimate fate of the lake-dwellers; and Mr. HAMILTON asked whether protection from their enemies was the sole cause of their living on the water?

Miss NADEN replied to these queries, remarking that a good many must have been burnt in the conflagrations; and for the rest, a large proportion must have died of rheumatism and cold in the head.

Physical Society.—Thursday, March 11th. Professor POYNTING in the chair. Mr. DANIELL read a paper on Musical Instruments, in which he described the construction and action of a great number, both obsolete and modern, and indicated in an interesting manner the probable mode of evolution of our most perfect instruments. The paper was illustrated by lantern slides.

Mr. EHRHARDT then read a short paper on "Dilatancy." This physical property was discovered by Professor Osborne Reynolds. In calculating the nature of a granular medium, such that it shall transmit light or electricity, but not sound, and shall also serve as a field in which such forces as gravitation and cohesion may be manifested, he found that it must be "dilatant"—i.e., it must increase in total volume when distorted. This was illustrated by squeezing an india-rubber bag filled with wet sand, when, as a result, water was sucked into the bag. This newly discovered physical property furnishes the explanation of the fact that when walking on a sandy shore the sand in

the neighbourhood of the foot becomes dry, while a puddle is left in the footmark when the foot is removed.

A short discussion followed each paper.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Pioneer Journal, the organ of the Pioneer Club, devotes most of its space to an article on Socialism, which quite justifies its claim to this indulgence. We note with pleasure that the writer does not, as so many do, advocate any catastrophic measures, but looks to a gradual evolutionary process of moral culture to bring about the Socialistic Elysium. A readable article on Henri Amiel, and a couple of poems make up a very interesting number.

We have been somewhat disturbed in our wonted composure by a passage in *The Midland Antiquary* (for a copy of which we are indebted to the courtesy of the Editor, W. F. Carter, Esq.), describing a visit to Birmingham of some censorious heralds; it reads thus:—"Before leaving the town, the heralds would perhaps express their intention of defacing the lying coat of arms sculptured at the back of Sir Josiah Mason's chair, and might even wish to scale the heights of the Mason College for a similar purpose, for it is needless to say that the fork-tailed lion and the mermaid crest belonged to Sir Josiah no more than to the man in the moon." We have been unable, through lack of time, to investigate our "pious Founder's claim" to his armorial bearings; but have made up our mind to rest content in that calm possession which is proverbially equivalent to nine points of the law.

We also acknowledge with thanks the *President's Inaugural Address of the Birmingham Ladies' Debating Society*, *The Cliftonian*, *The Haileyburian*, *The Marlburian*, *King Edward's School Chronicle* (2), *Clewer House School Magazine*, *Laurel Leaves*, *The Institute Magazine* (2), and *The Naturalist's World*.

CYCLISTS' CLUB.

The Annual Meeting was held on February 26th, 1886, in the Examination Hall. The President (Professor POYNTING) was in the chair, and gave a short but very interesting and amusing address on the objects of the Club and the pleasures of Cycling. The following Programme was then performed:—Song, "When we meet," Miss Brierley; Violin Solo, Professor Smith; Song, "Lovely Spring," Miss Goodman; Recitation, "The Red Fisherman," W. R. Jordan; Song, "True till death," G. L. Hill; Pianoforte Solo, "Polka de la Reine," Miss E. Edwards; Recitation, "A Stethoscope Song," Mr. E. F. J. Love; Song, "When all was young," Miss L. J. Charles; Recitation, "Sad Memories," W. R. Jordan; Song, G. F. Daniell; Song, "Many a mile away," Miss Goodman; "God Save the Queen." In addition to the above, Miss Goodman sang, in response to two enthusiastic *encores*, "An Old Garden," and Rubenstein's Duet, "The Angel," with Miss L. J. Charles. Mr. J. R. Jordan, whose recitations were, as usual, much appreciated, was also twice recalled, and gave "The Vulture and the Husbandman," and, secondly, "The Lay of the Lovelorn." Misses J. Charles, E. Edwards, and B. Keep were efficient accompanists. The proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman and performers, and to the Bailiff (Mr. J. T. BUNCE) for the use of the hall.

STUDENTS' COMMON ROOM.

A Social Evening was held in the Common Room, on Thursday, February 18th. Mr. JENKYN BROWN occupied the chair, and the following programme was performed:—Pianoforte Solo, Mr. Milward; Song, "Moods and Tenses," Mr. G. L. Hill; Reading, "Aurelia's Young Man," Mr. Mursell; Song, "Sailing," Mr. Amplett; Recitation, "In the Gloaming," Mr. Jenkyn Brown; Song, "Nancy Lee," Mr. Daniell; Song, "He was a Careful Man," Mr. Dammann; Reading, "Sam Weller's Valentine," Mr. Mursell; Songs, "My Lodgings in the Cellar Here," and "The Showman," Mr. Wyatt; Song, "The Little Hero," Mr. Cope; Song, "Down Went the Captain," Mr. G. L. Hill; Recitation, "Lost," Mr. Jenkyn Brown; Song, "Sentry's Song" ("Iolanthe"), Mr. Daniell; Song, "The Bugler," Mr. Dammann; Recitation, "Up'ards," Mr. Wyatt; Song, "Anchored," Mr. Cope; Song, "The Soldier's Good-bye," Mr. Amplett; Song, "Down among the Dead Men," Mr. Wyatt. Mr. Jenkyn Brown deeply affected his audience by his pathetic Recitation "Lost." The speaker has thought of a magnificent joke, but alas! 't is lost, and all efforts to remember it are vain. Mr. Wyatt's first song was perhaps the greatest success of the evening, but was nearly equalled by his recitation of "Up'ards," which, it seemed to us, might have been written as a parody on "Excelsior." The accompaniments were admirably rendered by Mr. Johnson.

A highly successful Social Evening was held on Wednesday, March 10th, Mr. W. R. JORDAN occupying the chair. Mr. Amplett inaugurated the entertainment by singing "King Canute," and was followed by Mr. Gibson with "The Englishman," and Mr. Phelps with "I'll meet her when the sun goes down," the latter with banjo accompaniment. A somewhat novel item was contributed by Mr. Milward, viz. :—a dance "La Chute;" this was one of the greatest successes of the evening, and was vociferously encored, Mr. Milward complying later on by dancing "Le Ballotement Double." Mr. Wyatt then sang "The Scout," and being encored, gave "Sivudalincum" with great effect (though, fortunately, with but little damage to the crockery). Mr. Gibson sang "Come Lasses and Lads," and Mr. Dammann "The Vagabond." Mr. Love related "The Dream," and in response to an encore, told a "Terrible Tale." After a pianoforte solo from Mr. Milward, Mr. Jenkyn Brown recited "The Heathen Chinees," and on being encored, gave "Cherry-stones." Mr. Phelps sang "Wrap me up in my Old Stable-jacket," to his own "banjo" accompaniment. Mr. Wyatt gave "The Midshipmite;" this elicited an enthusiastic recall to which Mr. Wyatt responded by reciting "Diddle Diddle." A recitation, "Gemini et Virgo," from Mr. Jordan, concluded the programme; and the usual vote of thanks being accorded, the National Anthem was taken as sung.

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

We have already alluded in general terms of praise to the labours of the scene-painters, stage-carpenters, property-makers, &c., in connection with the performance of "Ion" in January last, but, before finally dismissing the subject, we wish to give special recognition to the services rendered by

Mr. O. Wynne Thomas and Mr. Clayton in one and all of these capacities. Had it not been for the former, we are told, that the probabilities are the temple would have boasted no furniture, the altar would have been left to the imagination, and the throne have consisted of a chair out of the Common Room. Mr. Thomas was equally energetic on the evenings of the performance, when, together with Messrs. Ryder and Arthur Charles, under the direction of Mr. Greene, he conducted the scene-shifting in a highly creditable manner. We would also draw attention to the fact that the smaller panels of the proscenium were painted by Miss Fallows, and that the Greek figures which so successfully relieved the monotony of the walls of the Palace were the work of Miss Thomson. Nor must we omit to mention the Greek armour, to which the effectiveness of the soldiers' dresses was in large measure due, and which was very kindly lent by Mr. Simpson, of the Theatre Royal.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The annual meeting of this Club was held on Wednesday, March 3rd. Professor SONNENSCHNEN in the chair. The reports of the Treasurer and Secretary, and of the Sub-Committee appointed to look after a new ground were read and adopted. The Sub-Committee recommended that the Club should continue to use the ground in the Somerset Road, which Mr. T. S. Walker had again generously placed at its disposal; and further recommended that two new courts should be made there. The following resolution was then moved by Professor SONNENSCHNEN, and carried: "That the Sub-Committee continue their negotiations, the results of which they shall report to a general meeting of the Club, with which decision shall rest." The new Committee was then elected as follows: President, Dr. TILDEN; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. TILDEN, Professors SONNENSCHNEN and HAYCRAFT, and T. WALKER, Esq.; Members, Miss PERRY, Messrs. G. ST. JOHNSTON, HART, and EHRHARDT; Treasurer, Mr. NUGENT SMYTHE; Secretaries, Miss CHARLES and Mr. CLAYTON. It was then resolved that the entrance fee be raised to five shillings, and the subscription remain, as last year, five shillings. A discussion on the question of limiting the number of members resulted in its being left to the discretion of the Committee, though the general opinion seemed to be that, even with two courts, it would be unfair to present members to largely add to their number. The meeting then terminated. For the instruction of those who wish to join the Club, we are requested to state that all persons directly connected with the College are eligible for membership, and may continue members after leaving the College. Candidates must be proposed and seconded by present members, and will be elected by ballot at a meeting of the Committee.

COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.

We are pleased to announce that at the recent Preliminary Scientific Examination of the London University Mr. R. RICHARDS passed in two subjects, and Miss STALEY and Messrs. J. NEAL and G. L. HILL in one subject.

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VIII.—VESTER, CAMENAE.

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X.—QUEM TU, MELPOMENE.

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THE STUDENTS.

MAY, 1886.

CONTENTS.

A Modern Apostle.
George Eliot and the Hundred
Favourite Books.
Our Contemporaries.
The Union.
Tennyson Evening.
College Scientific Societies.

Physiological Society.
Poetry Club.
Deutscher Abend.
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(Continued) to Statement of Affairs, 1888-89

No. 3, Vol. IV

MAY, 1888

May 22.—Friday.—Lunch. Dinner. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

June 2.—Tuesday.—Lunch. Dinner. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. J. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. U. V. W. X. Y. Z.

- 10.—Thursday.—Lunch. Dinner.
- 11.—Friday.—Lunch. Dinner.
- 16.—Wednesday.—Lunch. Dinner.
- 18.—Friday.—Lunch. Dinner.

A MODERN APOSTLE

I.

It is a pity that the apostle of a religion of women these days be heralded by flaming posters, that he should be crowded and gas-lighted hall to an enthusiastic assembly, reported with exasperating instructions by the press, and that he has a much better chance of becoming a coterie than of suffering imprisonment, torture, martyrdom. So, perhaps, thought Arthur Benson, eloquent prophet of Pantheistic Swedenborgism, his friend Claudia Westwood, though she would excepted the martyrdom clause. But very few people of Leadborough understood much of Claudia Westwood. She had been described as "an incarnation of Nature" and the saying was remembered and repeated, once her favourite study, her supposed character, her appearance.

She was tall and slender; straight-haired, fair-haired, with a delicately fair and pale complexion, always plain, but not aggressively so, suggesting æsthetic theory rather than any conscious recognition of æsthetic theories and vanities. If she was in any way attracted, it was of her own, but by a treachery of Nature, and apparently unpoetic, her clear mind and imagination.

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No. 3, VOL. IV.

MAY, 1886.

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CALENDAR.

May 28.—FRIDAY—Union: Papers on "Charles Dickens" and
"Caricature."

June 8.—TUESDAY—Poesy Club, 5.30 p.m. Physiological Society,
7.30 p.m.

" 10.—THURSDAY—Physical Society.

" 11.—FRIDAY—Union: Business Meeting.

" 16.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.

" 18.—FRIDAY—Union—Debate: "That Conventionality tyrannizes
injuriously over Society."

A MODERN APOSTLE.

I.

It is a pity that the apostle of a religious or social creed must in these days be heralded by flaming posters; that he must speak in a crowded and gas-lighted hall to an enthusiastic audience, and be reported with exasperating incorrectness by the morning papers; and that he has a much better chance of becoming the pet of a coterie than of suffering imprisonment, torture, and ultimate martyrdom. So, perhaps, thought Arthur Burnet, the young and eloquent prophet of Pantheistic Socialism; so, certainly, thought his friend Claudia Westwood, though she would probably have excepted the martyrdom clause. But very few people in the town of Leadborough understood much of Claudia Westwood's thoughts. She had been described as "an incarnation of Pure Mathematics," and the saying was remembered and repeated, as indicating at once her favourite study, her supposed character, and her personal appearance.

She was tall and slender; straight-featured, grey-eyed, light-haired, with a delicately fair and pale complexion; her dress was always plain, but not aggressively so, suggesting an absence of æsthetic theory rather than any conscious renunciation of the pomps and vanities. If she was in any way attractive, it was by no fault of her own, but by a treachery of Nature. Undemonstrative, and apparently unpoetic, her clear mind and instinctive sincerity

sometimes made her seem hard and intolerant; yet she was in reality exquisitely sensitive, immediately repenting of the best-deserved harshness, and appearing cold in the very effort to suppress her irrational remorse.

If Arthur Burnet was not understood, it must have been from sheer non-receptivity on the part of his audience. No man ever had a clearer and more evidently spontaneous utterance. It was not only with his voice that he spoke, but with hands and eyes; with every limb and every feature. The dark bright eyes, indeed, were enough to rivet attention. They were stiletto-like in their keenness, and seemed capable of opening a pathway for light to the brain of the hearer by physical means, should spiritual ones prove insufficient.

As I have said, he was an apostle of Pantheistic Socialism. He held that Nature is a living revelation of God, as man's body is a revelation of man's spirit. But man, body and spirit, is a part of Nature, and therefore a chapter in the universal gospel, the functions of all men being thus essentially equal, and carrying with them equal duties and rights. Human beings, he said, had often misinterpreted their own message; they were imperfect lenses, giving a blurred picture; but now and again true interpreters were born, who focussed the Truth, and showed its clear and undistorted image. Of these interpreters he believed himself to be one. It was a sublime illusion, unstained by any trace of personal vanity; indeed, it is doubtful whether he troubled himself at all about the posters, the gas, and the journals. The Truth *must* be proclaimed, and he was devoting his small fortune to the work; as to the manner in which the announcement should be made he was almost indifferent. This singleness of mind it was which had first attracted the admiration of Claudia.

She lived a lonely life with her widowed father, a natural Epicurean, with a touch of acquired Stoicism, who admired the young lecturer's genius, good-humouredly smiled at his fervour, and found him on the whole an agreeable guest. It was understood that Burnet dined with the Westwoods whenever he visited Leadborough, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Westwood was taking his after-dinner nap, and the two young people were strolling in the garden, a momentous conversation took place. At first it was occupied with the subject of last night's lecture.

"No one has understood me till now," said Burnet, in response to some remark of Claudia's, "but you understand. Since I saw you first, I have felt that you knew my message instinctively.

I watched you, and I saw how you welcomed ideas. Look at these roses. You drink in sunlight just as they do."

"After all, that is a very passive virtue," she replied.

"But how can we see the beauty of light until the flowers change it to colour? Then it is a new revelation. You do not know how you have taught me and helped me and inspired me. You do not know how often I have felt that I could not speak a word to the people, and then I have looked at you and you gave me strength."

"But I have scarcely said anything to you about it."

"No; you did not tell me in words, but still I knew. Oh, it is wonderful to be understood at last! Tell me *now*—speak to me—say that I was right."

She answered slowly, formally, almost coldly, as though trying to speak the truth, and yet to keep back some strong feeling which sought an outlet.

"Your teaching answered my need. All that I knew of science was dead and barren before you made it a religion. How I can have helped you I do not know, but you have given me the key to Nature and to myself."

"Oh," he exclaimed, "it is too glorious to be true; and yet I knew it always, and it *is* true. Speak again—say it to me again!"

She drooped her head, but spoke distinctly.

"It is true. I am your disciple. I accept your creed with all my heart and soul and strength."

"No; not my disciple. You are my inspiration and my life. It is a happiness too great for man to bear." He took her hand, and would have kissed it, but she withdrew it and shrank away from him.

"What is it?" he cried. "Claudia, do you not love me?" His mind was not analytic, and it did not occur to him that, in the process of ascertaining Claudia's complete sympathy, he had neither asked her love, nor declared his own.

"Do you not love me?" he repeated.

The touch of absurdity set free her highly-wrought emotions in a half-hysterical laugh.

"Why," she said, "you never asked me that!"

It is perhaps unnecessary to relate the remainder of the interview. Mr. Westwood did not express any surprise, or indeed any emotion whatever, when informed of its result. Afterwards, he said to his daughter, "So you are the Prophet's first convert? Just like Mahomet and Cadijah!"

The simile was perhaps not very acceptable, and Claudia did not reply.

"Well," resumed her father, "Cadajah was a brick, but she wasn't very sensible. And then she was married already, so she had to make the best of him. I expected better things of you, but we know about 'Mad Mathesis.' However, Burnet's not a bad fellow, and no doubt in time he'll settle down and be all right."

From which it may be inferred that Mr. Westwood regarded devotion to Pantheistic Socialism as a comparatively innocent way of sowing wild oats.

II.

The autumn months went by, and the winter came, and gave place to early spring. And the months did not fail to bring their changes.

Burnet's devotional love grew in ardour. Claudia seemed the very quintessence of all that was noblest and best in the world ; the breathing image of that Truth which he had desired even in boyhood, pursued in youth, and now in manhood seemed to see clearly and possess inalienably.

Claudia loved with all the strength of her womanhood. With her, love was something final ; something which could no more be given twice, or revoked when given, than life can be twice sacrificed, or recalled when the sacrifice is accomplished. Yet gradually, against her will, doubts intruded themselves ; doubts not of the noble moral character of her lover, but of the validity of his inspiration. Pantheism, however beautiful and even sublime, was far too unsubstantial a theory to serve as the guide of life and the basis of social reform. Her logical intellect forced her to admit that practical conclusions diametrically opposed to those of the young apostle might be drawn from the premises of his creed ; and her scientific training asserted itself in the demand for something clearer and more definite. Could she have accused herself of crass stupidity and inability to comprehend Arthur's thoughts, she would have welcomed and cherished the suspicion. But she knew too well that her keen sympathy had fathomed his intuitions.

Tell an ordinary controversialist that he is wrong, and he will be angry, and try to refute you. Tell a prophet of the Lord that he is wrong, and he will know that your ears have been stopped, and your eyes darkened, and your heart hardened. The controversialist may forgive and forget ; but the apostle will shake the dust

from his feet, and gird himself, and go his way. It was this that Claudia foresaw. Yet her brain, inexorable as a logic machine, went on automatically working out its results, while her woman's heart shrank and quivered and throbbed, and impotently protested against the destruction of its faith and hope. It was as though the vivisector, caring only for physiological discovery, and the victim, knowing nothing save its own helpless anguish, could be united in one organism. And against the vivisector, strong and scientific, there could be only a dumb appeal. At last, after a lecture in which Burnet had surpassed even his usual eloquence, Claudia determined to speak.

The dinner passed off that evening more quietly than usual. The young apostle, who for some time sustained an animated monologue on his all-absorbing topic, at last noticed Claudia's abstraction; but this he not unnaturally attributed to the reflections excited by his lecture. That she could have any doubt on a subject which seemed to him transcendently clear, did not enter his mind; but it seemed quite explicable that she should be transported for a time into the seventh heaven, and that there should be silence in that region for the space of half-an-hour. After the meal, Claudia said,

"Let us walk in the garden, Arthur. I want to tell you something that I have been thinking."

"Oh yes; we can talk better among the trees and flowers."

They paced for a few minutes in silence. She had prepared many phrases with which to preface the fatal truth; but they all vanished from her, and she began abruptly:

"Arthur, I listened to your lecture this afternoon, as I have listened many times. And you speak beautifully and nobly, and I can see how every word comes straight from your heart, and how you love the truth and would give up everything for it. You are like one of the ancient prophets and apostles. But, Arthur, for weeks and months a doubt has been growing in my mind and has made me miserable, and I tried to crush it down, but that was no use; and I have said nothing to you of it because I could not bear to speak till I was quite sure—and now it is not a doubt, but a certainty."

She paused from sheer powerlessness to command her voice.

"But," he eagerly interposed—"there can be no doubt which I cannot set at rest. Tell me, my darling—why should you not tell me?"

She answered with a great effort of self-coercion which made her seem stern and cold.

"It is this. You cannot regenerate the poor people—or any people—with your theories. They are too vague and unsatisfying. I don't know about the social projects—those may be good—but the foundation is faulty, and you care so much for it and say so much about it. Don't you see that you never can change the nature of things by bringing the great god Pan into the play? Oh! let us try to find out something certain and real, even though it may not look so beautiful—something that will be bread and not froth. Let us give our whole lives to find it."

As she went on her voice had grown fuller. She laid her hand on his arm and looked into his face with shining and tearful eyes. But he broke forth passionately :

"No, Claudia, you do not understand. Can you not see how infinitely human life is raised and glorified when we remember that it is but the symbol and manifestation of the Divine life? And how can we refuse to believe what our own instinct tells us, and what all Nature confirms? Are you, too, growing dull and deaf like others? No; it is I who am unjust. My darling, you are wearied—we will not talk about this to-night—you have been working and pondering too much. Another day you will see everything in a happier and truer light."

But she looked him in the face, sorrowfully and calmly.

"No," she replied, "what I have said is not only what I think to-day, or what I thought yesterday, but what I have been thinking for days, and weeks, and months. And I shall never think differently. Arthur, I speak as solemnly as though I were about to die—and it is like death. I do not assent to your reasoning, and I do not share your faith. And I do not expect you to bind yourself to one who could be nothing but a dead weight on your life. We never shall be married—although *my* love, at least, is irrevocable. Kiss me and bid me good-bye."

"It is not true," he cried; "Claudia, it cannot be true!" But the marble face and the sad changeless expression froze the flood of his utterance. He knew now that there was no appeal. He clasped her in his arms, and kissed the cold lips; then left her and hastened from the house, scarcely knowing and not at all caring whither he turned his steps. He did not feel angry, or contemptuous; neither did his sorrow transmute itself for a moment into the thought of a possible renewal of vows. His love for Truth and his love for Claudia were so united that they had seemed

inseparable even in thought. She had been a part of his religion—a symbol, which had now lost its significance, and which for him had ceased to exist.

Claudia, the while, though half-stupefied by the sacrifice she had accomplished, thought more of him than herself, picturing the nature of his feelings, not indeed truly, but with a clearness that seemed like truth. She would teach herself to live the maimed life; but it would always be embittered by the consciousness that her one piece of heroism had brought upon her rejection, and it might be scorn, from the man whom she loved, and had left him with a wound perhaps incurable like her own.

When Mr. Westwood heard so much of the story as could be communicated to a not over-sympathetic ear, he said—

“Don’t grieve, Claudia. You will be glad some day. The marriage of men of genius ought to be made illegal. Poor Cadijah! no doubt she got disenchanted in time, though not exactly from having too mathematical a mind. On the whole I think you have the best of it.”

I am afraid that Claudia was never able to take comfort from this philosophy, but perhaps it was some compensation that to the end of her days she kept in her heart an unstained ideal.

GEORGE ELIOT AND THE HUNDRED FAVOURITE BOOKS.

If, at the present day, it may be said that “of making lists of books there is no end,” with equal truth may the same thing be affirmed of the making of biographies. There is no one who has mounted a step above the common mass of mortals, whose death is not followed by the appearance of some one able and willing to write his biography; it seems as if the old cry of the people on the decease of their monarch will soon give place to the cry of the literary hacks, “*Le roi est mort, écrivons sa biographie.*” It is no wonder, therefore, that there are those who condemn altogether this modern system of biography—who believe that through his works alone can it truly be said of a man, “*He, being dead, yet speaketh.*” There are few, however, who would not make an exception in favour of the selections from letters which constitutes what is known as the “Life of George Eliot.” In the present instance, it is this work which has enabled me to discover which of our favourite books were also favourites of hers, and in many cases to give her criticism.

George Eliot is known so well as a Positivist, that it may be regarded as curious that the Bible was one of her favourite books. She speaks of the "beautiful Bible with large print" which she received from Mr. Lewes as a "provision for her old age," and remarks very naïvely that Mr. Lewes was not fond of reading the Bible himself, but saw no harm in her reading it. She speaks of the First Epistle to the Corinthians in connection with the chapter on "charity," which she considers a term wholly inadequate to express the fuller meaning of the word "*caritas*." She also acknowledges the supremacy of Hebrew poetry, so that the Book of Job was doubtless a favourite.

Of devotional works she speaks of "The Imitation of Christ," of which she says: "One breathes a cool air as of the cloisters in the book—it makes one long to be a saint for a few months. Verily, its piety has its foundations in the depths of the divine-human soul." Of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" she says: "I am reading old Bunyan again, after the lapse of long years, and am profoundly struck with the true genius manifested in the simple, vigorous, rhythmic style." Although George Eliot does not mention the "Hebrew Theism" of Francis Newman, she speaks of him with the greatest affection and reverence. He was one of the saint-heroes of her youth, and in after life she spares time to think of him with the chills of old age creeping upon him, recalling with affectionate sadness the interest she took, in the far-off days, in his "Soul" and "Phases of Faith."

George Eliot was able to read both Latin and Greek easily, and with thorough delight to herself; she mentions reading three of the classical favourites of our college students—namely, the Ajax, the Republic, and the Æneid. The Agamemnon seems her favourite, but her sympathies were too wide, and her desire for knowledge too far-reaching, to allow her to cultivate the classical spirit of the scholar.

Of History, George Eliot read more in the latter part of her life, especially when the idea of "Romola" and the "Spanish Gypsy" led her to dive into Florentine and Spanish History. She mentions Carlyle's "French Revolution" and Froude's "History of England." On the whole, Hallam and Mommsen seem to be her favourite historians; she also mentions Prescott in connection with his "Ferdinand and Isabella."

George Eliot was acquainted with Mill's works; his "Political Economy" seems to be her favourite, though she mentions reading the "Logic" more than once. She speaks of Darwin's "Origin of

Species," of which she says : "Though full of interesting matter, it is not impressive, from want of luminous and orderly presentation." She did not, however, fail to recognize its importance, for she says : "It is an elaborate exposition of the evidence in favour of the Development Theory, and so makes an epoch." Herbert Spencer was one of George Eliot's most intimate friends, and she read all his works with the greatest interest. She mentions his "Social Statics" before her introduction to Lewes, and subsequently in writing of it to a friend says, "Lewes pronounces it the best book he has seen on the subject;" evidently considering this opinion of Lewes's higher praise than any expression of her own could be. The "Ethics" of Spinoza were doubtless known to her, as she spent some time translating his works, and says of him : "There is the same sort of interest in his style as in the conversation of a person of great capacity who has led a solitary life, and who says from his own soul what all the world is saying by rote."

Next to Shakespeare, Wordsworth was George Eliot's favourite poet. When nineteen years of age she bought the first three volumes of his works, and says that she never before had met so many of her own feelings expressed just as she could wish. Her love for Wordsworth remained till the day of her death. Shakespeare was one of her life's companions ; she does not say which of his plays she preferred, but mentions "Hamlet," (which appears on our list), as "one of his loftiest tragedies." Speaking of Shakespeare she says : "In opposition to most people, who love to read Shakespeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others ; his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may. I think it is something like what I used to experience in old days in listening to uncultured preachers—the emotions lay hold of one too strongly for one to care about the medium. Before all other plays I find myself cold and critical, seeing nothing but actors and 'properties.' I like going to those little provincial theatres. One's heart streams out to the poor devils of actors who get so little clapping and will go home to so poor a supper." I quote this passage at length, because I think that there are many who share this feeling with George Eliot ; but how far it is so among the Mason College students is a question which it would be interesting as well as profitable to try and elucidate. Of Robert Browning's poems George Eliot says little. Browning was a personal friend of hers, but whether she admired the obscurity of his style is doubtful ; at any rate, the style she adopts in her own poetical works forms as great a contrast to his as well could be. She

speaks of Tennyson, and it is interesting to note that the Mason College students agree with her in preferring "In Memoriam" to the "Idylls." On this point she says: "I only mean that I should value for my own mind 'In Memoriam' as the chief of the larger works; and that while I feel the exquisite beauty in passages scattered through the 'Idylls,' I must judge some smaller wholes among the lyrics as the works most decisive of Tennyson's high place among the immortals." Matthew Arnold was known to George Eliot only as the compiler of "Selections from Wordsworth," but Shelley was a favourite of hers, and among his poems she mentions "The Cloud" as containing five or six exquisite stanzas. She felt a sincere admiration for Mrs. Browning, of whose "Aurora Leigh" she says: "We are reading 'Aurora Leigh' for the third time with more enjoyment than ever. I know no book that gives me a deeper sense of communion with a large as well as beautiful mind." Of her other works, she mentions her "Casa Guidi Windows," which she declares to contain, among other things, "a noble expression of what I believe to be the true relation of the religious mind to the past." Both Heine and Schiller were well known to George Eliot: on the former she wrote an article for the *Westminster Review*, but finds fault with him on the score of his morality. Clough and Lowell were both favourites. Milton, George Eliot calls her "demigod," and "Samson Agonistes," which is perhaps the least generally admired of his works, seems to be the one which she was fondest of reading. Her enthusiasm for Milton appears all the more remarkable when we reflect how much at variance with her nature was the cold, severe spirit of Puritanism which he embodies; it is an enthusiasm which our college students evidently do not share, since, but for his "Lycidas," the name of the immortal Milton would be absent from our list. Of our other favourite poets she makes no mention, some of them being too recent to have come within her knowledge; among these are Lewis Morris, whose "Epic of Hades" she would doubtless have admired, and Edwin Arnold, whose "Light of Asia" could not fail to have afforded her delight.

George Eliot speaks very highly of Ruskin, whom she regards as one of the finest prose-writers of the age, and much akin in his sublimer parts to her favourite Wordsworth. Carlyle receives little mention; she is silent as to his "Heroes," "Sartor Resartus," and "Past and Present;" but we cannot feel that there could have been much cordial admiration on her part for a mind which, with all its greatness, wholly lacked what George Eliot herself possessed

in so high a degree: a wide and never-failing sympathy—the “*caritas*” of St. Paul. Among Lowell’s prose works she mentions “My Study Windows,” regarding “My Garden Acquaintances” and “Winter” as his two finest essays, and well repaying perusal. Having once met Emerson, she seems always to have entertained for him a lively regard; she speaks of his “Man the Reformer,” which she was re-reading for her spiritual good, as ever coming to her with fresh beauty and meaning. “Rasselas,” she says, was one of the best-loved companions of her childhood. She mentions Landor’s “Fawn of Sertorius,” which he published anonymously, and which she says, “is pure, chaste, and classic beyond any attempt at fiction I have ever read.” Goethe and Lessing were both great favourites. She mentions Lessing’s “Laocöon” as giving her great delight, though she regards “Nathan der Weise” as his greatest work. Sismondi’s “Litterature du Midi” she appears to have looked through, but not to have read, though she had read several other works of his.

We now turn to fiction, where George Eliot holds a peculiar position, being the highest exponent of the art of novel-writing. To omit mention of her own works, none of which, except “Theophrastus Such,” are absent from our list, we find references to several of our favourite novels in her letters, although later, when engaged in producing her Maggie Tullivers, her Amos Bartons, and Miss Brookes, she seems to have given up novel-reading. Of Thackeray’s works she only mentions “Esmond,” of which she says: “Esmond is the most uncomfortable book you can imagine. The hero is in love with the daughter all through the book and marries the mother at the end.” However, that George Eliot’s opinion of Thackeray was high appears from her anxiety to hear his criticism on “Scenes from Clerical Life.” Of Scott she was an enthusiastic admirer. She says of him: “I like to tell you that my worship for Scott is peculiar. I began to read him when I was seven years old, and afterwards, when I was grown up and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott’s novels. No other writer would serve as a substitute for Scott, and my life at that time would have been much more difficult without him. It is a personal grief, a heart-wound to me, when I hear a depreciatory or slighting word about Scott.”

Both “Jane Eyre” and “Villette” are mentioned in her letters. She prefers the latter, to which she gives unqualified and enthu-

siastic praise, while of the former she thinks that the self-sacrifice might be "in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man soul and body to a putrefying carcase." Although granting that the book is interesting, she yet wishes that "the characters would talk a little less like the heroes and heroines of police reports." Hawthorne she refers to as a great favourite of hers. Lytton she admires, and she mentions reading one book of G. Meredith's. D'Israeli she half-heartedly praises; she says of him: "I am not utterly disgusted with D'Israeli. The man hath good veins, as Bacon would say, but there is not enough blood in them."

This completes our comparison, and it can be only with satisfaction that we find so many of our favourite authors admired by George Eliot, and so many of our favourite books those which she delighted in. What she would think of the preference shown for the "Mill on the Floss," among her own novels, we cannot say; doubtless she would be surprised, and would put it down to youth and inexperience, though she herself describes with how much delight she traced the history of Maggie Tulliver's childhood—a delight which perhaps communicates itself in some subtle way to her youthful readers. In conclusion, we can hardly help believing that if George Eliot had lived to compile a list of books, it would have borne a stronger resemblance to ours than do some of those formidable catalogues which "the most notable men and women of this country, from the Prince of Wales down to Mr. Wilkie Collins," have produced. And this should be a fresh title to the affection which we entertain for her as the greatest novelist the world has ever known.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

Not the least interesting item in the *Girton Review* is the letter from Smith College, in Massachusetts, describing the University life of women in the United States. Apart from the regular College course, (comprising three branches—classical, literary, and scientific), there are two other distinct schools, one for Art and one for Music, thus affording ample opportunity for the students to develop any faculty which may be strongest. As is already known to the world, the Girton Browning Society has dissolved itself, and spent the funds, some 1s. 7½d., in chocolate. We notice, however, that the Y. B. S. (presumably the "Yellow-back Society") is still in a flourishing condition. Ah, Girton! thy intellectual life will still go on, thy literary zeal we hope will not collapse; but *Quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* Browning gives place to bon-bons; how long will it be before we hear that sugar-plums have superseded Shakespeare?

The King Edward's School Chronicle for March is much more interesting to the outsider than usual. In a clever and witty article, "The Omnibus" is held up to ridicule and scorn. It is suggested that the antiquarian of the future on discovering an "extinct omnibus" will perhaps develop a theory that these vehicles, "not only absolutely hideous in appearance, but apparently constructed with a view to torturing the passengers by several ingenious devices," were used as State torture-boxes, in which the worst criminals were taken for daily exercise, until they gradually died off. The habitués of these conveyances are also happily satirized, perhaps the most provoking being he, who "will whisper aggravatingly to a friend, and then giggle apparently at nothing at all." The Debating Society has taken to party politics in order to inspire more interest in its proceedings; and, if violence of oratory be an augury of success, we may confidently predict for it a brilliant future.

The University College of Wales Magazine for February contains an interesting paper on English Masques, which, like the good old Pantomimes of Grimaldi's day, "succumbed to the disease of upholstery." The poetical element consists of some "Unphilosophical Reflections on Suicide" (very unphilosophical and needlessly flippant), and a sonnet, entitled "Nature's Scroll," which concludes with the ingenious lines—

"Worlds are its words, and stars its asterisks are

That show where doubts are solved, could man unroll so far."

We observe with pleasure the vigorous state of the Debating Society. One evening was devoted to impromptu speaking, when no less than thirty-one different subjects were handled. On the whole we think that the man who had to dilate on "Anything in General and Nothing in Particular" had the best of it. We have often heard this subject discussed at Debating Societies, but never before under its proper name.

The Editor of *The Cliftonian*, finding that "literary contributions from members of the School are few and far between," has hit upon the paradoxical idea of printing the rejected poems, or at least selections from them. Internal evidence confirms the first impulse of rejection; here, for example, is a description of a paper-chase—

"See the chase o'er hill and valley,
Tracking far and wide the trale (*sic*);
E'en like shoals of fish, or starlings,
Coursing through the twilight's pale."

But this is utterly eclipsed by a "Hymn to Night," which is amongst the accepted contributions. We quote the two most powerful stanzas—

"The *Polltergeists*, in swarthy hosts,
Are of the company;
These indefatigable ghosts
Make ocean trips with thee.
Fears undefined convulse ye bold,
Hushed is each cheerful sound;
Hobgoblins now their revels hold,
And *Leprecharuns* abound."

Our notice of *The Pioneer Journal* is unavoidably held over until next issue.

We also acknowledge with thanks *The Eagle*, *Owens College Magazine*, *University College of Wales Magazine* (2), *The Haileyburian* (2), *The Marlburian*, *The Reptonian*, *Our Magazine*, *The Institute Magazine*, *Clewer House School Magazine* (2), and the *Naturalist's World* (2).

THE UNION.

March 26th.—Musical Evening: Paper on "Chopin" by the Misses RUBERY.

Following a wise precedent, Miss RUBERY introduced the musician of the evening through the medium of his own music. She first called upon Mr. K. DAMMANN to sing "The Return," and then proceeded to depict the life and character of the composer. Frederic F. Chopin was born at a little village near Warsaw, in 1809. He received a good education, and displayed musical talent at an early age. In 1818, he played, for the first time in public, at a concert for the poor, in Warsaw, but his actual *début* took place at Vienna, where his touch was admired as "poetic," and his compositions criticized as "instinct with feeling and individuality." Our knowledge of his private life is small, because of his aversion to correspondence. He found his ideal in a gifted singer, who returned his affection; but owing to the interference of friends their engagement was broken off. After a second visit to Vienna, Chopin went to Paris, where he became a *protégé* of Baron Rothschild, and the darling of a coterie. Here he formed friendships with Heine, Liszt, Moscheles, and other eminent men and musicians. Here, too, while smarting under a second "disappointment," he met George Sand, who, for several years, treated him like a son, but at last became weary of him, and cast him off. He then went to London, and though weak from recent illness, played at a concert in aid of his banished countrymen. Great nervous exhaustion followed, and he returned to Paris to die.

Chopin's music is thoroughly representative of Polish life and customs. He resisted the temptation to compose works for many instruments, but perfected the technicalities of one—i.e., the piano. He appears at his best in his polonaises, one notable example of which (Polonaise C Sharp Minor) was played by Miss RUBERY, and a second by Miss RUBERY (piano) and Mr. J. W. RUSSELL (violin).

Chopin felt keenly his inability to wield the sword in the cause of his oppressed country; his regret found expression in the beautiful and pathetic "Spring Song," sung by Mrs. BRACEY, (who also gave "The Maiden's Wish"). Further proof of a profound patriotism is furnished by his "Poland's Dirge," the exquisite pathos of which found an admirable exponent in Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT. His mazurkas differ very much in form from his polonaises, and may be described as a sort of musical apotheosis of the Polish women. Two characteristic examples were rendered on the violin by Mrs. ADAMS. One of Chopin's most beautiful songs, "Remembrance," containing internal evidence that it was inspired by the pangs of "despised love," was sung by Miss EVANS in illustration of the period when he was suffering from Maria Wodzynska's defection.

Then followed a pianoforte solo from Mrs. HOLLIDAY, who played the "Berceuse" with her usual taste and accuracy. Chopin had high ideals, and was always asking from the world what it could not give; hence there is an under-current of sadness and disappointment in his music. Songs illustrative

of this tendency were sung by Miss EVANS and Mr. E. RUBERY. In conclusion, Mr. J. W. RUSSELL (violin) played two waltzes, which were thoroughly appreciated. A vote of thanks to the Misses RUBERY and their friends was then proposed by Mr. WYATT, seconded by Miss A. JORDAN, and carried unanimously. The Union has long since proved that "music hath charms" to draw large audiences, and on this occasion 217 persons, including 47 visitors, were present.

TENNYSON EVENING.

The first meeting of the Union for the Summer Term was held on April 30th, and consisted of a "Tennyson Evening," which, in addition to other merits, had the interest and charm of novelty. So long ago as February 4th, a Sub-committee was appointed to organise this entertainment and we congratulate the students who composed it on the result of their labours. The newly acquired stage was utilised for tableaux in illustration of two items of the programme, and was also æsthetically furnished to form an effective environment for the vocalists and readers.

The proceedings began with the beautiful glee "Home they brought her warrior dead," sung with great taste and expression by Misses F. HADLEY and JORDAN and Messrs. C. BRAGG and BREWERTON. Then followed a recitation of "The Revenge" by Mr. F. ALBRIGHT, to whom our thanks are due, not only for a fine rendering of a fine poem, but also for supplying, at a minute's notice, the place of a defaulting performer. Miss HADLEY then sang "Sweet and Low," and did full justice to the poetry of that intensely Tennysonian song. She was followed by Miss I. C. EVANS, who, in our opinion, gave an almost perfect reading of "The Lotus Eaters." Her voice was equally sympathetic and effective, whether in describing the dreamy content of the spellbound sailors, or in giving utterance to their half-pettish protests against the toil and trouble of life.

After a somewhat long interval, "Ulysses" was read by Professor HAYCRAFT, (who kindly undertook the task at a short notice), and the following five tableaux were presented in illustration of the poem :—

- (1) Ulysses musing on his present condition as compared with his past life, and resolving to resume his travels.
- (2) Ulysses speaking of his son Telemachus to whom he leaves "the sceptre and the isle," and on whom he founds all his hopes for the future. He ignores Penelope who has now entered.
- (3) Telemachus greeting his mother while Ulysses directs attention to him.
- (4) Ulysses pointing out the port to his mariners ; and
- (5) Bidding them go with him to "seek a newer world."

Penelope was represented by Miss WHITE, her attendant by Miss FRANCE, Ulysses by Mr. J. F. JORDAN, Telemachus by Mr. MURSELL, and the Mariners by Messrs. NEAL, CHARLES, and W. R. JORDAN. One and all were well adapted to their parts, and acquitted themselves admirably ; but special credit is due to Mr. J. F. JORDAN, who was the first to undergo the trying ordeal of being "the observed of all observers," and who set an example of dignified immobility. The next item of the programme was a song from Mr. BREWERTON, to whom the Union is indebted for more than one musical treat. His rendering of "Sweet Emma Moreland" was worthy of him—and of the poem.

Then followed a reading of "Sir Galahad" by Mr. MARTINEAU, who was not so felicitous as usual in his choice of subject. Beautiful as is the monologue of the "Maiden Knight," it has a certain tameness from being in the same key throughout, and is therefore ineffective as a reading. Miss GOODMAN then sang "St. Agnes' Eve," and Mr. MURSELL read "Tithonus." Both performances deserved and received hearty applause, but we have heard both performers to greater advantage on previous occasions.

The last and most important event of the evening was "A Dream of Fair Women," read by Mr. W. R. JORDAN, and represented by the following ladies:—

Helen.....	Miss K. DIXON.
Iphigenia	Mrs. T. TAIT.
Cleopatra	Miss CHARLOTTE LLOYD.
Jephthah's daughter.....	Miss E. JORDAN.
Rosamond	Miss F. HADLEY.
Joan of Arc	Miss CARRIE LLOYD.
Queen Eleanor	Miss A. JORDAN.

Mr. W. R. JORDAN always reads well, but, in this instance—perhaps owing to the fact that his voice issued from behind a curtain, or perhaps because we were impatient for the "next" tableau—his reading struck us as slightly monotonous. We would suggest that for the future it be arranged that the reader shall be visible to his audience. We would also suggest that the intervals between the tableaux be less prolonged, and that each tableau be allowed to last at least *one* minute. Unfortunately, we were only permitted such momentary glimpses of the "Fair Women" that our impressions have a fatally appropriate dreaminess, and we dare not go into details about costume and grouping. It must, therefore, suffice to say that the general effect, so far, at least, as the editorial retina was concerned, was one of harmony and beauty; and that, judging from the enthusiasm with which they were received, the tableaux found equal favour in the eyes of all present. May we make one further suggestion in view of a repetition of this very successful experiment—*e.g.*, that an accompaniment of music, "sweet and low," would greatly enhance the charm of such representations.

In conclusion, we would mention that the limelight, which was scarcely less indispensable to the tableaux than the figures themselves, was very kindly supplied by Mr. DIXON. Our thanks are also due to Miss DIXON and the members of the Sub-Committee:—Misses HADLEY and E. JORDAN, Messrs E. F. EHRHARDT, C. E. MARTINEAU, O. WYNNE THOMAS, and the Secretaries of the Union (Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT and Mr. J. F. JORDAN) *ex officio*.

COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*Wednesday, March 17.* Dr. TILDEN in the chair.—Miss GOODMAN, Miss FALLOWS, Messrs. BLATCH, MARSTON, W. ROBINSON, STIFF, and WARMINGTON were elected members. A paper on "Solution" was then read by Dr. NICOL. The two main theories of solution—the answers to the question "Why does a salt dissolve in water?"—are the hydration theory and the theory of molecular attraction. The former is a chemical theory, holding that solution is due to the formation of hydrates—*i.e.*, combinations of the solvent with the substance dissolved. This theory does not explain why the hydrate

ver to miss the special runs of the

out alloy," even for the cheerful journey was "toilsome," considered. Nevertheless, the procession, with its array of gay parasols, Ed. *M. C. M.*]

ROOM.

held in the Common Room on . The Honorary Secretary having assigned in a body, Mr. A. L. STERN d—that the following gentlemen be ary :—Messrs. J. H. CLAYTON, G. F. HILL, J. F. JORDAN, C. P. LARNER, elected Honorary Secretary.

NOTES.

near that at a meeting of the Chemical Messrs. A. E. JORDAN and T. TURNER Silicon in Cast Iron," and Mr. W.

"Reactions supposed to yield Nitryl uncement was crowded out of our last reproach of "stale news." Mr. T. al investigations with equal energy and noticed in *The Times* of May 17th a Constituents of Cast Iron" read by him "on the occasion of its annual meeting,

unity of thanking the Secretaries of ciety, Mr. R. LEVETT and Professor ing us notices of the meetings. On their familiar names; Professor HAYCRAFT was the Sense of Taste," and Mr. LOVE, in of the Society, a paper on "The Need of of Foreign Scientific Memoirs."

he Society, affiliated to the *Weimar Goethe* in London. Professor MAX MÜLLER is includes many distinguished names. It the country for discussions and lectures. ingham, and a meeting was held under recommend all students whose tastes are ot wholly absorbed by College Societies, to improving their acquaintance with the

Professor POYNTING referred to the explosive wave which went several times round the earth after the eruption of one of the Java volcanoes.

Mr. LOVE described Liveing and Dewar's investigations, and referred to Threlfall's paper on the subject.

Mr. STERN described a phenomenon in connection with an explosion which he had observed that day, but which no one attempted to explain.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, March 23rd, a meeting was held in the Biological Theatre for the purpose of forming a Physiological Society in connection with the College. The chair was taken by Professor HAYCRAFT. According to the resolutions then passed, the Society will hold its meetings in the Physiological Department on the second Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p.m. All past and present Students of the Department are eligible for election to membership, but the names of proposed members must be submitted to the committee for final decision. The following officers were elected :—President, Professor HAYCRAFT ; Vice-Presidents, Dr. HOGGEN and Mr. TEICHELMAHN ; Treasurer, Miss M. D. STURGE ; Secretary, Mr. J. W. RUSSELL ; Committee, Miss JORDAN, Messrs. W. B. FEATHERSTONE, A. J. GREENE, W. R. JORDAN, J. F. JORDAN, and E. B. MILWARD.

The inaugural meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, May 11th. Specimens of *cholera* and *typhus bacilli* and *trichina spiralis* were exhibited in the laboratory. Mr. TEICHELMAHN also showed sections of the eye. The meeting then adjourned to the lecture theatre, where a presidential address was delivered by Professor HAYCRAFT, who chose as his subject "The Teaching of Physiology in Great Britain and the Continent." He referred to the many lessons we have to learn from Germany, whose thirst for higher knowledge is such that her poor and economical people can yet afford to contribute State aid to the extent of £40,000 a year for a single university, while we in England still continue to struggle on haphazard, not even helped out of the rates, but depending upon private and, therefore, casual liberality. In Germany there are at least ten physiological laboratories into each of which could be put the whole of Queen's College, including the chapel. Not only so, but the teaching staff is invariably more complete. In Britain, except in Ireland, we have long ceased to have two important subjects like anatomy and physiology professed by a single man, but in Germany no one at the present day professes even the whole of physiology ; they may have an experimental physiologist, a clinical physiologist, and a histologist, generally all three, in a university. In Germany the science departments are workshops, not teaching institutions planned and used for the instruction of the ordinary student as they are in England. The ordinary student is taught far less in the class room and laboratory than with us ; but if he has tastes and aptitude, nowhere will he have greater facilities for indulging them. Fortunately for the public, clinical teaching in the English hospitals is more extensive and thorough than anywhere else. We have specialised in clinical work, while the Germans have devoted themselves to the sciences. We in England are cursed with an examination mania, and lecturers often set examination papers that they themselves have to read for, and lecture upon matters not even accepted by their fellow-scientists as established facts. After all, is not the

great aim of an university training to give of all subjects a quantity sufficient for a student's intellectual requirement, and then to give him every encouragement to make great and special strides where his strength and capacity indicate? We have yet to apply the common sense which every gardener shows in the growing of a plant, or the breeder to the rearing of a dog, to the education of the human mind.

POESY CLUB.

May 11th.—Professor ARBER in the chair.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN moved, "That Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD be elected an honorary member of the Club."

Mr. E. F. J. LOVE seconded the resolution, and read the following note received from Mr. ARNOLD in reply to the request of the Committee that he would allow himself to be nominated for election:—

"Pains Hill Cottage, Cobham, Surrey,

"March 26th, 1886.

"Mr. Arnold presents his compliments to the Secretaries of the Mason College Poesy Club, and, on his return from abroad, has just received their letter with its enclosures, though not the Magazine which their letter mentions. He feels that it would indeed be ungracious in him if he were to decline being an honorary member of a Club which has so kindly occupied itself with his poetry."

Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD was then unanimously elected.

The papers, read on this occasion, dealt with two American humourists.

Mr. MACSWINEY gave a biographical sketch of Francis Bret Harte, tracing his eventful career through various phases until the quondam miner became first editor, then professor, and finally acquired the dignity of consul. His works described the life of a remote people, and were pervaded by a healthy bracing atmosphere. He had the art of finding sermons, if not in stones, at any rate in persons whose hearts were considered hard as stones; and of discovering good in those from whom we were apt to expect nothing but evil. He was like Artemus Ward, *plus* a pathos peculiarly his own. His gifts included imagination, a vivid sense of humour, and the power of writing vigorous dialogue. Mr. MACSWINEY gave several characteristic specimens of Bret Harte's "humour," notably extracts from "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN premised that his paper on "Lowell" would consist almost entirely of extracts from the Biglow Papers. James Russell Lowell was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1819, and scarcely left his native town until he became Minister to the Court of St. James's. His humorous writings were characterised by a certain "surface coarseness," which might shock some English ears, but, however coarse the expression might be, the thought was always pure. The first volume of "The Biglow Papers" was written before the great war between North and South, and was noteworthy as the first expression of anti-slavery views by a literary man. America was at that time exclusively governed by the Southern States. Mr. Jenkyn-Brown read two extracts from the second volume, in which some of John Bull's little peculiarities are

ingeniously satirised. He then gave extracts from the second and third letters contributed by Birdofredom Sawin; from "The Pious Editor's Creed," "What Mr. Robinson Thinks," "The Debate in the Sennit", (one of Calhoun's pro-slavery speeches set to music), and from the poem by Mr. Hosea Biglow, which stands first in the book. The selections were well chosen, well read, and well received.

A short discussion followed, in which Mr. WYATT and Professor ARBER took part.

DEUTSCHER ABEND.

A very successful "Deutscher Abend" was held in the Examination Hall on March 16th. There was a large attendance, in spite of meteorological conditions which, though not inappropriate to the occasion, would have been still more in keeping with a Russian or Siberian evening. After a few opening remarks from Dr. DAMMANN, in the course of which he expressed his indebtedness to Misses KEEP, N. STAMPS, and E. WILLIAMS for their assistance in organizing the entertainment, the following programme was performed:—Duett (vocal), Misses ALBRIGHT. Duett, "Pölnischer Tanz" and "Volkslied," Professor and Mrs. SONNENSCHN. Declamation, "Des Sängers Fluch," Miss NADEN. Lied, Miss HADLEY. Vorlesen, Professor HAYCRAFT. Lied, "In der Fremde," Miss BRIERLEY. Vorlesen, "Ritter Toggenburg," Professor HILLHOUSE. Lied, "Du bist die Ruh," Mrs. HEATH. Vorspielen, Miss RUBERY. Vorlesen, "Die Gouvernante," the Misses EHRHARDT and JOHNSON. To do full justice to a typical specimen of German humour, Professor HAYCRAFT had recourse to a magic lantern, which made an agreeable diversion. The last item of the programme, "Die Gouvernante," was more of the nature of a dramatic performance than a reading, and elicited considerable applause. The wish was very generally expressed that another "Deutscher Abend" should be held before very long.

CYCLISTS' CLUB.

We are indebted for the following genial report to a member of the club:—The first special run took place on Saturday, April 3rd, Knowle being the selected destination. The afternoon was fair; the roads were not. We started from College ten strong, and a contingent of six, including some ladies, joined us at the Mermaid Inn. Thus reinforced the party, consisting of five *bikes* and eleven *trikes*, proceeded along the Warwick Road at a fair pace (at first) to Acock's Green; here a halt was ordered to allow of the opening of parasols—not umbrellas, as everybody had expected. Starting afresh we rode at a steady pace to Knowle, where, after a toilsome journey over roads (!) which bore a striking resemblance to recently ploughed fields, we arrived at 5 p.m. Having done ample justice to an excellent tea at the Greswold Arms, the party investigated the lions of the place—notably one very savage-looking lion in the Church porch. At 6.30 our captain ordered the return, and once more mounting our iron steeds we turned their steering-wheels for home. A halt was called at Solihull for lighting up lamps—and cigarettes; and thus fortified we rode home at an easy pace, unanimously agreeing that moonlight riding was infinitely preferable to grinding along under a scorching sun. Edgbaston was reached shortly after 8, and before

separating we solemnly registered a vow never to miss the special runs of the M. C. C. C.

[Apparently "there is no bliss without alloy," even for the cheerful cyclists. We can readily believe that their journey was "toilsome," considering the amount of impedimenta they carried. Nevertheless, the procession must have presented an imposing appearance, with its array of gay parasols, and its baggage of superseded gingham. —Ed. M. C. M.]

COMMON ROOM.

A general meeting of students was held in the Common Room on May 12th. Mr. PHELPS in the chair. The Honorary Secretary having announced that the old committee had resigned in a body, Mr. A. L. STERN moved, and Mr. A. G. IRVINE seconded—that the following gentlemen be elected to serve as committee until January:—Messrs. J. H. CLAYTON, G. F. DANIELL, E. F. EHRHARDT, G. L. HILL, J. F. JORDAN, C. P. LARNER, J. NEAL. Mr. HILL was subsequently elected Honorary Secretary.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Our readers will be interested to hear that at a meeting of the Chemical Society of London on February 18th, Messrs. A. E. JORDAN and T. TURNER gave a paper on "The Condition of Silicon in Cast Iron," and Mr. W. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS a paper on "Reactions supposed to yield Nitryl Chloride." We regret that this announcement was crowded out of our last issue, and is, therefore, liable to the reproach of "stale news." Mr. T. TURNER appears to be pursuing original investigations with equal energy and success at the present time. We noticed in *The Times* of May 17th a lengthy account of a paper on "The Constituents of Cast Iron" read by him before the "Iron and Steel Institute" on the occasion of its annual meeting, Thursday, May 11th.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking the Secretaries of the Birmingham Philosophical Society, Mr. R. LEVETT and Professor POYNTING, for their courtesy in sending us notices of the meetings. On their last circular we were struck by two familiar names; Professor HAYCRAFT was announced to read a paper on "The Sense of Taste," and Mr. LOVE, in conjunction with another member of the Society, a paper on "The Need of Combined Action for the Translation of Foreign Scientific Memoirs."

We learn that an English Goethe Society, affiliated to the *Weimar Goethe Gesellschaft*, was recently founded in London. Professor MAX MÜLLER is President, and the list of members includes many distinguished names. It is proposed to establish branches in the country for discussions and lectures. Dr. Dammann is Secretary for Birmingham, and a meeting was held under his auspices on May 20th. We recommend all students whose tastes are Teutonic, and whose energies are not wholly absorbed by College Societies, to avail themselves of this means of improving their acquaintance with the great Goethe.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Madam,—The list of "100 favourite books" printed in the last number of this Magazine certainly invites criticism, and I gladly avail myself of your invitation to pass a few remarks upon it.

I am afraid that I cannot congratulate you on the numerical strength of your first division; compared, in this respect, with the last, it shows a state of mind which would, I fear, make some of our pious ancestors almost turn in their graves could they know of it. Perhaps I may suggest that had the names of Cardinal Newman and Dr. Martineau been added, the character of the college students would not have suffered. The classical professor will doubtless be extremely pleased to see such a high appreciation of Greek and Latin authors, but I venture to hope that a copy of our Magazine has not reached Hawarden, or the absence of "Homer" from the list would probably cause the Prime Minister even more pain than the defection of Mr. Chamberlain from the Government. As becomes our political "caucus-crowned" city, the taste for Constitutional History is evidently considerable, and that, in the "History" division, the name of Macaulay does not appear is surely a healthy sign; but that McCarthy should be honoured with a place and Freeman passed over can, I fear, be explained only on not very commendable grounds. One might also have expected that Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe" would have found some admirers at Mason College, and in the division of

"Philosophy" that Bacon's name would not have been omitted. No one can complain of the want of catholicity in the Poetry list, but there are a few points deserving of notice—e.g., that the name of Lewis Morris should appear, and that of William Morris should be conspicuous by its absence; that Hogg and Calverley should find advocates, but that none should delight in Scott or Campbell; and that no one should confess to the charms of "The Disciples." In general literature perhaps the name that one first misses is that of Lamb, and I should have expected to find in this division some works of Clifford and of Maine.

But I expect it is the last division that many will scan most critically. George Eliot of course heads the list, but the relative appreciation of her works will, I think, strike most people as rather questionable; to know that "The Mill on the Floss" is preferred before either "Romola," "Adam Bede," or "Silas Marner" is certainly interesting if not edifying. I think I could find not a few people agreeing to the following order:—"Romola," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "The Mill on the Floss." In placing "The Newcomes" before "Vanity Fair" I believe I should have many supporters, and, among contemporary novelists, I wonder at the omission of the names of Crawford, McCarthy, and Lyall. But to me the most remarkable feature in the whole list is that two readers of Ebers should place opposite his name "Homo Sum" and "Homo Sum" only. It makes me almost doubt whether they have read "The Egyptian Princess" and "Uarda," or even "The Sisters."

I have said that the choice of "Homo Sum" seems to me the most extraordinary feature in the Mason College list of favourite books. I beg pardon; that the "Story of the African Farm" should appear at all is to my mind still more wonderful, but *chacun à son goût*.

Obediently,

NON-CONTRIBUTOR.

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THE STUDENTS.

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CONTENTS.

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Life at the Leipzig Conservatorium.
The Union.

College Scientific Societies.
College Literary Societies.
Our Contemporaries.
College News.

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CALENDAR.

July 5.—MONDAY—Summer Term Examinations begin.

" 10.—SATURDAY—Summer Term ends.

SOCRATES ON HOME RULE.

Euthydemus. What is this, O Timoleon, whereon thou musest so intently? Verily, yonder baker hath but narrowly escaped a fall as thou stumbledst against him.

Timoleon. Indeed, O Euthydemus, it is the proclamation of Trephon, which has just been posted in the Agora. I wonder thou didst not hear it read.

Eu. Nay, indeed, I have not this morning visited the Agora; tell me, O Athenian, the purport of this proclamation.

Ti. Of course thou hast heard of the proposal of Pericles to free the inhabitants of Trapezus from the rule of the Archons, and to set up an independent Boulé.

Eu. I have, O Timoleon.

Ti. Trephon objecteth to this proposition.

Eu. And on what grounds, I pray you?

Ti. He asserteth that the Trapezuntines would, in no long time, cease to remain subject to our city; and herein I agree with him. But here is Socrates: let us enquire what he thinks on the subject.

Socrates. How now, Timoleon? What hath Euthydemus been saying that thou gesticulatedst with so great an energy? I have watched thee as I came all the way down the Hodos.

Ti. Nay, O Socrates—but I was explaining to Euthydemus wherein Trephon in his proclamation differs from Pericles and his proposal to free the Trapezuntines from the rule of the Archons. Now tell us, O Socrates, what thou thinkest on this matter.

Eu. Yes, Socrates; tell us what thou thinkest.

Soc. But tell me, O Timoleon—for I perceive that thou hast studied the proclamation—what are the exact differences between the proposals of Trephon and those of Pericles.

Ti. Trephon saith that all that is necessary is to do away with the Prytanis of Athenians which at present holds absolute sway in Trapezus, and set up in its stead councils of elders, one for each quarter of the city. And in this I hold him to think rightly.

Soc. What sayest thou to this, O Euthydemus?

Eu. I say, O Socrates, that such a course will not satisfy the Trapezuntines, who will accept nothing save a separate Boulé; and who at present molest the persons and cattle of such as having gone out from our city hold lands in Trapezus, deeming that by such acts they will compel us to grant their demands.

Ti. Nay, but Trephon in his proclamation urgeth, O Socrates, and as I think rightly, that a distinct Boulé should not be granted to the men of Trapezus, but that counsellors sent from their city should continue to deliberate in our Boulé, and advise on those matters which relate to the tribute; or when alien cities make incursions into our territory or the territory of Trapezus.

Soc. But hold, Timoleon, before we discuss this point further; for if it be true as Euthydemus hath stated, it appears that the men of Trapezus do not now obey the laws.

Eu. Why so it is, O Socrates, and therein lieth the necessity of speedily bringing this matter to a settlement; for there be they who assert that if this be not done the men of Trapezus will presently rise in revolt.

Ti. But on the other hand, O Socrates, if the separate Boulé be granted, and the Trapezuntines entirely freed from the control of the Archons, it will fare hard with the inhabitants of the north quarter of the city, who love the Athenians, and are indeed of our own race.

Eu. I suppose this is the reason why these lovers of the Athenians are preparing themselves for war, declaring that they will not submit to be ruled by them of the rest of the city, but will rather fight.

Soc. Then the question we have to settle, as far as I can judge thereof, O Athenians, appears to be whether the men of the north quarter, or they of the rest of the city, are to be permitted to disobey the laws.

Ti. Nay, O Socrates, for they of the rest of the city do not now obey the laws.

Soc. We must then consider whether it be better, accepting the proposals of Pericles, to permit the men of the northern quarter, fighting, to break the laws; or whether, resolving to try the plans of Trephon, we leave the men of the rest of the city in

a state of insurrection ; or whether, on the other hand, sending detachments of hoplites in the city, we should compel by force the inhabitants of all the quarters to become obedient to the laws. It seems to me that of these the first cannot be otherwise than evil, in that it changes peaceable citizens into lawless ; as to the second, that too is evil, for those who are now breakers of the law will be stirred up to commit other and greater offences ; while the third too is evil, for all will be alike treated as wrongdoers, and the city will no longer thrive ; nor will this be any more than a putting off of our decision on this matter, and a doing of that which seems expedient, rather than a seeking for and carrying out of that which is right and just.

Ti. Of a truth, O Socrates, we appear to be in difficulty.

Soc. We are ; but we must not at once despair of untying the knot of this problem ; for it seems to me at least that we have begun at the wrong end, and ought rather to have commenced by investigating what form of government is right and just for the men of Trapezus. And herein we shall first have to consider what is the nature of a just state.

Eu. That is easily done, O Socrates ; for the other day, discussing with Gorgias, we decided that the just state was that which tended to make all its citizens as upright and good as possible.

Ti. But what form of government I pray you, O Euthydemus, would be likely to make the inhabitants of Trapezus upright or good men ?

Eu. Even that form of government which they themselves demand ; to wit, freedom from the rule of the Archons and the establishment of an independent Boulé.

Soc. How so ?

Eu. Can it be that thou seest not, O Socrates, that if their demands be granted they will cease to be turbulent, and will begin to devote themselves to the practice of the arts of husbandry, and indeed to show themselves grateful and friendly to our city, instead of hostile ?

Soc. Hold, Euthydemus ; thou sayest that the Trapezuntines, to a man, insist upon this separate form of government ?

Eu. Yea, O Socrates, I say it.

Soc. And that if we yield to them in this matter they will cease to stir up strife between their city and ours, becoming peaceable observers of the laws ?

Eu. How can it be otherwise ?—and even their own chief men say so.

Soc. And thinkest thou that this being granted their wrath will be appeased, and that they will no more make demands on our city, and be turbulent? Knowest thou not that they will ever be reaching forward beyond what our Boulé can give? For as our own Heraclitus hath it, "the mind of man is as a restless ocean; it is never quiet, but remaineth in a state of perpetual flux, being always unsatisfied;" and the Trapezuntines are yet men.

Ti. Then this being so, O Socrates, ought not we, having granted them their just rights, to compel the men of Trapezus to be obedient to the laws?

Soc. Hold, Timoleon; did we not lay down as a principle that a just government was one which made its citizens upright and good men?

Ti. Even so.

Soc. And didst thou not object to Euthydemus that no form of government would make the Trapezuntines either upright or good?

Ti. I believe I did, O Socrates.

Soc. Then if this be so, O Timoleon, how, by Zeus, could either Councils of Elders or an independent Boulé turn out to be a just form of government?

Ti. I begin to see, O Socrates, that this question is not indeed so simple as Trephon would have us believe.

Soc. There is yet, however, O Athenians, another way out of this difficulty. If the inhabitants of Trapezus living under no form of government are likely to become upright and good men, would it not be better that, taking away all laws relating to their city, we should permit them to live under no form of government, for then they would have no further chance of disobeying the laws?

Eu. But how will this make them upright and good men, O Socrates?

Soc. Answer me this, O Euthydemus: is not a dishonourable and vicious man the opposite of an upright and good man?

Eu. That is so, O Socrates.

Soc. And does not he, who is persistently occupied in breaking the laws, seem to be a dishonourable and vicious man?

Eu. He does seem so.

Soc. Then if we take away from the Trapezuntines all opportunity of disobeying the laws will they not of necessity cease to be dishonourable and vicious men?

Eu. That is clear.

Soc. And ceasing to be dishonourable and vicious, will they not as a matter of course become upright and good?

Eu. You are quite right, O Socrates, and it seems that there is no other way. What sayest thou, Timoleon?

Ti. It does indeed seem so. But see, here comes Theætetus. Whither is he hastening with so rapid a stride?

Eu. Let us ask him. Whither goest thou, O Theætetus?

Th. I go to the Pnyx, where Pericles is even now about to address the citizens from the Bema.

Soc. Let us too go and hear him.

LIFE AT THE LEIPZIG CONSERVATORIUM.

The interest excited by papers on the "Great Tone Poets" at the Musical Evenings of the Union encourages me to think that an account of the lives of students of music—embryonic Schuberts and Chopins—may not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Magazine*. One of the greatest schools of music in the world is the Royal Conservatorium of Leipzig, established by Dr. Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy in 1843, and now numbering upwards of 450 students. It was never my good fortune to belong to the distinguished ranks of "Conservatorists," but during a short residence in Leipzig I had abundant opportunities of observing their mode of life, and even of penetrating into the inner mysteries of the Conservatorium itself. Among the qualifications of candidates for admission, a knowledge of German, sufficient to enable them to understand lectures in that language, is theoretically indispensable; but English students, at least, seem emancipated from all rule. They may present themselves without the power of uttering a syllable or comprehending a word of the *lingo*; they may even lack the real musical talent, which is likewise theoretically a *sine qua non*; but, if they possess a certain magic golden key, the gates of the Conservatorium will yield to them at once. It was in the capacity of interpreter to an English candidate at the Entrance Examination at Michaelmas that my introduction to this famous School took place.

To one, like myself, accustomed to the fine proportions and noble architecture of the Mason College, the first sight of the insignificant, plain, white-washed house in a badly paved quadrangle, which does duty for the "*Königliches Conservatorium der Musik*," is distinctly a shock. But Germany is too poor a nation to endow

both buildings and professors, and she wisely gives the preference to the latter. This is the home of genius in spite of appearances. Mendelssohn perhaps stumbled over these very paving stones; Karl Reinecke mounts that narrow stair every day of his life; and these dingy walls re-echo to the strains of music which shall some day hold London audiences spell-bound.

My friend and I climbed the flight of steps leading to the entrance door, and pushed our way through a crowd of "musical" youth, disporting itself at the top. Our first view of the "Conservatorists" was scarcely less depressing than that of the Conservatorium. For the most part they resembled our ideal of the musician as little as—shall I say?—some medical students do the decorous and dignified full-fledged physician; and but for a conspicuous luxuriance of hair, width of hat brim, and general contempt of the conventionalities, it would have been impossible to distinguish these "heaven-born geniuses" from the most ordinary of mortals. Following in the wake of other candidates, we entered a small office, where my friend—or rather myself, on her behalf—was put through a catechism, preparatory to being enrolled as a student. The first question, "What is your name?" I answered for her without difficulty, but when the Secretary insisted on knowing "the occupation, if any," of her father, I found myself in a dilemma. I knew that he was an accountant "in English," but I had not the least idea what he was in German; and the Secretary only shook his head impatiently and repeated his question as I shouted "Accountant! Accountant!" louder and louder, in the vain hope that the meaning would somehow penetrate to his brain. At last, looking round in search of succour, and catching sight of an American girl, I said rather reproachfully, "Oh, you are English. Perhaps, you can tell him the German for accountant." The young lady drew herself up to her full stature (5-feet), and replied in freezing tones, "I guess I'm not English. I'm American, and I know nothing about it." Happily, a good Samaritan-linguist of a German had overheard my appeal, and whispered to the Secretary the magic word "*Rechnungsführer*," which obtained for us our release.

Perhaps I may be pardoned if I quote here a description of our subsequent experiences, written when the scene was still fresh and vivid in my memory. As we left the office "we were caught in the whirlpool of musical aspirants, and borne up three flights of stairs in the direction of the Examination Hall. The adjoining waiting-room was filled up to its last square inch, and we were forced to

stand in the heterogeneous crowd outside. Among the candidates were representatives of all civilised nations and performers of "all kinds of musick," on instruments almost as various as those which Nebuchadnezzar, the King, brought into requisition on a memorable occasion. There were exponents of every degree of musical ability and stupidity; there were dilettante students, principally young ladies and Americans; and students whose intenser love for music, or whose poverty, forbade flirtation with the goddess, and compelled them to enter with heart and soul into her hard but glorious service. Among these latter were some strange specimens of humanity. Nature occasionally puts a musical soul into a queer misshapen form, and it would seem that the "divine internal fire" feeds on the tissues and life-juices of the body, for the grand eyes of genius, half-hidden by glasses, look out of gaunt, cadaverous faces, hung round with long lank locks of colourless hair. We were much impressed by the appearance of these enthusiasts, chiefly of German, Russian, or Swedish nationality, one or two of whom were reading "scores," in spite of sublunary distractions, as English youth devours the third volume of a thrilling novel. Polite conversation is difficult on an examination day. The confusion of tongues seems to cause a corresponding confusion of ideas. The Superintendent, as he rushes up and down, calling out the names of candidates in the order in which they are to be examined, would want Gargantua's mouth and the linguistic capacity of an Elihu Burritt to answer the chorus of questions which assails him on all sides. Occasionally strains of music from the Examination Hall cause a momentary hush of attention; once or twice there is a burst of laughter at the inharmonious clangour of a solitary trumpet. At the end of three hours the Superintendent, whose attention I had several times vainly endeavoured to engage, fought his way through the crowd to where I stood, bent down his lofty head to my level, and putting his hands behind his ears to shut off the surrounding babel, said "*Nun, sprechen Sie schnell! schnell!*" As quickly as I could, I asked when my friend would be examined, and learnt that her turn would not come until the next day. Accordingly, the next day we suffered a repetition of these experiences, which, however, I will spare my readers. Having satisfied the examiners, paid the term's fee of 100 marks (£5), and introduced herself to the Herr Director, my friend was presented with her "*Legitimation's Karte*" and became an accredited student of the Leipzig Conservatorium. She received two lessons a week in violin-playing as well

as lessons in pianoforte-playing, from different masters. She attended classes for Harmony, and Form and Composition; she heard lectures on musical subjects; she had opportunities of practise in Quartett and Orchestra playing: she was admitted to the rehearsals of the world renowned "Gewandhaus" Concerts and to the Quartett and Chamber Music Concerts; and occasionally she went to hear the church music performed by the famous choir of St. Thomas's. She was present at every concert of note given in the town, and she frequently indulged in a ticket for the opera.

In addition to "external" concerts, the students have every week, (usually on Fridays), an *Abendunterhaltung* or Evening's Entertainment of their own. This is somewhat analogous to the Fridays of the Union, but lacks the social element which forms the chief charm of our meetings. There is no *tea*, and no opportunity of general conversation; visitors are admitted only by ticket, and an importunate old woman insists on removing their outer garments and defrauding them of sixpence. The masters determine who shall contribute to the programme, and sit in judgment in a formidable array immediately in front of the performers. It is certainly a greater distinction to be invited to play at these concerts than it is to be asked to take part in the Union debates; but, on the other hand, there are greater penalties attached to it. Imagine what it would be if, when you stood up to advocate the socialistic ideal, or to protest against the tyranny of conventionality, you felt that some twenty professors, with powers almost of life and death, so far as your future career was concerned, were noting every word that you uttered, and deciding whether you were or were not made of the stuff that successful scientists are made of! Something like this happens at the *Abendunterhaltungen*, which are intended to prepare the students for their profession and to test their nerve as well as their ability. The performers, as a rule, acquit themselves admirably, but the audience does not always show that exaltation of feeling or even that degree of interest which music is supposed to excite in musicians. One's enjoyment of Beethoven's masterpieces is frequently marred by giggles and gossip—the latter, I am bound to admit, generally in the English, or rather the American, tongue—and each performance is followed by more or less damaging criticisms, delivered in the latest and strongest slang. One student is accused of "smashing" Chopin; another of "murdering" Schumann, while a third is briefly dismissed as "not up to much!" etc.

The following critique was sent me by a Conservatorist, and will, I think, compare favourably with the most severe of the

Union Reports :—"To-night was *Abendunterhaltung*. A dreadful one too ! I never heard a worse. First Frau R. played a Fantasia of Reinecke's with L. She played dreadfully as she always does ; and, besides that, in the middle a string of L.'s violin broke, so that came to smash. The next was a Cantata of Bach's, sung by all the choir. That was *awful* ; my ears tingle now. Every bit was bad. The solos were fearful ! Then came a duet for two pianos by that little J.'s pupil and another. They broke down twice ; and then a violoncello solo by K., and that too was dreadful." After this, let none of us complain again of the gentle lash of the Editorial Board !

In contrast to the receptions of other less gifted students, I have vivid recollections of the first appearance at these concerts of a young lady who recently made a brilliant *débüt* in London. To some extent, her fame had preceded her, and when she took her seat at the piano, there was a momentary buzz of expectation, succeeded by a profound silence, which continued unbroken—even by a titter—until the last rich note had died away. Then followed a storm of applause, mingled with cries of "Guess that's real music !" from the irrepressible American critics. German audiences are more generous in their enthusiasms, and, at the same time, more demonstrative in their hates than we are. At the theatre it is a common thing to hear an actor "regularly" hissed, and once at the *Abendunterhaltung* all attempts to applaud the singing of a notoriously conceited lady-student were ruthlessly suppressed by the determined hissing of certain chivalrous gentlemen, who greeted her rather flat outpourings of the woes of "*mein Herz*" with roars of laughter. Amusing episodes, not included in the programme, sometimes occur at these concerts. On one occasion, the orchestra consisted entirely of violoncellos, and just as the performance was about to begin, a misguided cat made its appearance on the platform. An exciting chase ensued, the advantage being at first with pussy, who could *dodge* her pursuers between the rows of unwieldy instruments ; but finally she succumbed to superior numbers and was carried off in triumph. Perhaps it was due to the previous stimulation of their risible nerves that, when the performance *did* begin, the simultaneous movement of some twenty or thirty huge bows, evoking notes of subterranean intensity, appeared highly ridiculous to the spectators and caused "renewed laughter."

It is a temptation to multiply reminiscences of the Leipzig musical life ; to describe to you the young composer, conducting

his own works with a dignity and self-confidence which Richter or Hallé might envy ; to introduce you to the class-rooms where four students at a time are sharing the instructions of the Herr Professor ; to take you to concerts here and concerts there, and make you acquainted with musical specialism in its perfection. But space—in this Magazine—is a “known” and very finite quantity ; and I have only room to add in conclusion that, were I not a student at the Mason Science College, I should choose to be a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatorium of Music.

I. M. H. D.

THE UNION.

May 14th.—Paper on “Socialism,” by Mr. W. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS, followed by a debate.

Mr. WILLIAMS said that *Socialism* was to be regarded as a natural development, the product of social evolution, and not as a “system” invented by a set of men. Socialists regarded Society and the State as being one and the same, and held that Society was analogous to a living organism in the method of its life and development. From this they argued that the sphere of the State was such that it was bound to do all that was necessary for its own welfare, and also that against the State, the private individual had no “natural rights” at all. They declared that there was no escape but in the nationalisation of the instruments of production—Land, Labour, and Capital ; and, further, that co-operative production must supplant our present competitive system. The true idea of social growth was that the development of the State and of the individual must take place side by side : neither could be neglected without detriment to the other. Socialism in Society as a whole must be the expression of the social spirit implanted in the individual. A scheme of constructive socialism put forward by Lawrence Gronlund in the “Co-operative Commonwealth” was described in the paper.

Mr. E. F. J. LOVE then moved the following resolution :—“That the Socialistic ideal should be aimed at in commerce and legislation.” He attributed the wide-spread depression in trade, and the crushing down of the working classes, to our present social relations. Competitive capitalism had gone beyond the stage at which it was useful, and now made profits so small and precarious that the exchange of commodities suffered a check, which reacted on production ; fewer workmen were employed, and wages were lower. This system subordinated everything to the quest of material wealth, and had destroyed State-aided monopolies only to substitute trade monopolies, which were worse. The chief arguments in favour of Socialism were—(1) that the experiment of co-operation had been tried with eminent success in Paris ; (2) that everyone in the socialistic state would have to work for a living ; and (3) that the course of the development of Society had always been towards Socialism. Competitive capitalism had set up artificial conditions, rendering the “survival of the fittest” impossible. Socialism would restore “the struggle for existence” on its normal basis. The extinction of class differences, at which Socialism aimed, was a levelling *up*, not a levelling *down*. Three great preliminary measures were necessary to the attainment

of the Socialistic Ideal—*i.e.*, a system of free education for everybody, the nationalisation of the land, and State-imposed restrictions on *so-called* freedom of contract between employer and employed.

Miss LEWIS appealed to any Radical of democratic tendencies who might be present not to believe that it was his duty to support the affirmative on account of these tendencies. Democracy had no kinship with Socialism, its fundamental principle being the preservation of that personal liberty and independence which Socialism sought to destroy. Evils undoubtedly existed under the present system, but the remedial measures of Socialism were illogical and erratic. Socialists made no attempt to realise their ideal by gradual and peaceful means, but tried to force it on a nation as yet unprepared for it. With regard to the proposed nationalisation of capital, Karl Marx, and Socialists generally, fell into the error of regarding capital as identical with money, and assuming that it was the labourer, and the labourer alone, that produced it; whereas capital included tools and materials, and could not be produced without them. Even under Socialistic conditions, private capital would accumulate unless habits of saving and voluntary production were repressed by government. The State management of production would involve the employment of a number of officials far exceeding that of the "middle-men," who now minimise profits. Private capitalism developed the powers of the individual to the utmost, promoted enterprise and invention, and ensured progress. Socialism stifled individuality, made invention almost impossible, prevented the proper application of capital, checked progress, and converted men into machines. In the Socialistic madness of reform there was no method, and it was lamentable to witness the violence with which the advocacy of the rights of labour against capital seemed necessarily attended.

Mr. LARNER disclaimed any connection between true Socialists and the Anarchists of America; the former knew that public opinion could only be influenced by reason and justice. The freedom that would suffer in the Socialistic State would be that which is deleterious to a large section of humanity. The question at issue was one of accepting broad principles, and attacks on details were quibble, not argument. The House of Commons was a House of capitalists, and Society at large presented a chaos in which we were all Ishmaelites, our hand against every one. If Whitechapel was the necessary corollary of Belgravia, then Belgravia must go. Property was not a divine institution; it had grown out of the needs of the past, and if we did not require it in the present, we were at liberty to do away with it.

Mr. MOORHEAD was of opinion that the immediate result of State interference would be the destruction of individual liberty. If all the inhabitants of an island worked in one factory, the owner could reduce wages at pleasure. According to Socialists, the individual existed for the State, not the State for the individual. The government officials would strive to retain the unlimited power placed in their hands, and this could not be prevented by universal suffrage. Louis Blanc's experiments resulted in confusion, and Socialism may be considered to have had a fair trial, and to have failed. An extension of co-operation would be a benefit, but it must arise as the outcome of civilisation, not as the product of anarchy.

Mr. ANDREWS denied that Socialism had had a fair trial, because, to be a success, it must be universal. Socialism would not place power in the

hands of a few, and the example of the factory was more appropriate to the way in which capitalism now tyrannised over labourers. In the Socialistic State men would have no motive for accumulating property and riches.

Mr. DELL failed to see that the abuses of the competitive system required the desperate remedy of Socialism, which was a very different thing from simple Co-operation. We ought not to deprive the individual of all his rights because it was necessary to limit them. Art, literature, and science were now maintained by capitalists, and must perish in the Socialistic State, where there would be no means of supporting unproductive labour, and no one to buy pictures and works of art.

Mr. EHRHARDT said that our present system of a graduated income tax was a step towards the attainment of the noble ideal of Socialism. At present, workmen do not participate in the increase of national wealth, but by a system of co-operation they would all become shareholders in the manufactories to which they belonged.

Mr. MARSTON compared Socialists to the builders of the tower of Babel, and denounced them generally in a somewhat *ex cathedra* manner.

Mr. COLLINGWOOD WILLIAMS protested against the imputation of unworthy motives to Socialists, and said that the nationalisation of capital was inevitable.

Mr. LOVE, in reply, said that it had almost been admitted that when people were ripe for Socialism, Socialism would be a blessing. Karl Marx did not identify capital and money, but, on the contrary, most clearly defined and distinguished them. In the Socialistic State, as under present conditions, the inventor would be paid when he had perfected his invention, and he would have more leisure than now to prosecute his investigations and thought. The theory of majorities was not pleasant to individuals, but it secured the happiness of the greatest number. He failed to see what Socialism was, if it was not Co-operation.

The motion was then put. Votes :—Affirmative, 20 ; Negative, 24. 102 members and friends were present.

May 28th.—Papers : “Charles Dickens” by Mr. WYATT. “Caricature” by Miss THOMSON.

Mr. WYATT, in his paper, said that one of the first things which struck every reader of Dickens was his accurate observation and the wonderful scope and variety of his knowledge and experience. This was very conspicuous in his earliest work, the “Sketches by Boz.” He had studied in the school of experience where lessons were most thoroughly learnt—first as a lad in London, tying papers on the tops of blacking bottles for 6s. a week, and then as a reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*, encountering every variety of hardship and misadventure. Before writing “Nicholas Nickleby” he visited Yorkshire in severe winter time, that he might give us, as an eye-witness, that terrible picture of Yorkshire schools. Bumble’s courtship of Mrs. Corney was a typical example of his humour ; it was exquisitely comic, yet in all essentials evidently true. Dickens spent much time and forethought on the selection of names for his characters ; his method was to ferret out uncommon names, and put half of one and half of another together to form a new name. His works exposed abuses and were powerful instruments of reform, but his artistic instinct saved them from being mere “novels with a purpose.” They were models of language, composition, and style, and contained supreme passages

of English prose, unsurpassed even by George Eliot. Another secret of Dickens's power and fascination was that he lived in what he wrote; he conceived a real personal affection for his own creations. His books gave us a true picture of the every-day life of the great middle class from about 1830 to 1870. It was sometimes objected that his characters were exaggerated, but many of them were actually drawn from life, with this difference, that the eccentricities of 100 persons were combined into one, as in the case of Sam Weller, who embodied the wit and humour of all the London cabbies put together. Moreover, it must be borne in mind, that fifty years had elapsed since the sale of the "Pickwick Papers," and that the spread of education and liberal ideas in the interim had tended to diminish the eccentricities of human nature. In his (Mr. Wyatt's) opinion, the deepest power and highest sublimity of Dickens's works lay in the passionate love for human kind which thrills through them. His piety was undemonstrative and sincere, as his works alone would suffice to show. Mr. Wyatt concluded by quoting Dickens's verses on "The Children."

Miss THOMPSON then gave her paper. She said that the early history of caricature in England was almost identical with that of France and Germany, but English caricature had lately developed a distinct style. Laughter was essential to human happiness, and hardly anything showed the degree of refinement to which a nation had attained so well as the subjects that provoked it to laughter. Among savage nations these were always cruel and coarse. The most primitive expression of caricature was in words and actions; then some revengeful individual, not content with ridiculing his enemy in speech and gesture, began to scratch his likeness on stone (taking care to exaggerate his defective features). The earliest examples of caricature were to be found among religious monuments. The Egyptians were fond of depicting men with the heads of animals to denote their different qualities. The Greek artists parodied the national drama, and no subject was too sacred for their "caricature." This is still more apparent among the Romans. The Roman mask, used on the stage, probably suggested the grotesque faces found in sculpture. A great gulf divided ancient from mediæval art, but in the early Christian buildings many features of the Pagan edifice persisted, though modified to suit the new religion. The richest specimens of humour were to be found in the illuminated manuscripts of the monks, the favourite subjects of satire being the clergy and the clergy's natural enemy. In the Middle Ages, men were again endowed with the heads of animals, in indication of different qualities. Thus the fox represented intellectuality. A favourite joke was to draw monkeys behaving like men. The name "monkey" was given to apes on account of their imitative powers, monkey being an abbreviation of *mannikin*, or a little man; so that we might say, monkeys were derived from man. Like modern caricaturists, the monks found fashion in dress a fruitful source of satire. The birth of political caricature in England might be fixed in the seventeenth century; it was a weakly child at first, but thrived on the South Sea Bubble, and since 1720 had had a vigorous existence. Miss Thomson gave an interesting account of the most noteworthy English caricaturists, including Hogarth, Cruikshank, Leech, and Du Maurier, and described the admirable work done by *Punch*, whose last great triumph was the almost total suppression of the aesthetic craze.

On the motion of Mrs. HOLLIDAY, seconded by Mr. BROWETT, a cordial vote of thanks was presented to the readers of the papers. Ninety-seven members and friends were present.

June 11th.—Business Meeting.

Mr. LOVE proposed as an amendment to a resolution moved by Miss BRIERLEY at the last business meeting: "That the word 'Union' be substituted for the word 'College,'" making the resolution stand thus:—"That the *Magazine* year coincide with the Union year." This was seconded by Mr. B. F. JORDAN, and opposed by Mr. G. F. DANIELL.

It was moved by Miss LEVETUS, and seconded by Miss CHARLES: "That the *Magazine* year begin in January." Mr. STERN spoke in favour of the original resolution.

Mr. EHRHARDT expressed a wish to know exactly what the Editorial Board wanted, and when Mr. WILLIAMS had clearly explained their views he vigorously opposed them.

The amendment moved by Miss LEVETUS was lost. Mr. LOVE's amendment was carried by 20 to 15, and as a substantive resolution by 31 to 15; but a majority of three-fourths of those present being necessary to render it law, it was lost.

On behalf of the Committee, it was moved by Mr. C. P. LARNER, and seconded by Mr. J. F. JORDAN: "That in Rule IV. the following be substituted for the clause after the word *unless*:—"any member shall demand a ballot either at the meeting, or in writing to the chairman or one of the secretaries before the meeting, in which case the nominations of all the candidates proposed at that meeting shall be withdrawn, and a ballot shall be taken at the next meeting, when a majority of three-fourths of those voting in each case shall be required.'" The motion was carried.

Moved by Mr. C. P. LARNER, seconded by Mr. J. F. JORDAN, and resolved: "That in the Bye-law relating to the canvass Sub-Committee the word 'session' be substituted for the word 'term.'"

Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT moved, and Mr. G. F. DANIELL seconded: "That the following words be added to the end of Rule XIII. (relating to the Union Secretaries), 'and shall be *ex officio* members of all Sub-Committees.'" The motion was supported by Miss STURGE, opposed by Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON, and lost; 19 voting for, and 22 against.

Mr. C. F. M. WARD then moved: "That the rules be printed, and a copy forwarded to every member." This was seconded by Miss E. LEWIS; opposed by Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON, Miss STURGE, Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, and Mr. LARNER; supported by Mr. J. F. JORDAN and Mr. DELL, and carried; 27 voting for, and 6 against.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN moved, and Mr. J. F. JORDAN seconded: "That in Rule XV. the words 'three-fourths' be altered to 'two-thirds.'" This was opposed by Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON.

Mr. LARNER moved, and Mr. EHRHARDT seconded, as an amendment: "That no new rule or bye-law shall be made or altered except at a special business meeting, to be held once in each term. If three-fourths of those present vote in favour of any resolution it shall become law; if it be carried by a bare majority of those voting, it shall become law after confirmation at a subsequent meeting." This was opposed by Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN and G. ST. JOHNSTON, and supported by Messrs. LOVE, TURNER, and B. F. JORDAN.

Mr. DELL then moved as an addition : " But any member may demand a poll of the Society, in which case the motion shall only become law if supported by three-fifths of the members voting." Mr. WYATT opposed Mr. DELL's addition and supported the original motion. Mr. LARNER's amendment was carried by 22 to 17. Mr. DELL's addition was lost. Mr. LARNER's amendment was put as a substantive resolution and carried by 22 against 17, but when put as a rule it was lost, a three-fourths majority being required. Forty-five members and one visitor were present.

June 18th.—Debate : " That Conventionality tyrannises injuriously over Society."

Miss LINDSAY, in opening the debate, said that her views on Conventionality were contained in the following passage from " Coriolanus " :—

What custom wills in all things, should we do it,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'erpeer.

Some conventions had their origin in common sense, but Conventionality, in its worst form, was a petty tyranny over people's actions, dress, dinner hour, and general mode of life. Those who resisted this tyranny were placed in an attitude of defiance towards Society, and much energy was thereby wasted. Conventionality prevented experiments in the art of living ; and the work of men of genius would never have been done had they submitted to its artificial restraints. Though no injurious results might accrue to humanity at large, yet the sum total of human happiness was diminished if one being had to lead a life unsuited to it. Under Conventionality, the grace of spontaneity was lost, insincerity became rife, and the fine perception for truth perished. Conventionality stereotyped the mediocre in action and character instead of the noble, and, when we would soar, it weighed us down. Unconventionality made larger demands upon our moral nature, and taught us to cultivate courage, generosity, and self-control. Conventionality set up a false standard—the standard of " What is expected " instead of " What is right."

Miss HAYCRAFT said that all conventions had their basis in the peculiar genius of the people among which they prevailed. The individuals of a tribe were about the same height, and had approximately the same limbs ; it was, therefore, not surprising that they wore the same dress. Conventional rules were not arbitrary bonds confining the flights of genius, but they existed for the advantage of average men and women. A man educated in the belief that he owed no duties to Society would not develop into an Olympian Jove, but would sink to the level of the class below him. Conventionality prevented individuals from becoming thorns in the general flesh. Unconventionality meant a gradual sinking from a higher to a lower platform—a sinking all together just as we had risen all together. Infringements of conventional rule were blemishes in the characters of great men, but we forgave faults in them which in ordinary men would be intolerable.

Mr. C. TUNSTALL admitted that many conventions were very desirable, and even indispensable, but he objected to the extreme of Conventionality, which tended to drag all mankind down to one level. Uniformity meant an extremely dull world ; a world where people would wear the same clothes, hold the same political convictions, and think the same thoughts generally. Where Conventionality was most rigid, life was always most vicious,

because, when people were bound down by rules, their impulses broke out in illegitimate ways. The spirit of the times was opposed to Conventionality, yet so inherent was it in human nature, that as one convention was destroyed another rose in its stead. Thus, the convention of unorthodoxy was replacing that of orthodoxy, and for the aristocratic exclusiveness of olden days, we were threatened with "democratic spoliation"—the convention of crying down everyone who has anything to lose, and giving a friendly lift to everyone who has anything to win.

Mr. S. H. PERRY said that if the tyranny of Conventionality were injurious, Society was strong enough to throw it off. There was considerable affinity between the Laws of the Land and Conventionality, yet no one would be foolish enough to complain that the Laws tyrannised injuriously over Society. Conventional rules were not imposed by any one man; they had arisen naturally and gradually, and we might almost say that we have made them ourselves.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, after drawing some subtle distinctions between Conventionality and Morality, and Morality and the Laws of the Land, reminded the last speaker that the Radical party *did* complain that the Laws tyrannised injuriously over Society. He strongly objected to the conventionalities of dress and meals, and saw no reason why a man should not walk down New Street without a coat—if he liked, or why, when at home, he should be obliged to breakfast at eight o'clock—if he didn't like.

Mr. LOVE said that Conventionality was only another word for the development of Society, and he failed to see how its development could be injurious to Society.

Mr. DELL said he was aghast at the naked individualism advocated by affirmative speakers. If people were allowed to dress and behave as they liked in Society, the consequences would be most disastrous. One might just as well demand that every one should do exactly as they pleased in the State, and have no law at all.

Miss NADEN said that Conventionality supplemented the imperfect good taste of individuals and was rather an aid than an obstacle to originality, because it kept it for great occasions. It was the oil on the wheels of life.

Miss LINDSAY, in reply, said that if Conventionality was the oil on the wheels of life, then the speeches on the Negative were in conflict. She denied that Conventionality was a necessary part of development, because there were people who resisted it. Geniuses did what they liked, but at great cost to themselves. Originality was like physical strength; it did not require to be kept for great occasions.

The motion was rejected by a majority of 14 votes—ayes 20, noes 34.

Ninety-nine members and friends were present.

COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*Wednesday, May 19th.* Dr. NICOL in the chair.

Mr. STERN read a paper on "The Action of Bromine on Phosphorous Trichloride," embodying the results of his own work on the subject.

A paper on "The Life and Researches of Dumas," by Mr. A. B. BADGER, was then read by the Secretary, the author being unable to be present. Dumas was a great worker, and published during his lifetime 147 original

papers, in addition to his labours as professor and administrator. His chief achievements were the establishment of the theories of substitution and of types, and the demonstration of the composition of water and air.

Wednesday, June 16th. Dr. TILDEN in the chair.

Mr. HANCOCK read a paper on the "Recovery of Gold from Silica." He described the methods he had used for recovering the metal from the porcelain surfaces between which it was ground. A plan suggested by Dr. Tilden had been most successful. This consisted in mixing the auriferous fragments with sand soaked with aqua regia, and then washing out the solution of gold by allowing water to trickle through slowly.

Mr. EHRHARDT then read a paper on "Newlands' Law of Octaves," or the Periodic Law, as it is now generally called. After a preliminary historical introduction, in which the work of Newlands, Mendelejeff, and L. Meyer was discussed, Mr. EHRHARDT gave a succinct statement of the law and its consequences, with special reference to the power which we have gained thereby of predicting the existence and properties of new elements. He then referred to Carnelley's speculations as to the cause of the Periodic Law, that chemist supposing that the elements are compounds analogous to hydrocarbons, and that the gradations in character which they exhibit are caused by internal structure, such as we observe in homologous series. Carnelley's fundamental elements are hydrogen, carbon, and an element B of atomic weight -2 . He suggests that the latter is the ether of space.

Immediately on the conclusion of the paper Dr. TILDEN exhibited specimens of the new Germanium and its two sulphides, kindly lent for the purpose by Dr. Müller, President of the Chemical Society of London. This element has filled a gap in the Periodic System, being the "ekasilicon" of Mendelejeff. It is a white volatile metalloid, allied to silicon and tin, with atomic weight 72.75 and density 5.46 . The numbers predicted for the atomic weight were 72 (Mendelejeff) and 73 (Newlands), and for the density 5.5 . It was discovered in a new species of mineral, called *argyrodite*, consisting essentially of sulphide of silver.

In the discussion, Mr. LOVE said that ether could not have negative atomic weight, for then it would be self-repellent, and would not transmit light vibrations.

Mr. TURNER's opinion of the Periodic Law was that there was a good deal in it, but he was very much puzzled over the eighth group.

Dr. TILDEN shared Mr. Turner's opinion to some extent. To pronounce a complete judgment on the Periodic Law required a full knowledge of the chemical behaviour and disposition of all the elements and their compounds. But he thought facts had been very much strained to make them accord with the law. He certainly thought that the pairs of elements, oxygen and sulphur, nitrogen and phosphorus, fluorine and chlorine, in the first two series, were not similar, but decidedly different in their characters. Then there was the eighth group, also, with its elements of identical atomic weight. Many of the groups, however, presented undoubtedly a natural arrangement, and the law was well worthy of careful study.

Mr. EHRHARDT then briefly replied, and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to Dr. MÜLLER for the loan of the Germanium specimens.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*Thursday, June 10th.* Professor POYNTING in the chair.

Mr. WHITE was declared a member of the Society.

Mr. STERN then proposed, and Miss CHARLES seconded, the following alteration to Rule XII.:—"That for the words 'that three meetings of the Society be held about three times a term,' be substituted 'that three meetings of the Society be held in the first term and two in each of the succeeding terms.'" This was carried unanimously.—Professor POYNTING then called on Mr. LOVE for his note on "The Effect of Astronomical Conditions on Climate." This dealt chiefly with the effects of precession and eccentricity in altering the mean temperature and precipitation in either hemisphere; and calculations were given to show that these two phenomena were sufficient to account for the changes of climate in geological time. The paper concluded with some applications to the Glacial Epoch, the leading phenomena of which were shown by the author to agree closely with the astronomical changes in the period comprised between 210,000—100,000 years ago.

Mr. EHRHARDT, who regarded climate and weather as synonymous, spoke about the origin of hail stones, the influence of the moon on changes in the weather, etc.

Mr. WILLIAMS and Professor POYNTING also discussed the paper.

Mr. W. L. O. WARD then read a very interesting paper on "Colour," in which he dealt with the ancient theories of colour prior to 1666, when Sir Isaac Newton began to investigate the subject. He then described Newton's discoveries, and the various phenomena connected with polarised light, with fluorescence and absorption, of all of which he gave interesting natural illustrations. He then gave a description of the eruption of Krakatoa (the mountain referred to in the last *Magazine* as "one of the Java volcanoes"), with special reference to the beautiful sunset-glows which were supposed to be due to the dust caused by the eruption.

The paper was followed by a discussion, in which Messrs. LOVE, STERN, EHRHARDT, DANIELL, and Miss CHARLES took part, and which was chiefly occupied with Young and Helmholtz's theory of colour vision.

PHYSIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—*June 8th.* Professor HAYCRAFT in the chair.

Dr. SAUNDBY was elected an honorary member.

After inspecting various microscopical exhibits, the meeting adjourned to the Biological Lecture Theatre, where Dr. MACMUNN, the well-known chromatologist, exhibited and explained the construction of the Spectroscope and Microspectroscope, which he uses in making researches, and then proceeded to give a very interesting account of some of the results at which he has arrived. He said that the various pigments in the body are more intimately connected than was formerly supposed, and represented a series of changes occurring to one original pigment in its downward progression from the state of use to that of elimination. Thus we find in human blood, an originally *colourless* proteid, becoming coloured red by a pigment, which is respiratory in function. When this Hæmoglobin is no longer fit for its work, it is oxidised into firstly Biliverdin and Bilirubin, and ultimately into Urobilin, and other effete products which require to be removed from the body; otherwise they may give rise to pigmentation of the skin.

Dr. MacMunn has classified these, and has also discovered in lower forms of life (*e.g.*, sea anemones) similar pigments, which are also doubtless due to the downward metabolism of a colouring matter no longer fit for

with respect to Happiness. Epistle IV. is the longest and the best, because Pope has ceased to argue. The Essay as a whole is unsatisfactory: it is an attempt to make clear that which is essentially mysterious.

In the discussion which followed, Misses NADEN and BRIERLEY and Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, LOVE, WYATT, and Professor ARBER took part.

As the result of the Quotation Competition, the following was declared to be the best of twenty quotations, contributed by members of the club:—

“In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind’s concern is charity;
All must be false that thwart this one great end,
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.”

A vote of thanks to Miss BISHOP and Miss THOMSON, proposed by Miss EHRHARDT, and seconded by Mr LOVE, brought the proceedings to a close.

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.—The Spring Term meetings terminated on *Thursday, March 18th*, with a “*Soirée Française*,” held in the Examination Hall of the College, and numerous attended by the members and their friends. Professor LOREILLE is to be congratulated upon the attractive programme presented by his students to their audience, of which the following is a copy:—

Piano—Duo (par Moszkowski)	MDLLES. BAKER.
La Primevère, Romance	MDLLE. CHIRM.
Les Catacombes de Rome (<i>Delille</i>), Recitation...	MDLLE. PRICE.
Violon, Dada	MDLLE. A. BETTNEY.

LES DEUX TIMIDES.
Comédie en I Acte (*Labiche*).
Personnages.

Thibaudier	MONS. SOLLY.
Jules Frémisin	MONS. REYNOLDS.
Anatole Garadoux	MONS. LARNER.
Cécile (fille de Thibaudier)	MDLLE. LOREILLE.
Annette (femme de chambre)	MDLLE. M. KEEP.
—	
Regata Veneziana (<i>Rossini</i>).....	MDLLE. LOREILLE.
Romance	MDLLE. J. CHARLES.
Flûte.....	MONS. CHARLES.

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE (*Molière*).
Acte I, Scène v, vi, and vii.

Argan	MONS. WARD.
Toinette (servante)	MDLLE. PRICE.
Angélique (fille d'Argan)	MDLLE. BETTNEY.
Béline (femme d'Argan).....	MDLLE. R. COHEN.

The acting in the two French comedies was most praiseworthy, considering the difficulties amateurs invariably experience when speaking a foreign language. Special notice is due to the acting of Messrs. SOLLY and REYNOLDS in “*Les deux Timides*”; and Mademoiselle LOREILLE, Miss M. KEEP, and Mr. LARNER also performed their parts with considerable skill and *entrain*. Our sincere congratulations are to be bestowed on Miss PRICE for her recitation of “*Les Catacombes de Rome*,” which she delivered with much

force and feeling. In the musical part of the programme it is but right to mention the piano duet by the Misses BAKER, and the violin solo by Miss A. BETTNEY, both pieces being most ably rendered. The soirée terminated with three scenes from "Le Malade Imaginaire," which seemed to be well appreciated by the audience.

In consequence of several students in the French department having to prepare for examinations, there were no meetings of the Society during the Summer Term.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We very much regret that, owing to the unusual length of the Union Reports, we find ourselves unable to publish any Reviews. Our apologies are due, not only to our readers, but also to our Reviewer, whose work is thus thrown away.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks *The Pioneer Journal*, *The Marlburian*, *The Haileyburian*, *The University College of Wales Magazine* (2), *The Reptonian*, *The King Edward's School Chronicle*, *The Clewer House School Magazine*, and *Laurel Leaves*.

COLLEGE NEWS.

We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. C. J. LAY has obtained an Open Scholarship at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and that Miss DALE and Miss FREEMAN have each gained a second class in the Cambridge History Tripos.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—In order to pass a new rule at the meetings of the Mason College Union a majority of three-fourths is required. This renders it, at present, utterly hopeless to pass any new rule.

I am writing, therefore, to make an appeal to members to attend at the business meetings and alter this state of affairs.

A resolution was passed by a majority of two votes to one at the last meeting, yet could not become a rule of the Union.

The Union at present is ruled by a minority, a minority which can give no arguments or reasons for their actions, but, by attending to the number of about twenty at every business meeting, they form just over one-fourth of all present, and thereby stop all progress.

Members of the Union, by attending in greater numbers, would prevent these few forming a fourth of the meetings, and the present unfair and unjust state of affairs would be remedied.

One of the truest of John Bright's sayings is "The rights of minorities are the wrongs of majorities." Let everybody think of this and vote for an alteration of a rule which is a disgrace to any society, and especially to a society like the Mason College Union.

Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

H. S.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Madam,—At a meeting of the Union on May 28th, a paper was read on "Charles Dickens," followed by one on "Caricature." Before the meeting took place, I was much exercised in my mind as to whether our hitherto unimpeachable committee had been guilty of an intentional joke in the suggestive juxtaposition of these subjects, or whether the reader of the paper on "Caricature" regarded it as a natural development of the paper on "Charles Dickens," and would draw her illustrations from his pages. To my surprise, however, I found that the idea of any affinity between the subjects of the papers was confined to my own, doubtless misguided, brain. The Committee preserved its official gravity; Mr. Wyatt tacitly denied any tendency in Charles Dickens to Caricature, by laying special stress on his fidelity to nature; and Miss Thomson, in her paper, dealt only with pictorial Caricature—a comparatively small branch of the art. Had the usual discussion been invited, I should have said then what I propose to say now, and with the same object in view; like Miss Dartle, "I only ask for information—I want to be put right if I am wrong!" The mention of the amiable Rosa reminds me that Mr. Wyatt condemned Dickens's propensity to epitomise his characters in a single phrase—a device now wisely relegated to the domain of pantomime. This, I think, indicates his special defect; he seizes and exaggerates one or more characteristics—in other words, he caricatures. Again, Mr. Wyatt told us that Dickens invented the names of his characters by combining two or more eccentric names, and that he pursued a somewhat similar method in the creation of the characters themselves. The inevitable result in both cases was, I think, absurdity at the price of naturalness. I will not go so far as to affirm that Dickens never depicted a real human being in his life, but upon me, at least, his characters fail to produce the effect of "men

and women." Our complex civilisation gives birth to strange anomalies, but has anyone ever met with even an approximation to the "accomplished, the epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?" The woman with a mission is still extant amongst us, but does anyone know a Mrs. Jellyby, neglecting husband, home, and children to educate the natives of Borrioboolagha on the left bank of the Niger? The world is not yet grown honest, but does it contain such unmitigated monsters as Quilp, or Squeers, or Creakle? Even little Dora is a caricature of the pretty, impracticable, loving and lovable woman; and the Pickwickian people are, of course, colossal jokes. Though otherwise innocent enough of æsthetic vagaries, Dickens's characters are all *too* something—*too* saintly, *too* villainous; *too* utterly absurd. He constantly "o'ersteps the modesty of nature;" and "anything so overdone is from the purpose of *novel-writing*, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as t'were the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." Dickens, it seems to me, should take rank, not among our great novelists, but among our great humourists. His humour is a fatal stumbling-block in the way of his success in depicting life *as it is*; he never can resist giving the farcical touch that makes the whole world laugh. But to the majority of people life is a serious matter, and no representation of it, that is not essentially serious will seem to them true or satisfactory. Again, in real life the man or woman who is ridiculous is placed beyond the pale of our sympathy more effectually than if he or she were guilty of a crime: and so it is in fiction. Dickens's characters provoke our mirth, but they repel our sympathy. We cannot enter into their joys and sorrows, love them and hate them, and live their lives, as we can do in the case of many less clever and more commonplace creations of inferior authors. Trusting my *Dartlean* expectations are not doomed to disappointment,

I am, &c.,

X. Y. Z.

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THE STUDENTS.

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CONTENTS.

Meeting of the British
Association.
Remarks on "Julius Caesar."
"The Business Meeting."
The Union.
Poetry Club.

Tennis Club.
Cycling Club.
College Scientific Societies.
Our Contemporaries.
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CALENDAR.

- November 9.—TUESDAY—Poesy Club.
" 11.—THURSDAY—Physical Society.
" 12.—FRIDAY—Students' Union.
" 16.—TUESDAY—Physiological Society.
" 17.—WEDNESDAY—Chemical Society.
" 26.—FRIDAY—Students' Union.
-

THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE early days of September were marked by an event to be long remembered in the annals of Birmingham, and recorded in red letters in the history of the Mason College. The thrill of excitement was shared by every student, the occasion being one of great interest to all who profess even the most remote connection with science. The Meeting of the British Association, held in this town after an interval of twenty-one years, is considered to have been highly successful, a result due in no small measure to the excellence of the local arrangements. Committees of management had been meeting for more than a year, and it was obvious, that only by the combination of much ability, experience, and enthusiasm could a mass of detail so elaborate have been so skillfully organised.

There are several points of view from which it is possible to regard a meeting such as this gathering of the great—and small. It may be looked upon as a grand "feast of reason," as an opportunity for enlightening a benighted world, as a mutual seeking after truth; or, by the frivolous and the worldly, as a learned lion show, or a huge scientific picnic, the science to be sedulously avoided.

It will, perhaps, not be judicious to enquire too closely into the *raison d'être* of the majority of the Associates who ostensibly met for the Advancement of Science; it may be presumed, however,

that Mason College Students at least "associated" from motives of the most earnest and elevated character.

The first gathering was held in the Town Hall on the evening of Wednesday, September 1st, to hear the President's Address. It was with much interest that we found ourselves beneath the same roof with many great men whose names were so familiar, but whose personalities had hitherto been unconjectured.

It is a curious and often surprising sensation to meet with a "text-book" in the flesh, but, on this occasion, it was somewhat tantalising that a whole library of text-books should be neatly arranged before us—unlabelled. It is trying to gaze steadfastly as we imagine, at "Chambers'" (Logarithmic Tables), for whom we feel the keenest enthusiasm, and, when face and figure have become imprinted on the memory, to be startled by the information that the man at whom we are looking is "Fownes," a subject to whom we are completely indifferent.

Before us, however, on the orchestra, were ranged rows of standard works, all elegantly bound in regulation evening dress; the hall itself was crowded with the brilliant but less distinguished majority, and the chair was taken by the President, Sir William Dawson. Our acquaintance with the subject matter of the address was gained later from the printed report, for, most unfortunately, so little was audible on delivery that we carried away only a confused impression of oceans and oysters. The audience strained their attention to catch the President's accents, but, "as hour by hour his periods fell," it was pathetic to observe how the standard works gradually lost the symmetry of their pristine arrangement, and leaned against their shelves in more or less dejected attitudes. Thanks to opera-glasses, however, the evening was by no means profitless.

Early on the following morning the Reception Room formed a rendezvous, where Associates repaired to supply themselves with programmes for the day. The Lecture Theatre of the Midland Institute was boarded over, and elaborately fitted with conveniences of every kind—enquiry offices, ticket offices, post and telegraph offices—while writing tables and seats were disposed in all directions. Each day accordingly commenced by a sort of conversazione; people met, made appointments, commented on the state of affairs, and generally enjoyed the feeling of making believe to work hard.

The first day was occupied mainly by Presidential addresses. The various sections met in the Mason College, the Council House, the Medical Institute, the School of Art, and the Parish Offices.

These buildings being so conveniently situated, it was possible to attend several of the addresses, all of which were not delivered at the same time. We were fortunate in hearing Professor Darwin on "The Age of the Earth," a paper which was not only audible, but so clearly put as to be described as a "buttonhole" exposition of the subject. From a scrap of conversation overheard between two ladies, it seems probable that ideas of some sort were carried away by all present:—

"He says that the earth loses 22 seconds in a century."

"Is that all? Then I think they might give it a little more time!"

Mr. Crookes' brilliant paper on "The Evolution of the Elements" followed, and the same morning Mr. Carruthers addressed the Biological Section on "The Past History of Existing Flora." Sir F. J. Goldsmid discussed ways and means of popularising Geography, Mr. J. B. Martin vindicated the existence of the Economic Section, and Sir James Douglass elucidated the subject of Lighthouses and Marine Buoys.

Sir George Campbell (Anthropology) produced a great effect not only upon his audience, but upon the press; his deliciously bland "Why not?" taken *au pied de la lettre* by the "Spectator" and others, drew down the severe sentence that if the British Association had nothing better to listen to than that, they had better dissolve at once! The listeners, however, professed themselves extremely edified.

After the first day, it was amusing to observe the way in which the Association settled down to work; the "old stagers" applied themselves in the main to one section, and made a business of their own particular subject. Local Associates spent a few hours in patronising the papers said to be "the thing," and, when left to their own devices, wandered into sections haphazard. On encountering a flood of information on topics such as "The Fractionation of Yttria," "Humboldtia laurifolia as a myrmecophilous plant," or "Magnetic Hysteresis," they would retire hurriedly from the lecture room to try something else. By the time the second day's work was over, the majority inspected their daily bill-of-fare with the avowed intention of finding a paper that promised to be comprehensible, not to say light. The result was that unless so fascinating a subject as "Pussy Cats' Toes" figured on the list, Biology was, with Chemistry, Physics, and Geology, neglected by the dilettante in favour of the more popular departments of Geography, Anthropology, and Economics. The

Pussy Cats, by the way, were very charming with their fan-shaped feet and extra toes which, we are told, clicked like high heels on coming down stairs. The audience caressed the specimens exhibited, but unfortunately there was not time for a discussion of the paper; soon afterwards we met a distinguished stranger lamenting that he had not had an opportunity of introducing his own Tabby, a cousin of the pussies we had seen, who rejoiced in a distinct prehensile thumb. Indeed, if a discussion had been allowed to flourish unchecked, the imagination only can picture the developments of which we might have learned—on unimpeachable authority—the feline race to be capable.

It is, of course, with regard to our Professors, superfluous to do more than allude to the leading part taken by each in his own department of science; but it was with peculiar pride that we observed the names of three of our fellow-students on the programmes—Mr. Ehrhardt and Mr. Stern reading papers in the Chemical Section, and a paper by Mr. Groom being down for the Biological.

The notice-boards in each section, attended by tiny minions, who noiselessly glided in and out to post the numbers, announced the papers being read at the same time in every department. It was thus possible to hear all of particular interest; but a little care was necessary to hit the time exactly, for it was not uncommon, on rushing off when a number was put up, to arrive at a neighbouring lecture-room just in time to meet the audience coming away.

Tickets mislaid or forgotten caused repeated scares, but it was soon found that it was only necessary to ignore the circumstance; in fact, we were amused to hear stated, with charming candour, "It's the simplest thing in the world. You walk calmly in, and ask for Vice-Presidents' seats, and you are treated at once with the utmost deference!"

Two discussions, one on Colour Vision, the other on the Nature of Solution, were not only of considerable scientific importance, but were of great interest even to a general audience, as giving an insight into the methods of reasoning and investigation followed by those who penetrate the regions of the unknown. To the student there was perhaps a special charm in hearing and seeing "text-books" discussing unsettled points, especially when the subject admitted considerable difference of opinion. In fact, when we professed our entire ignorance of the nature of Colour Vision,

we were consoled by a physicist with the information that he himself and all other great men were in the same predicament.

One paper that was anticipated with much eagerness was, owing to the untimely rising of the section, not read. A disappointed audience waited about the precincts of the College for some time, demanding of every passer-by what had become of "The Sense of Smell;" but though occasional glimpses were caught of Professors hurrying to and fro in an agitated manner, nothing more tangible was forthcoming. It was irresistibly suggestive of the Queen and the executioner looking for the vanished grin of the Cheshire cat, and, as in that case, after a season of fruitless search the excitement subsided. The conclusions that we arrived at after these streams of learning had ceased to flow were two. First, that the efficiency of a spoken paper depends quite as much on distinctness of delivery as on the subject matter. This was illustrated in every department, notably on one occasion, when a speech by a working man riveted the attention of its hearers, and immediately afterwards an able and interesting treatise by a distinguished literary man emptied the room. Secondly, it is to him that hath that more shall be given. Those hearers who brought to a subject some previous knowledge were edified, while those who could only lay claim to "average intelligence" generally went away little wiser than they came. (This is not denying, however, that the latter class were enriched with a consciousness of widened interest—a comfortably indefinite reflection.)

But "Sections" are not the only features of a British Association meeting. Even the mornings, devoted to severe pursuits, were relieved by festive little luncheons at the clubs, Lisseter's, Pattison's, or that familiar resort, persistently miscalled by strangers "the Herbage."

The afternoons were spent by the energetic in the inspection of manufactories, or in short excursions; by the gay in attending garden parties, whither they were conveyed in coaches after the manner of glorified school children; by the weary in recruiting their shattered forces with the aid of arm-chairs and the immortal tea cup.

Later in the day, lions repaired to roar at the hospitable tables of their entertainers, and many an awe-inspiring creature proved in private life to be "a man as other men are." Occasionally a startling growl was elicited by injudicious "stirring up;" an Arctic Explorer is reported to have replied savagely to the timid enquiry as to whether he had really assisted to devour a whole tribe of

Esquimaux: "No, madam, I only tried the little babies, but I thought them very nice!"

In the evenings, the Association, arrayed in purple and fine linen, assembled at a series of brilliant gatherings. The conversation at the Exhibition in Bingley Hall was a glittering spectacle, and afforded, moreover, pleasant opportunities for meeting old and new acquaintances. Every attempt was made on the part of the Reception Committee to provide entertainment suited to the intellectual level of the guests, and appreciative crowds attended the instructive alchemical demonstrations throughout the evening, while even the energetic physiologists present respected the urgent appeal "*not to feed the india-rubber ducks in the fountain.*"

The second of the evening lectures on "Soap Bubbles" was an unqualified success, being audible, intelligible, and illustrated to perfection. The third and last, on "The Sense of Hearing," could hardly be described in the same terms; one experiment with two tuning forks was, however, so simple, yet illustrative, that it was received with the enthusiasm that the audience had been waiting in vain for an opportunity to display. The experiment in question proved that, under certain circumstances, nothing whatever could be heard.

Space forbids more than an allusion to the Mayor's *Conversazione*, the performance of the "Elijah," the concluding meeting in the Town Hall, and the excursions to which the final day was devoted. It was with a sense of having traversed a continent at express speed that we found that the week had flown by, that the programme was carried out to its last detail, and that a crowd of pleasant recollections was everything that remained of the long-anticipated meeting. On behalf of all who participated in the enjoyment without sharing any of the labours connected with it, we feel we can do no less than offer our most sincere and hearty thanks to those hard workers to whom the success of the meeting was due.

REMARKS ON SHAKSPEARE'S "*JULIUS CÆSAR.*"

Of all the plays of Shakspeare, "*Julius Cæsar*" is perhaps the one in which we find least that we would wish left out. The dignity of the language is generally equal to the dignity of the subject. The figures which Plutarch so graphically paints, and which kindle our imagination and excite our reverence even on the cold, dead page of history—into these figures Shakspeare breathes

a soul, and produces them living before us in all the power of reason, in all the agitated passion of men and heroes; so that they seize upon our soul as very beings of flesh and blood. Goethe denies Shakspeare the merit of a perfect apprehension of the character of antiquity or of foreign nations, bestowing upon him, however, at the same time higher praise—which indeed none can deny him. "His Romans," says he, "his Greeks, his Italians, are all Englishmen; but they are *men*." And this faithfulness to human nature universally he considers the secret of their universal charm. Perhaps every poet's nationality will follow him more or less into the characters he represents—nay, the very necessity of the genius and structure of the language renders this to some extent inevitable. It is the same in painting. We may pass through a picture gallery, and see by turns a Madonna with Italian, Spanish, German, or Flemish features, according to the nationality of the painter; yet we do not feel shocked at this except where the ideal beauty, the saintly innocence and purity, which are the peculiar and inseparable attributes of the character, are wanting. So in poetry. The light that reveals to us the scenes and personages of past ages, or of a foreign country, may be variously refracted by time and nationality; but if the poetic ideal is maintained in all its truth and integrity, if the poet does his original no violence in wresting away characteristics which peculiarly belong to it, if he represents with faithfulness and animation the salient points of character, we overlook a few minor anachronisms, and willingly leave to the practised eye and wise discernment of great critics the more subtle and inherent inconsistencies of character. Indeed, the adapting of ancient or foreign materials to another age or nation is a kind of translation. That is not the best and most perfect translation which renders word for word; but that which, with a delicate attention to the genius and character of both languages, gives the substance of the old in the dress most suitable, graceful, and becoming in the new. If, then, so much indulgence is due to the poet, what do we owe to Shakspeare, who not only fulfils the conditions required, but beautifies and ennobles all that he touches? No one, I think, would find great difficulty in recognising in our Shakspeare's heroes, the strongly marked features of the Brutus and Cassius, the Cæsar, Antony, and Portia of antiquity, as we have learned to know them, yet what a new charm does his poetry throw upon them!

It has been well remarked that Brutus, Cassius, and Antony

are the heroes of the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar" rather than Cæsar himself, who is killed in the third act; nevertheless, as Cæsar is the great central point round which all the action turns, the title is not inappropriate. Shakspeare shows us Cæsar in the full noontide of his glory, grand and magnanimous, but not without signs of almost puerile weakness where his ambition and passion for ruling are appealed to. Perhaps there is somewhat more of bombast and less of simplicity than is consistent with the character of the true hero and real genius, or with that modesty which policy would probably assume in a man aiming at the sovereign power; but it was necessary for the purposes of the tragedy to throw the strongest light upon Cæsar's ambition and arrogance, in order to prepare the way for the conspiracy, and to give some colour of justice to the murder.

Brutus is what we should call a true gentleman. With a calm, philosophic mind, he has his feelings well under control, but is kind, human, and affectionate in spite of his stoic principles. His part in the assassination of Cæsar, from which our minds cannot but recoil with horror, is much extenuated by that stern republican spirit, against which to offend was, in the eyes of a Roman, and especially in the eyes of a Brutus, the most impious and abominable crime; whilst to sacrifice to it all private affections, all the tenderest ties of kindred or friendship, was at once the most splendid virtue and the most sacred duty of every patriotic citizen. The gentle nature of Brutus strives long with this spirit, but only as long as he is undecided as to his duty. When once he is convinced that his country demands the sacrifice of his friendship, he hesitates no longer, but proceeds resolutely to the work, not without a certain proud satisfaction at having the opportunity of emulating the virtue of his great ancestor.

Cassius is a man of strong passions, less scrupulous and disinterested, but more politic and far-seeing than Brutus. The latter is a better philosopher than politician. Yet such is the prestige of his name, and the moral force of his blameless character, that all the other conspirators, and even the fiery Cassius, are content to defer to him, and make him their leader. To this moral superiority the greater experience and foresight, the politic counsels, of the more worldly-wise Cassius are sacrificed, and reverence for Brutus induces him to defer to his opinion even where he knows his own judgment is better. Thus, both in the conducting of the conspiracy and of the war, the common cause suffers through this deference to Brutus.

It is interesting to observe how with one subtle stroke of that delicate art by which Shakspeare makes his characters naturally and insensibly betray themselves—an art springing from the most intimate knowledge of human nature and the nicest appreciation of character—the strong contrast between Brutus and Cassius is brought into prominence. In the scene in the senate-house after the assassination, when Antony in half real, half affected grief, is pouring forth his eloquent lamentation over the body of Cæsar, Brutus, incapable in the integrity of his own character of suspecting hypocrisy in another, endeavours, in a tone of manly sympathy, to console Antony by representing to him the justice of their course, the public necessity for the death of Cæsar. Cassius, ignoring the man's exterior, and, with shrewd penetration of character, addressing his argument to Antony's ambitious spirit, bluntly and drily reminds him, "Your voice shall be as strong as any man's in the disposal of new dignities." Both men employ the arguments which in their own case would severally have most weight with them; for our estimate of others is always based, more or less, upon the standard of our own character.

Another of those light, rapid, delicate touches, so natural, yet so artful, which give, as it were, the key-note of a character, is brought to bear on Octavius; and here it is anticipative. The plan of the tragedy required that the part of Octavius should be a subordinate one; but Shakspeare did not, therefore, as an inferior writer might have done, leave him without strongly marked characteristics. When Antony is giving directions for the battle, he bids Octavius lead on his troops "upon the left hand of the even field."

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you, but—I *will* do so.

We see at once that this young stripling inherits the spirit of him who said, "The cause is in my will; I *will* not come." We feel instinctively that, sooner or later, a rupture between him and his elder colleague is inevitable, and we look forward to the Octavius of Actium, to the Augustus, whose star is even now in the ascendant.

Antony appears to advantage in "Julius Cæsar;" for though Shakspeare sufficiently shows us his unprincipled character, yet there is a touch of reality in his affection for Cæsar that gives him a certain dignity of character, so that, when we hear him soliloquising with true feeling over Cæsar's body (when, being

alone, there is no necessity for dissimulation), or catch the tone of genuine pathos that comes so effectively to aid self-interest, and to enhance his artful rhetorical skill in the splendid funeral oration, then we sympathise with him, and are half inclined to regard him as the real hero of the tragedy.

What we most admire in this oration is the power of suppression, if one may so speak. Limited to an eulogium on Cæsar, and forbidden to speak against his assassins, Antony formally observes the conditions imposed upon him; but he is more eloquent by what he refrains from saying than by all that he might have said. The withering irony of the repeated epithet "honourable," as applied to Cæsar's murderers, has more force in it than the accumulative invective of the most elaborate philippic. Antony's eloquence gains power from the very restrictions laid upon it. How skilfully does he rouse the indignation and jealousy of the republican crowd by an idea of tyranny and oppression on the part of those who professed to have done this bloody deed in the cause of liberty and patriotism! He shows that he is under restraint, that even liberty of speech is taken away by these liberators of their country! And the more effectively to do this he ironically uses the language the conspirators might be supposed to have used among themselves. Pretending to refuse to read Cæsar's will, he says—

"Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!"

What republican people could be proof against the irritating influence of these subtle hints of a proud and overbearing oligarchy, by whose leading strings they were henceforth to be checked and guided like children? This was enough to goad them to fury, even without the effective appeal to their avarice and love of pleasure.

The air of modesty and disinterestedness which Antony so skilfully assumes, gives additional force to his eloquence. He comes before his audience in no public character, but as a man mourning for his friend, without pretensions of any kind, without any other desire than to fulfil the last sacred duty to the dead. He appears, not indeed without indignation, but as one in whom grief for his loss absorbs in these first moments all other feelings.

We cannot wonder that the crowd are carried away by his eloquence, for we are carried away by it ourselves, even when we calmly and critically read it with the previous knowledge of the crafty and ambitious design which prompts the speech; and we feel half disappointed when, the citizens having departed, we see the noble orator sink into the vile, factious man, eager only to gain his own selfish ends. When once he has pronounced those words, "Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt," we are glad to lose sight of him, and to follow up the development of character in Brutus and Cassius. Yet once again, at the end of the play, he claims our attention by his noble and heartfelt eulogy on Brutus; and thus he leaves us with a favourable impression. On the whole, Antony has no reason to complain of his treatment at Shakspeare's hands.

Much might be said about the minor characters of the drama. How poignant and effective is the blunt laconic style of the cynical Casca in contrast to the grave discourse of Brutus and Cassius, or the stately courtesy of Cæsar! What a noble picture of the Roman matron has Shakspeare given us in Portia! All, down to Brutus' boy Lucius, have their own poetical interest. But it would take too long to discuss all.

Such critics as Voltaire may sneer at a play whose action extends over a period of two years, which changes the scene continually, and represents in one drama the death of Cæsar and the battle of Philippi. But, nevertheless, the unity of action, which is the most important of the three, is, in a manner, preserved in "Julius Cæsar," since all that follows the assassination of Cæsar is a direct consequence of that act. Moreover, the ghost of Cæsar, become the Nemesis to track out and follow the conspirators to their death, besides being in itself an effective tragic moment, connects the various parts, and gives a certain unity to the whole. "Julius Cæsar" is one of those plays which make us feel how much we should have lost if Shakspeare had allowed his genius to be crippled by the rigid rules of the French classical school. How difficult it would have been to have shown the beginning and development of the conspiracy, and to have killed Cæsar in one and the same day! Perhaps a corridor in the house of Brutus might have been chosen as the scene. Here, in the first act, we might have seen Brutus melancholy and in great distress of mind, yielding to the earnest solicitations of Portia, and disclosing to her the source of his anxiety, namely—Cæsar's ambition, and his own fears for the commonwealth. And here Portia's heroic character

might certainly have come out as nobly as in the actual form of the play. Then Casca, Cassius, and others might have come and related Cæsar's triumphant entry into Rome, and the presentation of the crown by Antony. In the second act, Cæsar might pay Brutus a visit, and show him marks of confidence and affection, which would increase the pathos by rendering more painful the conflict between patriotism and friendship. The third and fourth acts would be occupied with this internal struggle of Brutus, his final determination, and the ripening of the conspiracy. In the fifth act we should see Portia in great anxiety, and communicating to the inevitable confidante her fears for the success of the enterprise; until Casca, or Lucius, or somebody else came in to end the tragedy with a frigid narration of the murder of Cæsar.

But where would have been the animated speech of Marullus to the citizens, where the stirring scene in the senate-house, the affecting soliloquy of Antony over Cæsar's dead body, and above all, the incomparable funeral oration,—to say nothing of the beautiful scenes between Brutus and Cassius in the latter part of the play? All these must necessarily have been left out, and the more classic regularity would compensate us poorly enough for such losses. If any would sacrifice to the tyranny of the three unities such beauties as these, they remind us of Molière's physician, who assured his patients that "it was better to die in the orthodox rules of the doctors than to get well without those rules." E. P.

THE BUSINESS MEETING:

A METRICAL FRAGMENT.

DEDICATED (*without permission*) TO THE ATTENDERS THEREAT.

Sing, O Muse, the tale of the Union Business Meeting!
 Sing of the choice of Chiefs, Committee, and Officers upright!
 Sing how the Dromios twain, contesting the Treasurer's office,
 Showed a bewildered house which was, and which wasn't, the other!
 Sing of the battles terrific which raged over grim resolutions!
 Sing how the members fled, when Big Brum tolled 7.30,
 Leaving the backs of the benches exposed to the gaze of the Chairman!

Sweet to the business man his meerschaum, slippers, and sofa,
 Waiting in villa suburban (at Edgbaston, Moseley, or Handsworth)!
 Sweet to the brave Du Chaillu the roar of the angry gorilla!
 Sweet to the toil-worn Greek the sight of the longed-for "θάλασσα!"
 Sweeter far to the Union member the cake and the clamour!

Sweeter the tattle and tea, the conversation and coffee !
All too soon these joys are disturbed by the gong-given summons
Calling the truly-devoted to mount the stairs to the meeting.
(Only the truly-devoted are seen at a business meeting.)
Ranged in a solemn row, the Officers sit at the table ;
Frivolous, chattering, calm, unheeding, or eagerly waiting,
Members dispose themselves on the benches, which rise to the ceiling.

First, the minutes are read, confirmed, and signed by the Chairman.
Next, with a touching adieu, the Chairman quits his position,
Calling the Chairman-elect to assume the proverbial mantle.
He, who for thrice twelve months has borne Secretarial duties,
Now, with a zeal unaltered, assumes the dignified office.
Then to the sacred function of ballot the meeting proceedeth,
Choosing, with knitted brow, Committee, Treasurer, Hon. Secs.,
Who, through the coming year, shall guide the Society's movements—
Choosing the sacred seven, who hold the key of the pages
Which, to a waiting world, impart the news of the College.

Thus for the future providing, the meeting with eager attention
Turns to the record of what in the past twelve months was accomplished.
They who that day deliver their trust on Board or Committee
Read, through some chosen agent, the wonted "report of proceedings."
Loudly the members cheer on learning the growth of their numbers :
Louder still when the Hon. Sec. announces a £7 balance.
Order restored once more, at the Chairman's request, the assembly
Follows with breathless attention each word of the *Magazine* story.
Sorrowful, stern, the Chairman objects to the manuscript's wording ;
Fierce the discussion grows on the question vexed of initials ;
Closely the Editor answers ; with arguments ponderous, keen-edged,
Dash to their leader's support two more of the editing handfull,
Carry the House by a *coup de main*, and rush the report through.

Then the retiring Chairman demands a "reform of procedure :"
No opposition appears, and the rampant reformers exultant
Pass, as a Rule, their motion : and rest for a moment in quiet—
'Till on the ear of the House—scarce now of goodly proportions--
Fall in vehement speech the wrongs of the Evening Students,
Told by the mighty debater, the truculent leader of Tories,
Backed by his ancient chum, the frenzied Radical speaker.
Where are now their opponents who long, from session to session,
Have by their speeches and votes withheld the right of admission ?
Little is said in reply, and, spurning the slight opposition,

Triumph the friends of the wronged ; and—enter the Evening Student !
 Lastly, the Chairman vacates the chair, and swiftly the members
 Pass from the College door, and home through the mud they betake them,
 Leaving the Hall of Assembly deserted, empty, and silent,
 Till, on the following morn, the voice of some learned Professor
 Makes its walls to re-echo the sounds of “chlorophyll,” “hæmin,”
 “Farciminariadæ,” “nerve,” “fibrovascular bundles.”

THE UNION.

October 8th.—Holiday Notes.

Miss HUCKVALE gave a very interesting account of a voyage across the Atlantic, and related her experiences in New York, Boston, and other American towns.

Mr. NEAL, with the aid of a neat little map, described a circle on a bicycle round the Isle of Wight, and maintained that nowhere else can be found, in so small an area, so great a variety of scenery and vegetation.

Miss LLOYD gave some useful notes on “House Decoration,” suggested by holiday experiences of lodging-houses where the art is rendered conspicuous by its abuse.

Upon Mr. EHRHARDT, in the unfortunate absence of Mr. Clayton, devolved the whole duty of narrating their adventures in Wales. His graphic account of several “moonlight” expeditions, and of the sunrises and mist-effects which rewarded their early rising, excited great interest.

A vote of thanks to the contributors of the Holiday Notes was proposed by Miss EDWARDS, seconded by Mr. MARTINEAU, and carried unanimously. 115 members and friends were present.

October 15th.—Annual General Meeting.

The twenty-six candidates for membership of the Union having been unanimously elected, the House at once proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

In the absence of any opposition, Mr. ERNEST F. EHRHARDT was declared Chairman.

There were two nominees for the office of Treasurer :—Mr. C. F. M. WARD and Mr. W. L. O. WARD ; and, after the individualities of these gentlemen had been made known to the Union, a ballot was held, and resulted in the election of Mr. C. F. M. WARD.

Miss JESSIE EDWARDS and Mr. JAMES NEAL were elected Honorary Secretaries without opposition.

The election of the Union Committee was then conducted by ballot, Miss PERRY and Mr. DANIELL acting as Scrutineers.

Miss BRIERLEY was re-elected Editor of the *Magazine* ; Mr. A. D. CHARLES, Treasurer ; and Mr. A. L. STERN, Honorary Secretary of the Editorial Board, without opposition.

The election of the Editorial Board was then conducted by ballot, Miss BISHOP and Mr. H. W. THOMAS acting as Scrutineers.

The results of the ballots were declared as follows :—*Union Committee* : Miss E. JORDAN, Miss CHARLES, Miss E. LEWIS, Miss G. E. SOUTHALL, Mr. J. F. JORDAN, Mr. C. P. LARNER, Mr. G. ST. JOHNSTON, and Mr. A.

L. STERN. *Editorial Board*: Miss LINDSAY, Mr. W. R. JORDAN, Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU, and Mr. G. F. DANIELL.

The Report of the Union Committee and the Treasurer's Balance-sheet having been read, it was moved by the Chairman, seconded by the Hon. Secretary, and unanimously resolved :—"That the Report and Balance-sheet be adopted, printed, and circulated among the members."

The Report of the Editorial Board was then read, and its adoption moved by Mr. C. P. LARNER and seconded by Miss NADEN ; but, before the resolution was put to the meeting and carried, a somewhat animated discussion took place, to which Mr. Ehrhardt, Miss Brierley, Messrs. Love, Martineau, W. R. Jordan, and Turner contributed.

On the motion of Miss M. D. ALBRIGHT, seconded by Mr. C. P. LARNER, it was resolved :—"That the Editor be requested to make a brief resumé of the Report of the Editorial Board for printing with the Report of the Union Committee, and that the statement be signed by the Editor."

On behalf of the Editorial Board Miss BRIERLEY moved, and Mr. A. L. STERN seconded, the following resolutions relating to the Rules for the conduct of the *Magazine* :—

- (i.) That Rule II. be rescinded.
- (ii.) That the clause "Having previously passed the approval of the Committee" be omitted from Rule VI.
- (iii.) That the Editorial Board be empowered to fill up any vacancies occurring amongst its members during the Session.

These resolutions having been carried, the meeting resolved that the Rules should be altered in accordance with them.

Mr. C. P. LARNER moved : "That no new rule or bye-law shall be made or altered, except at a special business meeting to be held once in each term. If three-fourths of those present vote in favour of any resolution, it shall become law ; if it be carried by a bare majority of those voting for it, it shall become law after confirmation at a subsequent meeting."

Miss BRIERLEY seconded the resolution, which was carried by a majority of three-fourths of those present, thus becoming law.

Mr. JENKYN-BROWN moved : "That the evening students be admitted to the Union on the same terms as the day students." The resolution was seconded by Miss HAYCRAFT ; supported by Messrs. B. F. JORDAN, TURNER, and W. R. JORDAN ; and opposed by Messrs. REYNOLDS and R. S. DELL. On being put to the meeting, it was carried by a majority exceeding three-fourths of those present, and thus became a rule of the Union.

On the motion of Mr. LARNER, seconded by Mr. JENKYN-BROWN, it was unanimously resolved : "That it be suggested to the Union Committee that, in consideration of the large balance in hand announced by the Treasurer, an extra debate be arranged for November 5th, and that the subject of the debate be Mr. Parnell's Land Bill."

The meeting then terminated. 76 members were present.

POESY CLUB.

October 12th.—Professor ARBER in the Chair. Two papers were read on the works of "John Keats," who is the poet selected for special study during the present term.

Miss NADEN described the genius of Keats as consisting fundamentally in an exquisite sensitiveness to all the elements of beauty—to colours, tones, tastes, odours, textures. His poems contain evidences of a fresh enthusiasm for Nature, and although he was inspired by Shakespeare, Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, he no more copied those poets than he copied Lempriere's Dictionary or Spencer's Polymetis. Within certain limits, he is unrivalled in the combination of sensations, emotions, and images to immortalise some transient mood. He never fully learnt the beauty of ideas, the charm of divine Philosophy, but was on his way to this knowledge when he died.

Miss EARL sketched the incidents of "Endymion," and quoted several passages illustrative of the poet's passion for the beautiful, and of his own capacity for creating "things of beauty." She also spoke of the strength, majesty, and gloomy grandeur of "Hyperion," and gave extracts from the "Eve of St. Agnes."

A discussion followed, in which Professor ARBER, Misses BRIERLEY, NADEN, and LINDSAY, and Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN and E. F. J. LOVE took part.

After three ballots had been held in the "Keats" Quotation Competition, with the result that two of the eighteen quotations contributed by members of the club received an equal number of votes, it was decided that these should conjointly constitute the term's motto, which, therefore, runs as follows :—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

Endymion, Book I.

. To bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty.

Hyperion, Book II.

LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The second Tournament of the Mason College Tennis Club was held during the last week in August, on the grounds of the Mason College and Waverley Clubs. The Club events were this year thrown open to members of the Waverley Club as well as to members of the College, so that the entries were more numerous than last year. The weather being fine, a large number of spectators attended during the four days of the Tournament, and much interest was shown in the play. The following is a list of the successful competitors :—Ladies' Doubles (scratch pairs), Miss Dora White and Miss Payton. Ladies' Singles (open), Miss Bennett. Mixed Doubles (scratch pairs), Miss Harrison and Mr. Clayton. Gentlemen's Singles, Mr. J. F. Jordan.

Gentlemen's Doubles (open), Mr. Shirley Brierley and Mr. E. Marris. The most interesting matches were the Gentlemen's Doubles, perhaps, the most exciting being that between Messrs. Carter and B. F. Jordan, and Messrs. Brierley and Marris. The play on both sides was excellent, but Mr. Brierley's brilliant play at the net, and Mr. Marris' steady back play, ensured them the victory.

The Gentlemen's Singles were hardly exciting, as Mr. J. F. Jordan proved himself so immeasurably superior to his opponents. His play, which was chiefly on the back line, was remarkable for its steadiness, and, though apt to become monotonous for spectators owing to the little variety of strokes displayed, was eminently successful, enabling him to overcome more brilliant players with ease.

On the whole, there were fewer entries for the Ladies' events than last year, but the play was quite as good. The match between Miss Bennett and Miss Dora White was, perhaps, the most interesting. Miss White, at first, had it all her own way, but Miss Bennett pulled up in very creditable style, and won by two sets to love. Unfortunately, very few of the Ladies of the Club were able to enter, and it is to be hoped that another year they will be better represented. In conclusion, it is a matter of congratulation that the Tournament this year has been no source of loss to the Club, but that the profit made on the teas was sufficient to cover all expenses.

CYCLING CLUB.

(RE-ORGANISED 1886.)

RETROSPECT OF THE SEASON.

This month our first season draws to a close ; so it seems fitting in the October number of the *Magazine* to pen a few words briefly recording the revival of our Club and some of the incidents that have marked its career.

The Season was well inaugurated, as early as the last week in February, by an able address from our worthy President, and a pleasant evening's entertainment. Active work was begun with a special trip to Knowle on April 3rd ; but these are matters of ancient history, for are they not already published in the chronicles of the Mason College ?

A fixture card of twenty runs, and a roll of forty members, showed that the revival was no mere form, but that many were determined to take advantage of the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the country-side for twenty miles round in a most enjoyable manner.

Six "special" runs have taken place,—special in the fact that easy riding formed the order of our going, that luxurious accommodation and the company of the lady members was vouchsafed us ; special, too, in the sense that, taking the ordinary intercurrent runs as fun, positive and refreshing (and they were, too !), those six, those special six had, in comparison, a superlative success, and are even now a delightful memory.

Ah ! who of us who were privileged to be there will forget the trip to Hampton ? The easy pace in delightful weather, the jolly tea at the Ring o' Bells (to which twenty sat down), or our introduction to the weather-beaten Secretary of the N. C. U. through the medium of a stupid wagoner ? A few specially privileged say that a sight they beheld that afternoon will,

as an item of cycling adventure, never fade from their recollection. A respected member of the Club, "rushing violently down a steep hill," and attempting at the same time to negotiate a corner, found opportunity to demonstrate the superiority of mechanical laws over intellectual steering by describing two complete somersaults, machine and rider, with the saddle as a centre. But, hurrah for British pluck! his remains were found, after the momentum of his trike had frittered down to zero, tenaciously clinging to the saddle-bar, and none the worse, save for the loss of a little dignity and cuticle.

Next month Halesowen was our goal, or rather the Clent Hills, to which we walked, taking the Nail industry and the ruined Abbey in a comprehensive inspection.

Our July special to Kenilworth experienced the universal agitation attached to that month in Colleges and other centres where intelligent "youth do congregate."

The Berkswell special is fresh in our recollection. Need the faithful historian tell of the run down the Coventry Road, paradise of cyclists, some reaching Berkswell *via* Meriden (and regretting their error), others *via* Stonebridge, but all ultimately meeting at the George-in-the-Tree for rest and refreshment. What a splendid place! A cycling oasis truly! NOTE.—Home comforts provided at a slight extra charge.

And still another "Special." Henley of the two Churches, we shall not forget you! We look forward to yet another view from your Mount of Olives! May our lives be as smooth as a shoot down the Leveredge, and good luck as plentiful as the blackberries!

Space and time forbid anything but grateful mention of a delightful day at Stratford, and other pleasant trips.

Now, in review, what have we to thank our Cycling organisation for? A great deal—and more the longer we ponder on it. Our students have been afforded opportunities of making acquaintance with one another, and of cementing previous friendships. Healthy exercise, fresh air, and change of scene are a few of the not unimportant benefits derived. We congratulate ourselves on being members of a Club of such vitality, with such a present and so bright a future; and, in doing so, we acknowledge in what high degree the success of the past season is due to the energy and devotion of the Captain and other Officers.

COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—On *Thursday, October 14th*. Professor POYNTING in the Chair.

On the motion of Mr. LOVE, seconded by Mr. STERN, Mr. R. H. HOUSMAN was unanimously elected Vice-President of the Society. Mr. G. F. DANIELL was then elected Secretary, and Miss CHARLES, Miss LEWIS, and Mr. W. L. O. WARD were elected members of the Committee in place of Miss G. FRANCE and Messrs. HOUSMAN and DANIELL.

Mr. WHITEHOUSE then read a paper on "Quadruplex Telegraphy." He explained that the quadruplex system consisted of a combination of the duplex and diplex systems, and as he had described the former in a previous paper, read before the Society, he would devote himself now to the exposition

of the duplex system. The paper was illustrated by working models and diagrams.

In the discussion which followed Professor POYNTING, Messrs. LOVE, HOUSMAN, and STERN took part. A vote of thanks was then accorded to Mr. WHITEHOUSE for his clear and interesting paper, and the meeting terminated.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*Wednesday, October 20th.* Dr. TILDEN in the Chair. Twelve members present.

Mr. C. F. M. WARD read a paper describing some methods of chemical analysis which have recently been published. The paper was illustrated by very successful experiments. A short discussion followed, in which Dr. TILDEN, Mr. TURNER, and Mr. LOVE took part.

Mr. T. J. BAKER then read a paper on the "Analysis of Furnace Gases." He described the apparatus in use for that purpose, and gave an account of the various gases commonly escaping from chemical works. He also described and criticised the Act of Parliament relating to these escapes, and in conclusion, made a few remarks about the smoke from boiler fires. A hearty vote of thanks to the readers of papers brought the proceedings to a close.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

We notice with pleasure, in the July number of *Time*, a short poem on "Heloise," by Miss Naden. It consists of three sonnets describing the feelings of Heloise as Bride, Nun, and Abbess. We quote the first in full, venturing to think that, in delicacy of touch and depth of feeling, it resembles the work of Mrs. Browning—

"Come in my dreams, beloved ! though thou seem
 Less kind, less noble, than by truthful day ;
 Even in sleep my heart has strength to say—
 'His love is changeless—this is but a dream :'
 Yet rather come at sunrise, with the beam
 Of thought renewed ; and still, when eve is grey,
 Inspire me, as I tread my lonely way,
 With thine own dauntless will and hope supreme.
 Ah ! let me die, ere meaner moods have power
 To dim these glories that within me shine !
 Give me black night, or this unclouded sun,
 Swift death, or life immortal, in that hour
 When all my soul is filled and fired with thine,
 When thou and I are equal, being one."

The *Marlburian* opens with an interesting article on "Letters," which are defined as "politeness on paper and etiquette in envelopes." The refinements of this art reached their summit in the days of the "Complete Letter Writers"—where a specimen of correspondence suitable for every conceivable event is provided. When, for instance, a lover is desirous of breaking off his engagement, he would "inform his giddy mistress, that 'though his understanding may be doubted and his penetration insulted, she shall find the latter to be capable of discerning fallacy, and the former of resenting insolence.'" After glancing at Cowper's, Macaulay's, and Beaconsfield's letters, the writer concludes by quoting the "proverbial

Marlborough lower-boy letter." Tony Lumpkin, we know, though he could read the direction of letters addressed to himself, yet was always unable to make out the contents—which, he naïvely remarked, were generally the "cream of the correspondence." We confess to a cordial sympathy with the ill-bred squireling in this case. Here is the effusion—

"Dear Ma,—How's Pa? Send me a slog. Bim for the week. Your affectionate son, Tom."

We always welcome the *Girton Review*, and the number before us, that of July last, is even more interesting than usual. Despite the various outdoor attractions of the May term, we are glad to observe that the S. S. S. (Spontaneous Speaking Society) is now in a most active state. Its regulations are so stringently enforced that at a recent meeting several panic-stricken students were seen escaping in terror "*before the commencement of the proceedings.*" No less energetic is the Fire Brigade, and on an "alarm" being given during a Sophocles reading of the Classical Club, "Athena, Ajax, Atreidae, forgetful of their grievances, darted instantaneously from the room, and in a moment were exerting their combined wisdom and strength in quenching an imaginary fire in the gymnasium." The "Intercollegiate Letters" give us news of Newnham, Oxford, Bryn Mawr (Pennsylvania, U. S. A.), and Glasgow. There is also an account of the opening of the Royal Holloway College. We are much impressed by the sculptural decorations of the chapel. The subject is the "Creation of Eve," who is standing by the side of Adam, glorious in "a great shock of yellow hair. Behind them a horse is looking on with an air of deep and intelligent interest; and a pink lion and lioness, with other newly created animals survey the scene. In the foreground is a very fat white hare, an emblem of humility." O Pills! O Patent Medicines!! O Advertising Genius!!! Thy intention was excellent, indeed; but where, oh! where, was thy good taste? Truly, Girton on the bleak Huntingdon Road will rank before thy gaudy decorations and thy princely park.

The *Central Literary Magazine* (July) has an interesting account of the Midland Institute, and two articles on Colonial life. An article entitled "Politics in relation to English Law and History" attracted our notice. The writer urges that everyone, especially since the passing of the Franchise Act of 1884 has made most men responsible electors, should be acquainted with the "history, institutions, and laws of his own country." Agreed, say we—but surely the writer must be joking when we find that, in order to fully equip one's-self for legislative functions (listen, O embryo M.P.'s), one will have to study some sixty odd books on law, jurisprudence, history, &c. And it is not every law book that is as interesting as the affidavit of the man who was attacked with a musket by one who "threatened that if this deponent did not instantly retire, he would send this deponent's soul to hell, which this deponent verily believes he would have done had not this deponent precipitately escaped." A musical poem on "Summer" and an illustration of the same subject make up a capital number.

We also acknowledge with thanks the *Reptonian* (2), the *Haileyburian*, the *Cliftonian*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, the *Pioneer Journal*, the *Central Literary Magazine* (Oct.), *Our Magazine*, the *Institute Magazine* (2), *Clewer House School Magazine* (2), and the *Naturalist's World* (4).

COLLEGE INTELLIGENCE.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

D.Sc.

Riley, John Thomas

INTERMEDIATE MEDICINE.

Freer, G. D. *Second Division.*

PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC (M.B.)

Harris, F. D. } *First Division.*
Perry, S. H. }*Passed in two Subjects:*Hill, G. L.
Neal, J.
Rowbotham, H. B.
Sproat, J. H.
Staley, M. E. K.
Tibbets, T. M.
Vincent, T. S.*Passed in one Subject:*

Richards, R. W. B.

INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE.

HONOURS.

Baker, T. J. *2nd in Class II., Chemistry.*

FIRST DIVISION.

Ward, W. L. O.

INTERMEDIATE ARTS.

HONOURS.

Lay, C. J. *2nd in Class III., French.*
Exell, W. W. *5th in Class III., French.*

SECOND DIVISION.

Ledsam, H. T. C. S.

MATRICULATION.

Moore, Julia Isabel } *HONOURS.*
Cantrill, Thomas Crosbee }
Hope, J. A. } *First Division.*
Martin, A. J. }
Nicholson, John. *Second Division.*

WHITWORTH SCHOLARSHIP.

Padmore, Edward Stanhope

ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

SECOND MEDICAL (M.B.)

Jordan, B. F.

Jordan, J. F.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES.

Chattaway, F. D., Scholarship, £50.

Bettney, M. G., Exhibition, £15.

Moore, Julia Isabel, Exhibition, £10.

On the afternoon of *October 1st* the Session of Mason College was inaugurated in the usual manner by the prize distribution, followed by an address from Dr. TILDEN, the present Chairman of the Academic Board. After referring to the original intentions of the Founder with regard to the objects and purposes of the College, Dr. TILDEN traced the gradual development of the institution into an University College, with provision for a tolerably complete faculty of science, and an imperfectly developed faculty of arts, and with the nucleus of a faculty of medicine. Many additions to the professorial staff were needed before the College could fulfil all the conditions of an University. Meanwhile, some progress was being made towards systematising the work, and, until such time as power was obtained to grant degrees, the College offered the title of "Associate of the Mason College," together with certain substantial advantages, to those students who were prepared to enter upon a course of study nearly approaching that which was required for a London degree, but shorn of the terrors of the matriculation. Dr. TILDEN had a kindly word of mention for the College Societies, but held up a flag of warning in the direction of an excessive "concentration" of labour. He is of opinion that students who are preparing for examinations ought not to be handicapped by heavy official duties.

Mr. C. F. M. WARD has been elected Honorary Secretary to the Common Room Committee, in place of Mr. HILL (resigned).

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only, and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—I cannot let the letter in the last issue accusing Dickens of a want of fidelity to nature go unanswered. The writer enquires if any one has met with even an approximation to "the accomplished, the epicurean, the dirty, the delightful Micawber?" To this I reply most emphatically, yes; the character of Mr. Micawber was drawn from Dickens' own father. But apart from this, I maintain that there are now living hundreds, or rather thousands, of men who possess one or more of the distinctive characteristics of Mr. Micawber; X. Y. Z., also mentions Miss Dartle, some of whose chief peculiarities were drawn from one of Dickens' lady friends; Leigh Hunt appears in Bleak House under the name of Harold Skimpole, a circumstance which gave Hunt much pain, and which Dickens afterwards deeply regretted. There are other similar instances which I could mention but space does not permit. Mr. Wyatt in his paper informed us that Dickens invented the names of his characters by combining two or more eccentric names, and that he pursued a similar method in the creation of his characters; X. Y. Z. thinks that these operations result in absurdity at the price of naturalness.

Now, are the names that Dickens has thus evolved absurd, or rather unnatural! For to call a name absurd or unnatural are two totally different things. Many of our common names as Hare, Tuckwell, Dove, Renard, Wigglesworth, Grundy &c., are extremely absurd, but "what's in a name?" who shall say that any name is unnatural? With regard to his similar method of inventing

characters, it cannot be said that a one quality that can be thought of as unnatural, for we could not imagine a quality which had not a real existence. Have we then any right to say that a particular combination of these qualities to form a character is unnatural? Before concluding I must protest against some of X. Y. Z.'s strictures, and that that Dickens' characters repel sympathy. I feel sure that X. Y. Z. has never read of the death of little Nell (and this is only one example out of many), or such an opinion could not have been entertained for a moment, for is there anyone however callous, that has not been touched by it—is there any other passage in the whole range of English literature in which there is more feeling? In conclusion, I must apologise for this weak defence of Dickens. I hope the others will add their testimony to mine and prove beyond a doubt that Dickens was no caricaturist, but that he truly fully described the characters about whom he wrote.

I am, &c.,

B.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Sir,—I am under the impression that many, like myself, when students at Mason College, became acquainted with many other students, but not sufficiently well to correspond. Most of us have left, and are now unable to get to Birmingham, except during the vacations, and therefore cannot attend the ordinary Union meetings. I imagine, however, that if a conversazione (or some meeting of that kind) were held during one of the vacations, many of us would be glad to attend, and also subscribe towards the expenses. Would it not be possible for a conversazione (for old students) to be held in the College during the Christmas vacation? If any old students who may see this would make known their views in the matter, some united effort might be made.

I am, yours sincerely,

OSWALD SUNDERLAND.

The Grammar School, Fowey,
October 4.

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THE STUDENTS.

DECEMBER, 1886.

CONTENTS.

Christmas.

Freedom of Discussion.

Tenebrosa in Tartara.

The Union.

College Scientific Societies.

College Literary Societies.

Proposed Queen's and Mason
Colleges' Athletic Association.
tion.

Our Contemporaries.

College Intelligence.

Correspondence.

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CALENDAR.

December 22.—WEDNESDAY—Winter Term ends.

January 13.—THURSDAY—Union: Dramatic performance, "The Good-natured Man."

" 14.—FRIDAY— " " "

" 18.—TUESDAY—Spring Term commences.

CHRISTMAS, 1886.

"A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year,"—
Once more the wish goes forth from lip and heart,
And kindly deeds and mirthful looks impart
A summer gladness to the season drear.

Perhaps, like Faust on Easter morn, we *hear*
The message *only*, weaned by many an art
From childhood's faith; perhaps our spirits smart
'Neath sorrow's thorns, or quail with anxious fear;

But let us set discordant thoughts aside,
And be in harmony with Christmas bells
That ring so gaily from the spires above;

Let none forego the joy of Christmastide,—
The day's sublime significance that tells
Of peace, goodwill, self-sacrifice and love.

*FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.**

THERE may be those here, this evening, who regard the question of "Freedom of Discussion" as entirely unfitted either to be the subject of a paper or the topic of debate. I differ entirely from such individuals, and at the very outset of my paper—as it were in cold blood—I make this assertion: that if there be in Birmingham one institution, one society, where freedom of discussion should not only exist but be welcomed, the Mason College, the product of discussion in the past, is surely that institution—this Union, (its representative society), is surely that society. Although I am absolutely indifferent as to what may be said or thought of any opinions I may express, I am far from indifferent to your judgment of the manner in which I express them. I say this because I have heard that in the minds of not a few there is fear and trembling lest I should wound tender feelings and cherished convictions—in fact, play the part of the proverbial "bull in the china shop." I shall be sorry if I cannot advocate free discussion without wounding the most tender susceptibilities.

Deep feelings should spring from deep conviction; deep conviction from full discussion. Rely upon it, genuine discussion will never hurt and never offend genuine and deep feelings—their very origin forbids it. But there are other and different feelings—the tender feelings of those incapable of deep feeling—often tender in direct proportion to their want of depth. In all ages, to prevent discussion, to hinder the exposure of error, the advance of truth, the phrase—how often do we now hear it!—"You must not discuss; it will hurt my feelings," has been constantly employed. If, in the past, the shield formed by these tender feelings had not been battered; if the arguments which that shield defended had not been smashed; if the opinions it protected had not been exploded, little intellectual progress would have been made.

The words "Freedom of Discussion" convey a definite but a narrow meaning. In order more clearly to arrange my arguments I shall give to them a larger and broader meaning. When I speak of advocating freedom of discussion, I mean that I advocate the establishment of a certain social state in which favour shall be shown to, and even eagerness displayed for, discussion, in which all subjects shall be discussed, none tabooed, in which the object of

* Being a paper read before the Union by Mr. B. F. Jordan on November 26th.

discussion shall be, not the strengthening and triumph of formed and unalterable opinions, but the search for and discovery—even if in the process opinions are altered—of what the discussor feels to be, as far as he can judge, the absolute truth. That ideal condition has not yet been reached, but, considering the progress we have already made, I am confident that it will be realised sooner or later. What takes place to day is the inevitable and direct result of what has taken place on countless yesterdays ; and that I am permitted to-night to speak for perfect freedom of discussion, and that you listen without threatening me with pains and penalties—nay, even with comparative calm—is a proof that opinion on this question does, and will, move and advance. The day is not far distant when nothing will be taken on trust, but when all things will be openly and fearlessly discussed.

To estimate the progress that has been already made, let us carry our minds back, not over years, but over centuries. There was a time in Europe—it is hard for us to realise it—when men were not allowed to discuss on pain of death. There was a time when men were not allowed to think ; the thinking was done for them by well-paid professional thinkers. If you rejoice that that age has passed away, and that we live in a nobler and better age, I ask you this question—What is it that has crushed and broken the spirit of persecution ? I venture to assert that the sole instrument by which our mental freedom has been gained in the past, and in the future will be enlarged and maintained, is that bold discussion for which I am pleading to-night. The vital importance of intellectual freedom is shown by the value placed upon it by those who, “through good and evil report,” have borne the standard of freedom of discussion. Take England alone, and take the history of English freedom only. When I think of that history, and I have not in my mind intrigues and battles, I think of Hampden and of Milton, of Hobbes and of Locke, of Hume, of Shelley, and of John Stuart Mill. Their names are imperishable, and will be remembered when those of kings and generals, statesmen and courtiers, are utterly forgotten.

If we contrast the present with the past, we come to this conclusion : that we live in an age of tolerance, and that our age has been preceded by an age of intolerance. Now, if there be one thing more than another which is characteristic of our time, it is the prevalent spirit of enquiry, discussion, and doubt ; and if there was one thing characteristic of the middle ages, it was the spirit of childlike faith, implicit confidence, and relentless bigotry. But

granting that we live in an age of comparative toleration, are we to suppose that there is no longer deep and sincere conviction? By no means. Conviction in an age of reason is the product of a very different mental process from that which produces it in an age of faith. Early education and training, the exercise of spiritual and temporal authority, a real dread of an unquestioned punishment in the world to come, a genuine anticipation of heavenly joys, created and influenced mediæval conviction. Deep feelings were aroused and strong emotions excited, but the reasoning faculty was never brought into play. Modern and scientific opinion is formed and influenced by the exercise of the reasoning powers, by the estimating and weighing of evidence for and against a given belief. The man of science is tolerant, but because he is tolerant it does not follow that he is insincere. The bigot of the 12th century was confident that his opinions were the only true opinions. The professor of the 19th century is confident that his facts—being facts—are the only true facts. The parallel goes no further. The bigot believed that the earth was flat; if he got hold of anyone impious enough to doubt that opinion, woe betide that unfortunate man! The professor believes that the earth is round. He certainly has no wish to burn the few lunatics at large who believe it to be flat. Science is based upon reason and discussion, and its victories have been bloodless. To quote the words of Draper, "As to science, she has never sought to ally herself to the civil power, she has never attempted to throw odium or inflict social ruin on any human being, she has never subjected anyone to mental torment, physical torture, least of all to death, for the purpose of upholding and promoting her ideas. She presents herself unstained by cruelties and crimes." Remembering those words, and knowing that science is based upon reasoning and discussion, I have in those words and in that knowledge the pith and marrow of the past as that past affects this question of freedom of discussion. In looking at that past I have spoken of two great ages:—a middle age and the age of reason. I have endeavoured to point out their distinguishing characteristics. The middle age was a stage in human progress which has passed away; and what I want to convince you of is this: that it passed away only because the intellect struggled with authority, and was victorious in the struggle. Men reasoned, discussed, and enquired, and the age in which we live—the Age of Reason—dawned upon the world. The men of this age are sincere, but they are comparatively enlightened and tolerant. That enlightenment and toleration is the product

of fearless discussion, for discussion increases knowledge, and knowledge increases toleration.

To see clearly what discussion has done for intellectual liberty in the past is of importance; but to realize its effect upon our own minds—upon your minds and my mind—is even more important. Let us consider, then, two questions: What effect has discussion on the intellect—on the powers of reasoning? What effect, again, has it upon intellectual morality—upon sincerity of conviction and honesty of purpose?

Genuine discussion will do much to improve and strengthen the intellect. It does, in fact, everything. It is essential for intellectual morality. What do I mean by "genuine discussion"? I mean a discussion which should be carried on with what has been termed a "high seriousness"—a discussion the object of which is not by repartee to crush an opponent, but by arguments to crush his opinions—a discussion in which there should be a search for something real and true, something beyond and beneath all shams.

Such discussion is to be admired, and even revered, and it is of the highest benefit to those who take part in it.

Firstly, as I have said, it strengthens the intellect. New facts are easily acquired, and above all are assimilated and digested. Associate fresh facts with some triumph or some reverse in argument, and they will, especially if associated with a triumph, be long and easily remembered. Supreme confidence in one's opinions can by discussion be greatly shaken.—opinions can be changed. The change may not be acknowledged at the time when discussion is taking place. Arguments are unanswered, but we do not acknowledge that we are worsted when in hot blood. But after discussion is over, above all, after the opponent has taken his departure, a sound and convincing argument which has been lodged in the mind, as the mind cools, slowly but surely produces its effect, and in the course of time conviction is weakened and new views are adopted. As a general rule individuals, and therefore nations, change their opinions slowly. There are no sudden conversions, except indeed among some politicians, who change with every year, with every month, and with every day of their lives. New opinions gain ground so slowly that the lapse of years alone enables us to detect their advance; but though slow the progress is none the less sure. Error may be imposing in its day—society may be on its side, and may lend it sanction and support—its triumph may appear permanent—it may deceive many; but depend upon it, if there be only discussion its days though many are numbered. What a hold, you think, a

particular error has upon society ! Surely it will never be exposed ! What a great embankment restrains the water of that reservoir ! Surely it will hold ! But note that little trickling at its base ; that little trickling will become a stream, that stream a torrent, that torrent a flood, and the embankment, vast and imposing as it is, will inevitably be swept away. So is it in the eternal conflict between falsehood and truth. The truth may be scoffed at and despised, but it will grow, will spread, will advance, and error will be vanquished. This world's history, I take it, is nought else but a record of the slow but sure triumph of what is true, the slow but sure wreck of what is false.

We have now to consider the question—What does discussion do for what I have called “intellectual morality ?” So much importance do I attach to the existence of this morality that I hold that, though a belief be intrinsically noble, if it be not sincerely professed, it will be injurious. In this matter of opinion and conviction, a thousand opinions, a thousand convictions, which are yours only because you happen to be “so and so,” and have had “such and such” a training, are of less moral value to the mind than one solitary belief which has been gained through mental conflict and even pain, but which, when once gained, is—in the face, it may be, of danger and derision—resolutely and tenaciously held. To gain sincerity of conviction, we must discuss, enquire, and reason ; and in that discussion, enquiry, and reasoning, we must resolve, above all things else, that there shall be no mystery too profound to penetrate, no topic too sacred to mention. Is it not enough that there should be on this earth a region round the North Pole too cold to enter, a Central Africa too hot to explore ? In the dominion over which the mind has sway there must be no North Pole, no Central Africa. Map out the minds of some—people whose mental aspirations are satisfied with the smallest chit-chat, the pettiest tittle-tattle—and what a spectacle that map would present ! Little islands would be over-populated, rivulets swarming with little boats—I was going to say mole hills surveyed ! What continents, what great rivers, what oceans would be unknown ! Let us resolve that in the journeyings to and fro of our minds there shall be no mountain-top which we will not reach, no great rivers whose sources we will not explore, no pole which we will not discover, no continent which can be termed the unknown.

I come now to that part of my paper which has given me most pleasure to write. I come to an enumeration of the great lessons

which discussion can teach to all who discuss. You learn that truth is not necessarily confined to your side, error to that of your opponent. You learn also the great lesson of toleration. As you discuss and argue with an opponent, as you note his evident sincerity and earnestness, you learn—it may dawn on you for the first time in your life—that he, who differs from you, has not, as a matter of course, something morally wrong with him; that, especially when he differs from you in religious opinion, he is not the embodiment of all vice, you the fountain of all virtue. Not only is toleration learnt—the greatest lesson taught in the great school of discussion—but courtesy is learnt also. In argument, he, who loses his temper, loses the fight. Argument, to be successful, must be employed, not to crush, but to convince. The great weapon of controversy is not a bludgeon, but a sword. Its edge is sharp and of a fine temper; the argument must be stated with courtesy and skill. To be of a fine temper it must be made of good steel; skilful arguments must be based on sound facts. Given this weapon, it must be used—in the hands of a good swordsman it will be used—with mingled delicacy and force. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the victor in discussion will be he who has sound arguments, states them with skill, and, above all, with courtesy. I now approach the most painful part of my subject—the consideration of the two great questions which, when the word “discussion” is mentioned, are by many people immediately asked. One question is—Where will discussion lead to? This is a “bogey” question. You are frightened off discussion by some dread hand pointing out some dread place to which discussion will inevitably lead. But fancy anyone not discussing for fear of its results! If you do not discuss for this reason, what a confession you make to the world! You shun the fight, not as a champion who has overcome all comers, but as one who has no faith in the cause for which he fights, or in the armour with which he is equipped. Of what avail is it to shun discussion? What good is it to flatter yourselves that your opinions are sound, when you dare not by discussion test and prove them? Facts may not be looked in the face, but in the end they will get the better of shams and errors. I say, then, recognise the stern and pitiless logic of facts, examine and test your opinions by their light, and if you find that, twist and turn as you will, your opinions and facts do not “square,” take the only honest course—relinquish your opinions, for in the nature of things you must not and can not relinquish facts. Whatever position discussion lands

you in, that position you must occupy. It may be in your opinion a dark and dreary position, but you have this consolation : that you stand there on your own footing—on ground which you have won for yourself. Win and gain that position, obedient only to the promptings of your reason and conscience.

There is still the question—What will people think of us if we are led to adopt certain views? When I try to measure the dishonesty, to realise the hypocrisy, to estimate the meanness and pettiness which social fear has caused, there comes up in my mind a feeling of pity for those who are influenced by that fear, and of anger with those who create that fear. To stand well in the eyes of those whom they regard as their social superiors, there are people who will adopt any views, and conform to any custom. For such as these one can have nothing but contempt. But there are others for whom one should have great pity—those who, forming their opinions honestly and fearlessly, are keenly sensitive to the criticism and judgment of their fellow men. The bigot of the 19th century has at his command no rack and no stake, but he has, and fails not to use them, instruments of mental torture which, for sensitive minds, are scarcely more easy to endure. Whatever vile calumny, whatever plausible but mendacious insinuations, whatever well-aimed sneers, whatever lying gossip, can do to wound the feelings, blacken the character, blast the reputation of the man who does not hold the prevalent opinions, is done ruthlessly and remorselessly by the Pharisees of to-day.

“What avails

That rack and boot and thumbscrew rust away,
Lost in the hideous lumber of the past ;
That nevermore the reek of human flesh
Blackens the open forehead of the day ;
That no young victim, whiter than her shroud,
With bloodshot eyes fixed wildly upon naught,
The funeral-candle trembling in her hand,
Totters between the ranks of austere priests,
Beneath the shadow of the crucifix,
On to her living grave?—The same foul fiend
Still lives, but mantled in a subtler garb,
Not striking with the sudden hand of force,
But slowly slaying with the little stings
Of rancour, and the blight of social scorn.” *

“The same foul fiend still lives,” but it is smitten with a mortal disease. I am glad to believe that efforts to blight with

* “The Last Crusade, and other Poems,” by Alfred Hayes, M.A.

social scorn are becoming less and less successful, that those who make them are treated with an ever-growing contempt, and that, owing to the freedom of discussion which we even now enjoy, the day is coming when to alter your estimate of a man for his abstract opinions will be the symptom, not of virtue and piety, but of incurable bigotry.

There is but one thing left for me to do—to answer a question which will inevitably be asked me to-night. I have advocated the fullest discussion of all subjects, and the question presents itself—Should religious topics be introduced in the debates of this society? After much consideration, I have decided in my own mind that, great as is the importance of the full *discussion* of such subjects, the Mason College Students' Union is not the proper place for it. Granting the abstract desirability of such discussion, I have, nevertheless, come to this conclusion: that to *debate*—and we all know how flippant the tone of an ordinary debate may become—to *debate* that which is, or ought to be, so much a part of one's inner self is not only inexpedient, but injurious. Whatever position we may individually occupy, we must all look on religion as a most serious and sacred topic. To regard—as we should come to regard—merely as an intellectual exercise that, which among friends should be a searching of hearts, would be to make a mockery of a most solemn and serious task. But a full discussion among earnest friends *willing* to discuss is a very different thing from coming here to *debate*—with a limited time allowed, and no opportunity for reply—this great question before an unsympathetic, and possibly a frivolous, audience. I can imagine nothing more harmful to this society than that certain of its meetings should be abandoned—as I am convinced they would be abandoned—by a majority of the earnest and thoughtful members to the indifferent, who would come, whatever the solemnity of the debate, merely as so many now do, to see the fun. While, therefore, I am for the fullest *discussion* of all questions among friends, I am against religious debates in a society of this description.

Now it may be to-night, that many among you will disagree even with the main contention of this paper—that, heeding not the result, there should be among us a full discussion of every topic; but when I consider the past, when I see the advance my cause has made and is making, when I know that a spirit of enquiry is the spirit of the age, my faith in the future is firm and unshaken. I call to mind that I am in the lecture theatre of a Science College—a college which is a witness to the growth of

intellectual freedom, and for it stands here as a proof that the intellect acknowledges no authority but the authority of facts. I ask you, then, to be true to yourselves and to your College. Within its walls, by experiment and observation, you daily and hourly detect errors and establish facts. Will you not, then, remember that, whatever changes, whatever passes away as the result of discussion, there is one thing that will never change, never pass away—one thing of which it may be said, now and in the future, as was said twenty-three centuries ago: "As for truth, it endureth and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore."

TENEБROSA IN TARTARA.

Around the broken keep of a castle, still encircled by some of its woods, but where once were low undulations of forest and meadow, the land ever smokes like a furnace. The grimy clouds, that hang above, coat each leaf and blade of grass with soot, and turn the sky at sunset a deepening brown, till even the sunlight cannot make its way through, and the sun fades to a livid red, and is lost in the brown sky.

A hundred square miles of country spread out beneath this keep. It is indeed the Black Country, and when the twilight falls it takes a weirder form. The moonlight comes across the low hills between chimneys, and the framework over mines, the glare of fires mingles with the starlight, the clank of hammers breaks the stillness, and over this stretch of desolation night falls without its promise of rest.

The sea has hours of gloom, when the waves crush and grind the rocks, and seethe up the shore, and, on stormy nights, a blackness like chaos broods over the waters; but the summer sea is a flood of sunbeams, each ripple, as the light touches it, first a star, and then a little gilded dolphin as it plunges below.

The mountains are sad when they are wrapped in cloud, and the mists hang low over marsh and moorland; but they, too, have hours of transcendent glory, when the crimson sunset fires the heather, and makes the rocks glow as if with heat.

The Black Country has no time of transfiguration. In the spring there is little freshness, and the leaves are soiled almost before they burst their dusky sheaths; in the summer the scorched air writhes above the heated cinder-heaps, and through it everything flickers like flame; in the autumn the leaves fall earlier there than anywhere else, black and withered; while the winter is

dreariest of all, unless the snow cover the land with a grey mantle, and hide it a little, while fire and frost contest for mastery.

Yet, even in this arid waste there is some beauty ; but it is the beauty of a ghost, the beauty of chill greyness, of darkness and fire, the beauty of sadness, of despair, and of death.

Would you see the Black Country ? Go where the worked-out mines have sunk, and a stream has filled the hollow with a sullen pool ; go in the twilight, in the sad grey hour when the embers of sunset are flickering out, and everything seems afraid of the coming darkness ; go before the pit-fires turn beacons, and the furnaces volcanoes, when you can see the cinder-strewn roads, the black fields, the smoky sky, and hear the water sob among the rushes, and the wind moan round the few bare trees, while they shrink as if in terror ; go, and ask yourself, is it not desolation, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death ? Laugh, reader, laugh, over this land of gloom and sorrow—if, indeed, force, or ancestral economy, has blessed you ; think not of its sadness and its voiceless *miserere*, draw your dividends, forget the smoke, sneer at the gaudy colours that the miners wear in a yearning for a contrast to their dreary lot, say they are drunken and vicious ; but at least see some mournful glamour in this black waste, their home, and beneath the rude outer coating of vice and dirt find something of the fibres of manliness.

Is it long since there were men who, with rare unselfishness, daily risked their lives for the sake of other miners, and of those whom an explosion might widow or orphan ; going alone into the fiery parts of the pit to see how far the men might safely go—shading a miner's candle with their hands, and watching with cool practised eyes the hood of flame above the naked light, till one step more and the air itself would turn to flame ; venturing where a single hasty step might cause that fiery sword to strike and leave them scorched amid the wreckage—dead, or if alive, alive only to feel the awful loneliness of that dark aisle, till the choke-damp came, the trailing garments of the angel of death as she moves slowly along the shattered corridors ?

Well may these miners be rude and coarse, for they have been the tools that have raked the treasure from the deep mine and from out the furnace fire—the treasure that should have educated them and their children, and have given them the refinements of life, but which has instead forged their chains.

Truly the days are evil, and men are blind. We look at the pyramids and say, "These stones have been spattered with blood

beneath the whip of a slave-driver, and only washed fair again by the tears of the workers ;" but when we see our stately English mansions, many of which have been as truly soaked and filled in every pore with the life-blood of weary toilers, we talk of architecture, and thank the beneficent Ruler of the world that we have a cultivated leisure class to keep the æstheticism of life among us.

But looking on the Black Country more than elsewhere, and on its brawny, blackened sons, the thought comes irresistibly—"How long must it last? How long before their education begins and ends, and before they see, and firmly and, if possible, calmly insist that what the earth yields is as much theirs as the sunshine, the air, or the rain—as much theirs as the matins of the birds or the manifold beauties of the sky? How long ere they and all earth's toiling children demand a portion of the universal mother's wealth, their righteous inheritance, which she would and does give so openly and freely for the satisfaction of all their needs?"

THE UNION.

October 29th.—Musical evening. Paper on Beethoven by Mr. A. G. IRVINE.

In the absence of Mr. EHRHARDT, Mr. LARNER was unanimously elected Chairman *pro tem*. It was announced that a ballot had been demanded in the case of the candidates for admission to the Union, and that consequently their election must be deferred till the next meeting. It was also announced that no meeting would be held on November 5th.

After an admirable rendering of the "Bagatelles" by Miss RUBERY, Mr. IRVING proceeded to give a very interesting account of Ludwig van Beethoven. The life of the great master is usually divided into three periods. The first extends from his birth in 1770 until his 30th year, and witnessed the development of the poor student and drudging music-master into a lion of Viennese society, and a king among musicians. Up to this time his compositions, though full of originality, show the influence of Haydn and Mozart; they include several piano sonatas, some trios, and some orchestral works of which the most important are the first two Symphonies. The second period is darkened by the shadow of a great calamity. For some years Beethoven had been troubled with deafness, and now found himself the victim of an incurable disease of the ear, which in 1802 compelled him to give up playing the piano, and conducting in public. To add to this misfortune, the importunities of his brothers, Carl and Johann, and his own improvident habits, involved him deeper and deeper in pecuniary and domestic difficulties. Most of his works, including his only opera, "Fidelio," and the famous "Sinfonia Eroica," were written during this period. Of the comparatively few produced afterwards the "Missa Solemnis" and the wonderful 9th (or choral) Symphony are chief. The story of Beethoven's last years is a very sad one. A tedious law suit with his brother Carl's widow for possession of his nephew destroyed his peace of

mind, and so exhausted his resources that, at times, he actually suffered from hunger. This nephew, for whom he had made such sacrifices, afterwards became a source of the bitterest sorrow to him, and treated him with infamous neglect when he was seized with the illness which proved fatal on March 26th, 1827. Beethoven was one of the greatest of men—great alike in his work and life. He lived unstained amid temptation; and, haunted as he was by pain, sorrow, and difficulty, he could write in his diary, *aye, and live in his life*—“*Courage! Amid all bodily weakness, my spirit shall alway retain its command. Dædalus, imprisoned in the labyrinth, invented the wings that raised him aloft into the air. Oh! I shall always find them—these wings!*”

In the course of the evening, the following programme of music was performed:—

“Bagatelles,” op. 33	MISS RUBERY.
“Prestissimo,” 1st Piano Sonata	MRS. HOLLIDAY.
“Largo,” 2nd Piano Sonata.....	MISS RUBERY.
“Rondo,” for Violin.....	MR. RUSSELL.
“Adagio,” 14th Piano Sonata.....	MISS RUBERY.
Song, “Kenn’st du das Land”	MISS GOODMAN.
“Menuetto,” 18th Piano Sonata	MISS BRIERLEY.
“Andante,” Appassionata Sonata	MISS RUBERY.
“Andante,” 5th. Symphony	{ MRS. HOLLIDAY. MISS RUBERY.
“Andante” from Violin Sonata	MR. RUSSELL.
Song, “Mit einem gemalten Bande”	MISS GOODMAN.
“Andante” (with variations), 12th Piano Sonata	MISS RUBERY.

It is impossible to praise too highly Miss RUBERY’s contributions to the evening’s entertainment. Both from their extent and their excellence they may be said, in large measure, to have made the success of the concert, and we are reminded that this is not the first musical treat for which we are indebted to Miss RUBERY. But while estimating her services at their true value, we would not depreciate those of her coadjutors. Mrs. HOLLIDAY is an equally staunch musical ally of the Union, and her interpretation of the “Prestissimo” from the 1st Sonata, displayed all that skill and expression with which she has made us familiar. Miss GOODMAN sang with her usual grace and sweetness, and Mr. RUSSELL’s performances on the violin gave a variety to the programme which was charming in more senses than one.

At the close of the proceedings a hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. Irvine for his paper, and to the ladies and the gentleman who had so ably assisted him in illustrating Beethoven’s works. The thanks of the Union are also due to Miss Rubery and Miss Albright for their services in organising the entertainment.

The fame of our musical evenings evidently extends beyond the College walls. Previous experience had taught us to expect a large attendance, but we were scarcely prepared for the scramble—first for “tea,” and then for “seats”—which took place on the present occasion. Although extra provision had been made, the supply of tea-cups for the important function in the Physics Laboratory fell short of the demand, and there was scarcely standing room in the Chemistry Lecture Theatre for all who were desirous to participate in the subsequent “feast of reason and flow of sound.” Upwards of 250 members and friends were present.

November 12th.—Readings and Recitations.

The CHAIRMAN read a notice convening a special meeting of Mason College students, to consider the advisability of amalgamating with the students of Queen's College for athletic purposes. He then read a letter from Mr. Clayton explaining his reasons for demanding a ballot in the case of the candidates who were proposed for admission to the Union at the last meeting. After a somewhat heated discussion, the ballot was taken and resulted in the election of all the candidates.

The following very interesting programme was then given :—

Reading.....	"The Italian in England"	<i>Robert Browning.</i> Miss A. EARL.
Recitation	"The Battle of Naseby".....	<i>Lord Macaulay.</i> Mr. J. F. JORDAN.
Recitation... ..	"Ænæon"	<i>Lord Tennyson.</i> Miss NADEN.
Reading..	"Edinburgh after Flodden".....	<i>Aytoun.</i> Professor HILLHOUSE.
Recitation.....	"The Northern Farmer".....	<i>Lord Tennyson.</i> Mr. JENKYN-BROWN.
Recitation..."Prince"—a story of the American War...		<i>Mrs. Childe Pemberton.</i> Mr. MARSTON.

At the conclusion of the programme, a hearty vote of thanks to those who had contributed to it was moved by Miss PERRY, seconded by Mr. LARNER, and carried unanimously.

About 150 members and friends were present.

November 26th.—Mr. B. F. JORDAN read a paper on "Freedom of Discussion," which appears in another part of the Magazine.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jordan's paper, Mr. LOVE moved the following resolution :—"That this House, while admitting the general desirability of free discussion, is of opinion that in certain cases some amount of limitation is desirable." Mr. LOVE contended that freedom of discussion was an ideal for which the world was not yet ripe. The aim of discussion was action, and if discussion were perfectly free, the action based upon it would, in many cases, be harmful instead of beneficial. Free discussion was impossible with some disputants, and was extremely undesirable on points which raised immediate danger to the State.

Miss PERRY seconded the resolution on the ground that the world was not wholly made up of cold-blooded people, who wish to investigate everything, and probe everybody's feelings. Mr. C. P. LARNER, after applauding the calm philosophic spirit of Mr. Jordan's paper, moved the following amendment to Mr. Love's resolution:—"That in all fields of human knowledge and speculation the utmost freedom of discussion ought to be permitted."

Miss LINDSAY seconded the amendment, and the discussion was continued by Messrs. MINERS, CULLIS, DELL, JORDAN, Mrs. SMITH, and Miss NADEN in the affirmative, and by Mr. REYNOLDS in the negative. The amendment was then substituted for the original resolution, and carried by a majority of 8 to 1. On the motion of Miss LINDSAY, seconded by Mr. STERN, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Jordan for his very able paper.

Upwards of 140 members and friends were present.

COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES.

PHYSICAL SOCIETY.—*November 11th.* Mr. LOVE in the chair.

Miss EDWARDS read a paper on "The Stereoscope." Commencing with a history of the stereoscope from the time of Baptista Porta, Miss EDWARDS referred to Sir David Brewster's unsuccessful attempt to interest the British Association Meeting at Birmingham in his instrument, and commented on the fact that Dubois popularised the stereoscope by exhibiting it in Paris. She also referred to such instruments as stereoscopic spectacles, cameras, and microscopes, and described in detail the ordinary lenticular stereoscope, with the theory of binocular stereoscopic vision. This very interesting paper was discussed by Professor POYNTING, Messrs. LOVE, HOUSMAN, EHRHARDT, WARD, and DANIELL. Mr. DANIELL then read a paper on "The Inverse Square Law of Electrostatic Induction." After briefly noticing the work of Coulomb, Cavendish, and Harris in connection with this subject, Mr. Daniell described his own experiments performed in the Physical Laboratory. A discussion between the Chairman and Mr. Daniell brought the meeting to a close.

December 9th.—Mr. LOVE in the chair.

On the motion of Mr. STERN, seconded by Mr. EHRHARDT, it was unanimously resolved:—"That the necessary alterations be made in the rules to render them in conformity with the election of Mr. Housman as a Vice-President of the Society."

Mr. HOUSMAN then read a paper describing a new form of steam engine governor, for controlling more efficiently the regularity of the engine. The paper was criticised at length by Professor SMITH and Mr. LOVE. Mr. HOUSMAN having replied, a paper on "Roger Bacon," by Mr. F. D. Chattaway, was read by Mr. Ehrhardt, in the absence of the author. A discussion followed, in which Messrs. HOUSMAN, EHRHARDT, and LOVE took part.

A vote of thanks having been accorded to the writers of the papers, the meeting terminated.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.—*November 17th.* Dr. TILDEN in the chair; 12 members present.

Mr. LIVERSEEGE was elected a member. Mr. E. A. WARMINGTON read an interesting paper on "Amalgams." After explaining that the term *amalgam* was applied to a mixture or compound of mercury with any other metal, he stated, as an illustration of the unstable nature of these substances, that part of the mercury could be separated from them by squeezing them in chamois leather, when almost pure mercury oozes out. He then explained the general methods of forming *amalgams*, and gave a detailed account of some of the more important of these substances. The paper was illustrated by experiments, and was discussed by Dr. TILDEN, Dr. NICOL, and Messrs. EHRHARDT, STERN, LOVE, and DANIELL.

Dr. TILDEN then showed some experiments, in which the anomalous result of a rise of temperature accompanied by a decrease of solubility of the dissolved substance was illustrated. Votes of thanks having been awarded to the readers of the papers, the meeting terminated.

December 6th.—Dr. TILDEN in the chair.

A discussion was held on "Atomicity." Mr. A. L. STERN first gave a brief historical account of the subject, and the discussion was then opened by Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT, who was followed by Dr. TILDEN, Messrs. T. J.

BAKER, LOVE, and STERN, Dr. NICOL, Messrs. TURNER and HOUSMAN. There was a very fair attendance, and the Chemical Society is to be congratulated on the success of a bold experiment, this discussion being the first of its kind ever held by a Mason College Scientific Society.

COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

POESY CLUB.—*November 9th.* Professor ARBER in the chair.

Miss HADLEY gave an interesting account of "Irving's Faust." She premised that the title of her paper was a misnomer, inasmuch as there was no such thing as "Irving's Faust." Of the piece now being performed at the Lyceum, Mr. Wills was responsible for the translation and adaptation from Göethe's original, and Messrs. Telbin, Hawes Craven, and others, for the scenery. Mr. Irving did not even personate Faust, but played the part of Mephistopheles. The history of Faust was the history of the struggle between that lower nature inherited from our animal progenitors, and that principle of progress which seemed implanted in our being. Mephistopheles embodied our ancient instincts, and "love" was used as a lever to raise man to a higher level. The Lyceum "Faust" was the central part only of the original poem, and represented the life-history of love, beginning in selfishness and ending in self-sacrifice.

The paper was followed by an animated discussion, in which Miss NADEN, Messrs. EHRHARDT, MINERS, LOVE, JENKYN-BROWN, Professors ARBER and HILLHOUSE took part.

Mr. WYATT then read a paper on "Macbeth." He considered the keynote to the understanding of this play was contained in the fact that Macbeth's soul was a prepared and richly-manured soil, only waiting for the seed which the weird sisters let fall. As Gervinus well says: "Macbeth, in meeting the witches, has to struggle against no external power, but only with his own nature. He stands after the temptation at the same crossway of action at which his wife saw him before it overtook him." With regard to the character of Lady Macbeth, it was possible to take very different views from those expressed by Coleridge. Her devotion to her husband, and the love for her father, shown in her inability to murder Duncan because he resembled him, pointed to the conclusion that had Macbeth been a noble-minded man, Lady Macbeth might have risen to a great height of moral heroism. Mr. WYATT drew an interesting parallel between Macbeth and Richard III., showing that in general intrepidity of nature Richard was Macbeth's superior. He concluded his paper by quoting Coleridge's eloquent criticism of the scene between Macduff and Malcolm.

In the discussion which followed Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN, DANIELL, and E. F. J. LOVE, Misses LEWIS and NADEN, and Professor ARBER took part.

December 7th.—Professor ARBER in the chair. Miss PERRY gave a very thoughtful and humorous paper on Oliver Wendell Holmes. After dealing briefly with the facts of his life, she stated her opinion that Holmes would not live as a poet, although he had expressed some lovely things in the garb of poetry. He was sadly handicapped by having to write verse on all occasions, and seldom was such poetry soul-satisfying. His prose works might be compared to the writings of Charles Lamb, the resemblance lying in

their keen penetration into human motives, the wonderful side-lights which they throw on ordinary occurrences and ideas, and the humour and kindness with which satire is used. There is a charm in finding every day and everybody's thoughts expressed with freshness, variety, and power. That we have ourselves had these thoughts fills us with satisfaction, and prepares us for the teaching that supreme tact has hidden among them.

In the discussion which followed, Messrs. JENKYN-BROWN and LOVE, and Professor ARBER took part.

Miss BRIERLEY then read a paper on "Metre." She described the five fundamental measures of English verse, and illustrated them with parodies on "Locksley Hall," "The Ancient Mariner," Hogg's "Skylark," "Lochinvar," and "The Destruction of Sennacherib." She also dealt with Octosyllabics, Heroics, Elegiacs, and Hexameters, and concluded by giving a metrical recipe for the construction of the Petrarchan Sonnet.

The usual discussion brought the proceedings to a close.

FRENCH DEBATING SOCIETY.—*November 23rd.* Debate: That pictures representing scenes of cruelty and horror are opposed to the true principles of art.

The speakers on the affirmative were Messrs. WYATT and REYNOLDS and Miss NADEN: on the negative, Misses BROWN, PEARSON, and Mr. LARNER.

The discussion excited great interest, and resulted in a victory for the affirmative. Votes: Affirmative, 13; negative, 4.

[We regret we have not been able to obtain a fuller report of this meeting—ED.]

THE PROPOSED QUEEN'S AND MASON COLLEGES ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

A general meeting of the present students of Mason College was held on November 16th, to discuss the advisability of joining the students of Queen's College in the formation of an Athletic Association.

Mr. E. F. EHRHARDT, B.Sc., in the chair. Mr. NEAL read the notice convening the meeting, and announced that the Queen's students, at a meeting held that afternoon, had unanimously resolved to invite the Mason students to join them in forming an association to be called the "Queen's and Mason Colleges' Athletic Association," and to comprise sections for gymnastics, cricket, football, and cycling. After considerable discussion, in the course of which it was stated that if the Mason College Cyclists Club joined the association it should have the power of electing its own members, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. G. F. DANIELL, seconded by Mr. A. H. REYNOLDS, and carried unanimously:—"That this meeting has great pleasure in accepting the invitation of the students of Queen's College, and that a committee be appointed to arrange details."

The committee was limited to seven, and the following were elected members:—Miss EDWARDS and Miss CHARLES, Messrs. E. F. EHRHARDT, DANIELL, J. F. JORDAN, W. M. LANGFORD, and C. P. LARNER.

[Owing to the disapproval of the Academic Board, the resolution passed at this meeting has been abandoned.]

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

There is evidently some soporific element in the air of Repton just now. Two out of the three poems deal with the charms and beguilements of Morpheus, while the new Editor, after making his introductory bow, frankly and candidly confesses that, "it is with a light heart that he takes up the Editorial candlestick and retires to rest." By the way, we wonder what an Editorial candlestick is like. We have heard of authors—nay, even Editors—using the "midnight oil," and for our part have hitherto been content with our modest paraffin wick; but we thank you, oh, *Reptonian*! for teaching us that word—we will forthwith invest in the more aristocratic article. The second of the poems is considerably above the average of such productions, and forms the chief feature of interest in the number, which is, for the rest, mainly given up to athletics and correspondence. We trust that a more wakeful tone will show itself before long, despite the charms of official candlesticks and sleep.

The *Owen's College Magazine* opens with an obituary notice of Professor T. Theodores, one of its oldest members. This is followed by a chatty article descriptive of the Isle of Wight—according to the author, "The Garden of England." A melancholy ode—full of sorrow and woe—gives place to a very interesting account of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The comparison between Reynolds and Hogarth is well done:—

... "Each had his strength, and each did his work well, though while to Hogarth fate gave the thankless part of the accuser, to Reynolds fell the happier lot of praising all that was loveliest and of best report in his day and generation. Hogarth reminds us of the lower characters of Shakespeare, of the essentially uncultured genius of Bunyan, of the often coarse satire of Swift; Reynolds reminds us rather of Portia and Miranda, of the scholarship of Pope, and the grace of Addison."

The Editor of the *Wykehamist*, in a capital opening article dealing with some alterations in the College buildings, draws a comparison between the buildings of the 14th and 19th centuries, and sympathises with one who declares: "I hate your new-fangled Brummagem age! I wish I had lived in the glorious old times." William of Wykeham certainly lived in an age of chivalry and a high feeling of honour; but we beg respectfully to submit that the age of Sir Josiah Mason is not totally devoid of chivalry, and that a sense of honour pervades the precincts of our modern pile. Reverence, too, exists among us, and we should be as sorry to see old buildings spoilt by crude and inartistic alteration as we should be glad to see new and convenient erections spring up. "After all," as the Editor remarks, "William of Wykeham built his College to be a useful seat of learning for his scholars, not an interesting relic for casual antiquarians;" and for this sound expression of opinion from the oldest public school, we can forgive the sneer at our "Brummagem age."

The *Naturalist's World* continues its interesting "Field Notes," and its chatty accounts of curious and out-of-the-way occurrences in the realm of Nature. A Winchester bookseller has succeeded in unearthing a real "book-worm"—not the haggard, round-shouldered, spectacled biped, but the animal

that lives in old tomes and yellow, mellow, wide-margined pages—"a white wax-like little fellow."—"Mr. Warner, quite at a loss to know what food to give it, looked up a legal communication, and placed the worm thereon to feed. Alas! its long course of Divinity and black letter had rendered its appetite fastidious, and it languished." The Dean was summoned to the rescue, and "a fragment of an old document from one of the cathedral oak chests" was procured; but this dainty, too, was ineffectual, and the epicure expired! Truly *De Gustibus non est disputandum*.

We also acknowledge, with thanks, *The Cliftonian*, *The Marlburian*, *University College of Wales Magazine*, *The Institute Magazine*, *King Edward's School Chronicle*, *Clever House School Magazine*, *Uppingham School Magazine*, *Our Magazine*, and *Laurel Leaves*.

It may not be out of place, here, to remind our readers that, at the present time, two Birmingham men are claiming the suffrages of the literary world. The appearance of a new novel by the author of "John Inglesant" is, of course, an event of far more than local interest, and although we fear Mr. Shorthouse's "Sir Percival" will add nothing to his fame, we are of opinion that it fully deserves to be read, if only for the contrast it presents to the concentrated essence of horror and absurdity served up in shilling volumes, which is the latest and most popular development of English fiction. One is apt to feel sceptical as to the possibility of a new poet—especially in one's own county! Mr. ALFRED HAYES, however, has made us ashamed of our unbelief. His "Last Crusade and other Poems," is not only poetry, but poetry of a very high and unusual degree of excellence. We recommend his townsmen to make the most of their poet, while he remains, as it were, their peculiar property; we venture to predict that the time is not far distant when Mr. HAYES, like Mr. SHORTHOUSE, will take rank among the nation's authors.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Ehrhardt, E. F.	} Class I.	B.Sc.		Snell, E. H.	Class II.
Roberts, T. V.		B.A.			

Penn, W. C. Class II.

MASON COLLEGE.

Baker, T. J. Tangye Scholar in Chemistry.

We are pleased to announce that Professor Poynting, M.A., has been appointed Examiner at the Natural Science Tripos, and at the First M.B. at the University of Cambridge; and that Professor Lapworth, LL.D., F.G.S., has been appointed Examiner at the Natural Science Tripos, and at the B.A. at the same University.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE.—All contributions (which should reach the Editor before the 1st of the Month) must be written on one side of the paper only, and be fully signed; names will not necessarily be published, but are required as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writers.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—I am sorry that the letter from the "X Wise 'Eds" in your number of June last has only just come under my notice; I wish some friend had pointed it out to me before; but at least I am clear now of the charge of discourtesy to them. I am not sure that the letter calls for a reply. My paper was not pugilistic or even controversial; I should have fashioned it otherwise, or more probably have chosen a different subject, had I intended to maintain a thesis or expected a debate to follow. But the fact is, Dickens is my "first love," and I cling so doggedly to old friends that I believe he will be my last. He holds a unique place in my affections (as distinguished from my judgment), where even George Eliot has to yield the "pas." But I did not claim for him any Olympian position in the ranks of authors or novelists; my paper was merely an attempt to summarise the most interesting features of his life and work; it was essentially a labour of love, and not of literary criticism. But in truth I think we are blessed with something too much of vapid and impertinent criticism nowadays. I sympathise with the reviewer, who, aware of the responsibility of his calling, warns people of the worth-less-than-nothing character of much of the new literature, and endeavours to promote a healthy taste. But the day is surely over as between him and Dickens. Do the "X Wise 'Eds" wish Dickens had never lived and written; or do they believe the influence of his work has been deleterious on the whole;

or do they envy those who still find pleasure therein,—that they take him in their teeth and shake him with more or less of impatience and ill-humour, as a dog does a dirty rag? I do not aspire to the post of literary critic, probably for the best of reasons. But here is a crumbly morsel, volunteered by a gentleman with some pretensions to that title while I was writing my paper: "George Eliot is like a football in the centre of a lawn, while Dickens is a peppercorn in the corner." Now are the "Dartlean expectations" disappointed? But, for incompetents like myself, I believe the best plan to pursue is—having made sure that your author is worth reading, to bring to his works a mind tinged with reverence, prepared to share and enjoy his illusions, (and Dickens's characters were the realest of illusions to him), and to learn all one can that is good and ennobling from his pages. Coleridge's words about Shakspeare and the drama are applicable only in a less degree to Dickens and the novel:—"He requires your sympathy and your submission; you must have that reciprocity of moral impression, without which the purposes and ends of the novel would be frustrated, and the absence of which demonstrates an utter want of all imagination, a deadness to that necessary pleasure of being—shall I say deluded?—or rather drawn away from ourselves to the music of noblest thought in harmonious sounds."

A. J. WYATT.

To the Editor of the *Mason College Magazine*.

Dear Madam,—May I suggest that more adequate means be adopted to restrict the number of visitors attending the Union meetings? At present, members are put to great inconvenience by the overcrowding at some of the meetings, and some visitors, it appears, come without introduction by any member.

The old plan of only admitting visitors for whom tickets have previously been obtained from the secretaries, might with advantage be revived.

Yours sincerely,

A. E.

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is a quite singular delicacy and truth in the metaphors and similes. . . . We had marked many more passages for they are as thick as dew gems on the morning hillside.

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